Nov. 21, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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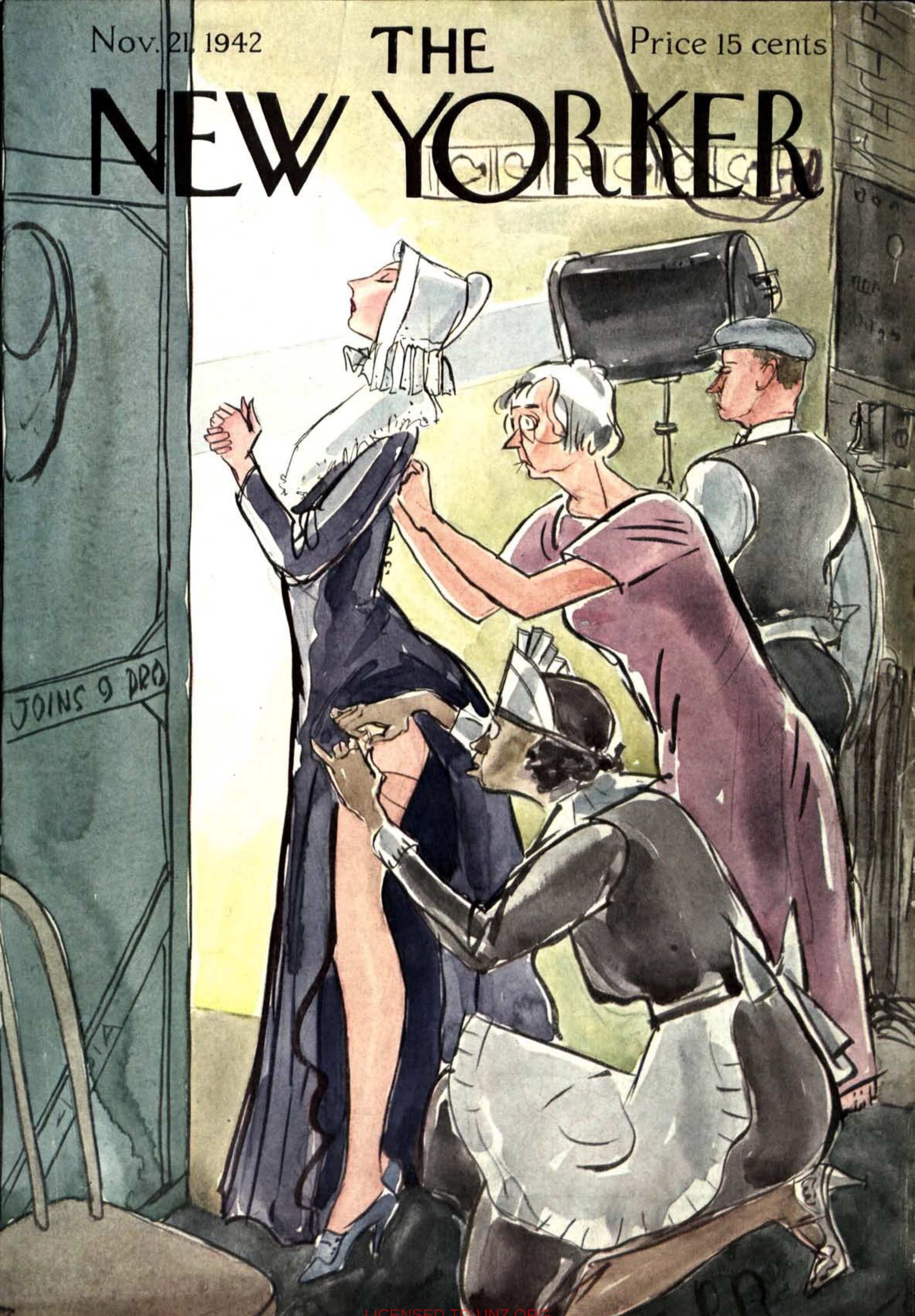
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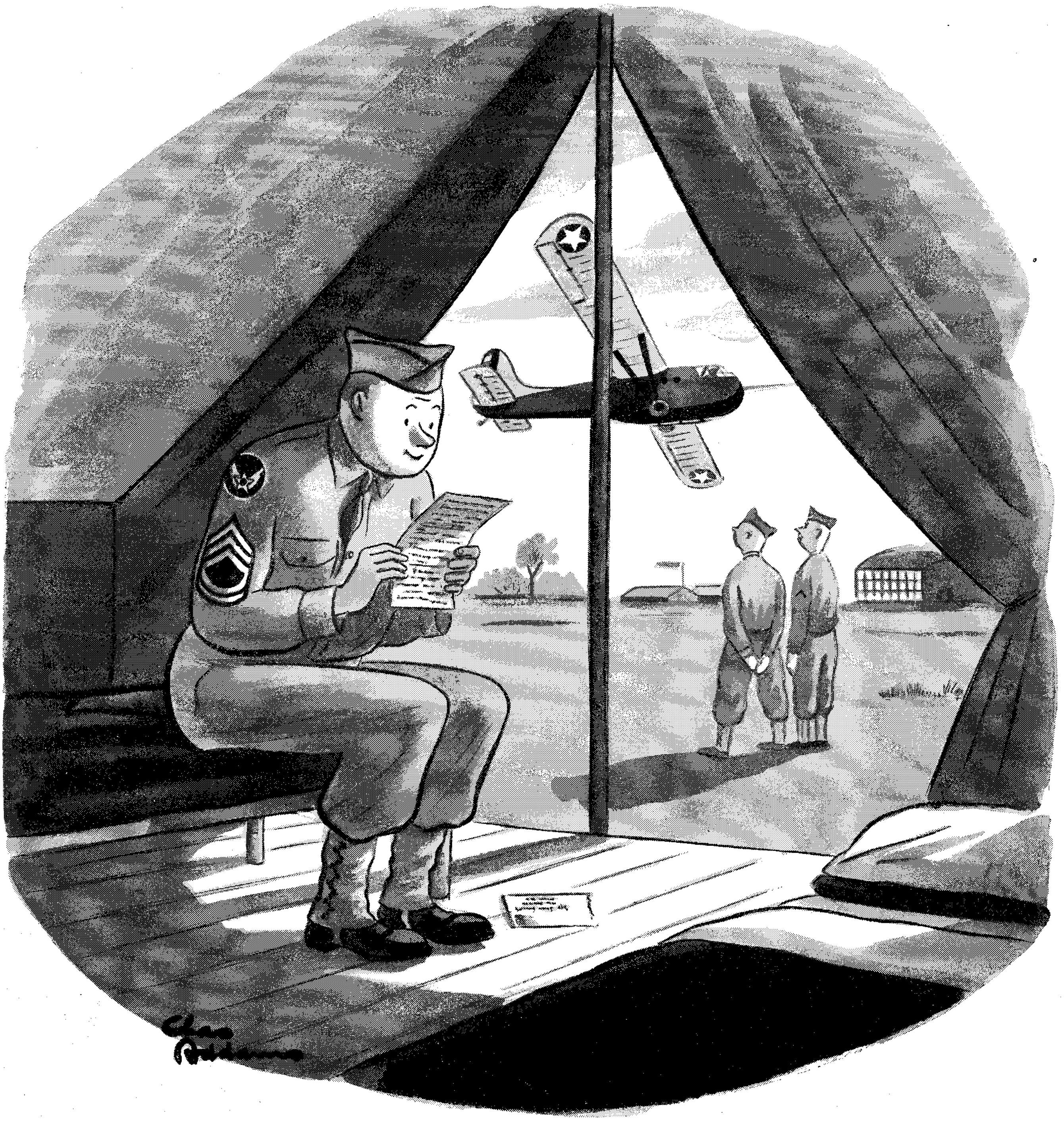

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nksgiving Specials

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the regular matinée schedules will be revised in many instances to take advantage of expected Thanksgiving Day business. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and'Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Effie Shannon and Erich von Stroheim head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26, at 3.)

The Damask Cheek—Flora Robson in John van Druten's slight but agreeable play about life in the East Sixties in 1909. Celeste Holm and Myron McCormick are also involved. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson follows his hero from his home on a farm to his death at Corregidor. Interesting, but probably more effective as a recruiting poster than a play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

Janie—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Among others, Brock Pemberton has employed Gwen Anderson, Linda Watkins, and Frank Amy. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs. , Nov. 26.)

Mr. Sycamore—Attenuated fantasy about a postman who turns into a tree to get away from it all. Hardly worth your while in spite of a fine cast, containing Stuart Erwin, Lillian Gish, Enid Markey, and Russell Collins. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Moves on Mon., Nov. 23, to the Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

Native Son—A revival of the play based on Richard Wright's powerful and compassionate novel, with a good many of the original cast, including Canada Lee and Anne Burr. As before, it has been staged by Orson Welles. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Strip for Action—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have transplanted a burlesque troupe to an Army camp in this pleasant and spirited comedy. The cast includes Keenan Wynn, Eleanor Lynn, and Joey Faye. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

Uncle Harry—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

Without Love—Philip Barry's play about a marriage of convenience has its rather naïve political undertones, but otherwise it is bright enough. Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent head the Theatre Guild cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Skin of Our Teeth—A comedy by Thornton Wilder, with Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Florence Reed. Produced by Michael Myerberg. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

WITH MUSIC

Beat the Band—The plot of this George Abbott comedy will probably make your head ache, but the production is handsome and the music very pretty. With Susan Miller, Jack Whiting, Jerry Lester, and Romo Vincent. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

By Jupiter—"The Warrior's Husband" set to music. Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on one of the pleasantest events so far this season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

Count Me In—In spite of Charles Butterworth and Luella Gear, this musical comedy about the war on the home front remains pretty dull and simple-minded. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Nov. 21.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:45, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

Show Time—A superior vaudeville show, supervised by George Jessel. Among the performers are Jack Haley and Ella Logan. They are all very fine. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm, which also includes Frank Libuse and Joe Besser, is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26.)

Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Yankee Point—A play by Gladys Hurlbut, with Edna Best, John Cromwell, and Elizabeth Patterson. Produced by Edward Choate and Marie Louise Elkins. Opens Mon., Nov. 23. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Nov. 26 and 28, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Counsellor-at-Law—Paul Muni playing his original rôle in this revival of the Elmer Rice play. Supervised by Mr. Rice and produced by John Golden. Opens Tues., Nov. 24. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Nov. 26 and 28, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

The Pirate—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a comedy by S. N. Behrman. Staged by Mr. Lunt and John C. Wilson and produced by the Playwrights' Company and the Theatre Guild. Opens Wed., Nov. 25. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Great Big Doorstep—A dramatization by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett of E. P. O'Donnell's novel of the same name, with Dorothy Gish and Louis Calhern. Staged and produced by Herman Shumlin. Opens Thurs., Nov. 26. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Cheer China—A benefit revue for United China Relief, in which many prominent performers will appear: Fri. Eve., Nov. 20, at midnight. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50. CI 6-4600.)

Night of Stars—The annual benefit for the United Palestine Appeal, with entertainment by any number of Broadway stars and other celebrities: Tues. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:30. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Stars on Ice—A skating show, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat., and also Sun. at 3; special Mats. Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 26 and 27, at 2:40.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Patience," Thurs. through Sun., Nov. 19-22; and "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sun., Nov. 26-29, at 8:30 P.M. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—The Tatterman Marionettes in "The Cowardly Lion," Sat., Nov. 21, at 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DANCE RECITALS

Maslow, Dudley, and Bales—Three young American dancers, assisted by their company: Sat., Nov. 28,

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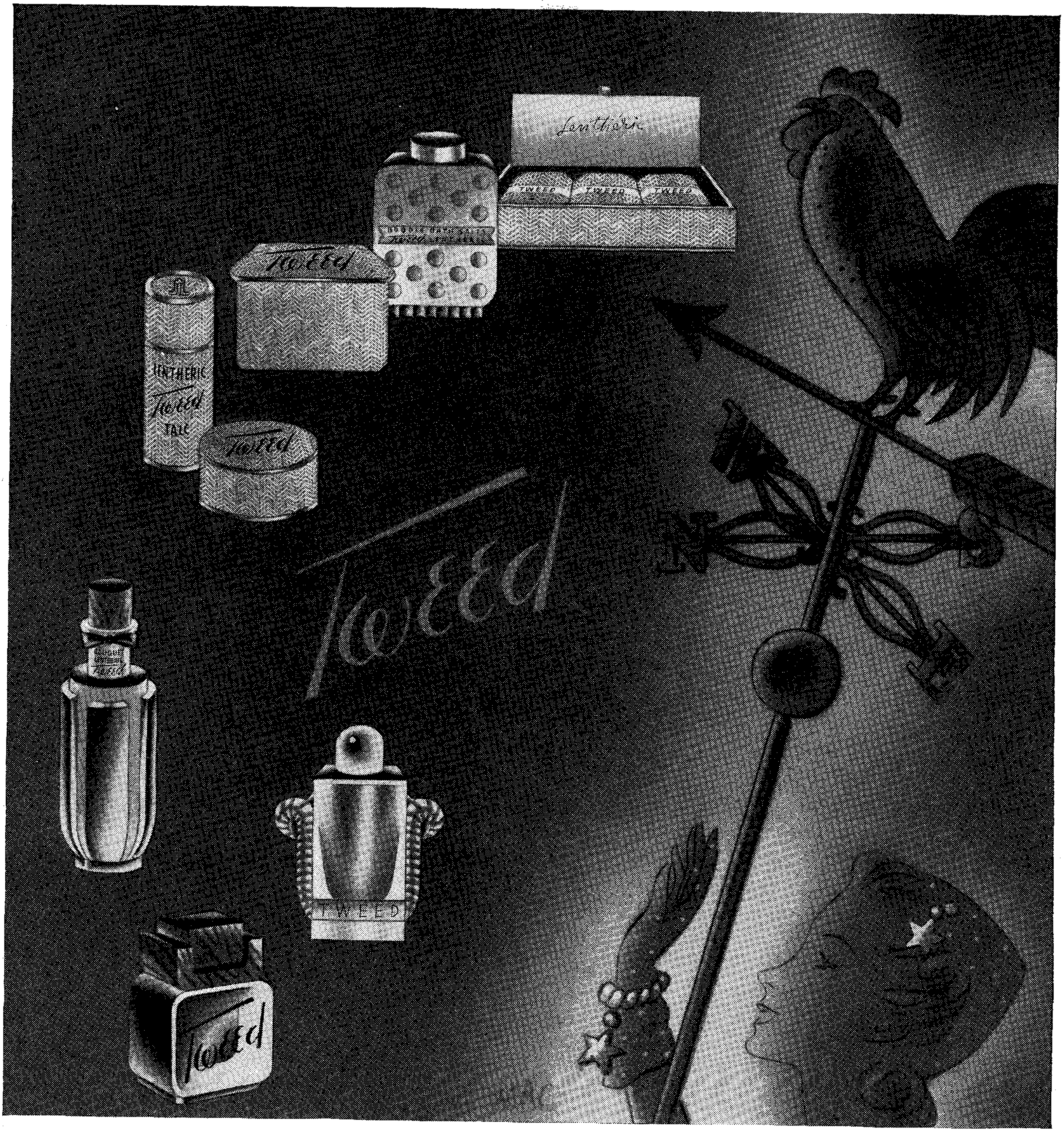
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

at 8:30 p.m. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis and a show surrounded by palm trees. There's also Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable way to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—All mirrored up and somewhat changed around, with Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Stanley Melba's orchestra and a small show. Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre from teatime on.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Persian Room, together with Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Helen Tamiris and her dancers head the show in Radio City's aerial nook. Music by Leo Reisman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr's orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . The Maisonette, downstairs, offers music by Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Morton Downey will be replaced in the Café Lounge by Lena Horne on Thurs., Nov. 26. Paul Baron's orchestra will stay on. Tea dancing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—This blend of Broadway and the East Side gives you music by Ben Cutler's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. Mary Raye and Naldi head the show.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Georges and Jalna and Emil Coleman's orchestra are in the Wedgwood Room, where, late in the evening, they are joined by Gracie Fields and Mischa Borr's orchestra. Starting Fri., Nov. 27, Xavier Cugat's orchestra will take over and the supper-hour entertainment will be provided by Rosario and Antonio. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, the Bil Baird puppets, and a number of other entertainers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, hoarsely singing those songs of hers, is the principal attraction. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns offers a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small place that has more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra and an all-girl one. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra plays and Anne Francine sings. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra; Zero Mostel is also around. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Jan Savitt's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): a Xavier Cugat orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Harry James's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a dance floor no bigger than a jeep, and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after Gay Paree when it was gay, with cancans and all that. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American setting, with Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show led by Georgie Price. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with the Velero Sisters' rumba band and a show. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson as well as Lee and Lester Young's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are on hand in this downtown landmark. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Eddie South's band, surrounded by the bar and the customers. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—Paintings, sculptures, architectural plans, and works in other media by members of the Academy and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Feb. 28.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—A new museum, housing the Peggy Guggenheim collection of paintings and sculptures by modern Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Bacon—A twenty-five-year retrospective of this artist's adroitly ironical drawings, etchings, and other works: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 21.

Bellows—Eight paintings, some of them rarely shown before: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Dec. 5.

Botkin—Skillfully handled, highly decorative canvases: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 28.

Cézanne—Big showing, embodying many canvases new to this country; a benefit for the Fighting French Relief Committee and France Forever: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 2:30 to 5:30 p.m.; through Dec. 19.

Corot—Comprehensive exhibition, including many paintings never shown here before; a Salvation Army War Fund benefit: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Dec. 12.

De Creeft—New sculptures, archaic in style, adroit in method: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Dec. 11.

Drawings—Sixth annual exhibition, as wisely selected as its predecessors, of drawings by various masters, from the sixteenth century onwards: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Dec. 5.

French—At the **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: paintings, from Impressionism to the School of Paris. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Fri., Nov. 20. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: fifteen canvases by Cézanne, Corot, Gauguin, Seurat, and other nineteenth-century painters. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 21.

Groups—At the **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: pleasant pieces by Peter Hurd and Herman Maril, among others. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 21. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: paintings by Max Weber, Marsden Hartley, and Abraham Rattner. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 2:30 to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 28. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 53 E. 57: the first showing in this gallery's new quarters presents works by artists who have exhibited with it both here and abroad. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Dec. 10. . . . **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: oils, water colors, and drawings by contemporary Europeans and Americans, ranging from Lurçat to Luks. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 28. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Brecher, Hartell, Ruellan, and other Americans. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 28. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs of cats by Foujita, Wanda Gág, Ylla, and others. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Nov. 30.

Haucke—New paintings, in which surrealism takes on somewhat visceral textures: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 28.

Levin—Startling, vigorous oils by a talented naïve painter from the Bronx: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 28.

Marin—An exhibition of recent oils and water colors: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 3 to 6 p.m.; through Jan. 11.

Museum of Living Art, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Paintings by Alice Trumbull Mason. Sat., Nov. 21, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Fri. and Sat., Nov. 27-28, from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.; other weekdays, 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.; through Dec. 4.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Big, double-barrelled retrospective show of paintings by Pavel Tchelitchew and sculptures by John B. Flannagan (through Sun., Nov. 29): also, an exhibition called "Fighting China," made up of water colors, drawings, woodcuts, and oils brought back from that country by Wendell Willkie (through Thurs., Nov. 26). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 7 p.m.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by American abstractionists, including Charles G. Shaw, I. Rice Pereira, Jean Xceron, and others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through Dec. 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The 116th annual show of graphic art with some architectural drawings also on view. Daily, including Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 6 p.m.; through Nov. 29.

Picasso and Miró—Good selection of early and recent works by both artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 28.

Poor—Recent paintings, mostly of the California coast, in addition to ceramics and drawings: Rehn, 685 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Dec. 5.

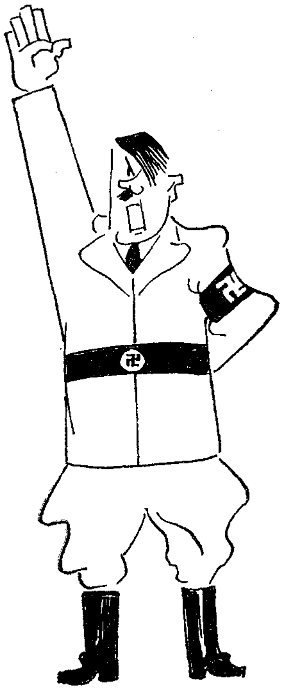
Sculptures—An exhibition of works by Rodin, Despiau, Renoir, and other Europeans: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Dec. 5.

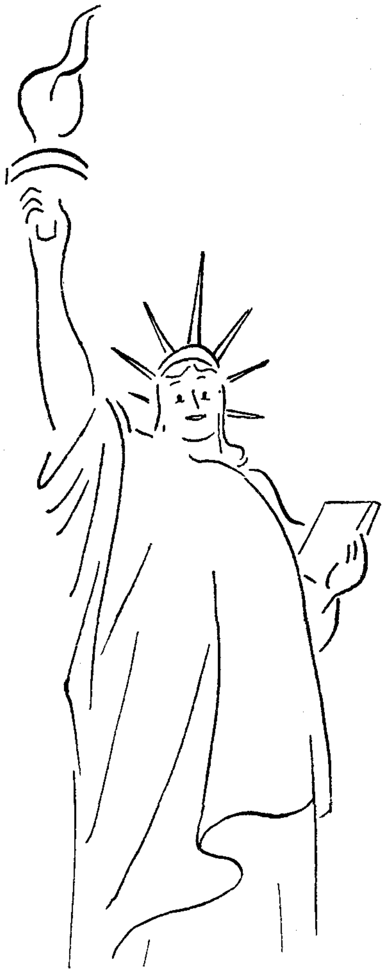
Teng Chiu—Cool, well-designed landscapes by a thoroughly Occidentalized Chinese artist: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Nov. 21.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—An exhibition of American provincial paintings (a benefit for the American Field Service); also, sculptures, paintings, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; 1 to 5 p.m.; through Thurs., Nov. 19.

Here and There—At the **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: twenty-ninth annual exhibition of the Allied Artists of America. Tues. through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.;

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





Thanksgiving Day 1942

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Nov. 29. . . . **10 W. 9**: paintings by William Glackens. Daily, including Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 6. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: water colors of South America by Rainey Bennett. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 21. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57: gouaches and drawings by Morris Graves. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 28. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: twenty paintings by J. Alden Weir, Childe Hassam, and other Americans, and water colors by Barse Miller. *Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through* Sat., Nov. 21. . . . **SCHNEIDER-GABRIEL**, 69 E. 57: recent paintings and drawings by Alexander Cañedo. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 28. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: oils by Edmund Quincy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve. 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Nov. 25. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: gouaches by Lam. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 5. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: oils by Julien Binford. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 28. . . . **FINE ARTS**, 215 W. 57: annual exhibition of the New York Society of Painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . **COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES**, 451 Madison, at 50: eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Chinese paintings and statuary; a Chinese and French war-orphan benefit. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M; Sat. and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 12. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: the gallery's annual show of paintings by Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other *box-office numbers are included in the listings.)*

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri., Nov. 20, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Nov. 22, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Nov. 26, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Nov. 27, at 2:30 P.M.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Nov. 19, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 21, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., Nov. 20, at 8:30 P.M.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues., Nov. 24, at 8:45 P.M.

New York City Symphony—Hermann Adler conducting; soloist, Hubert: Carnegie Hall, Sun., Nov. 22, at 5:45 P.M. (Admission by purchase of War Stamps.)

Mozart Concerto Series—Second of six concerts, with Clarence Adler and the National Orchestral Association Alumni Orchestra, Barzin conducting: Town Hall, Tues., Nov. 24, at 8:45 P.M.

N.B.C. String Symphony—Black conducting; soloist, Petri: Carnegie Hall, Fri., Nov. 27, at 8:30 P.M.

Jazz Concert—Another in the series under the direction of Eddie Condon: Town Hall, Sat., Nov. 21, at 5:30 P.M.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Josef Lhevinne, Sun., Nov. 22, at 8:30 P.M.

Town Hall—Celius Dougherty and Vincenz Ruzicka, Fri., Nov. 20, at 8:30 P.M.; Grace Castagnetta, Sun., Nov. 22, at 3 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Budapest Quartet and Joseph Schuster), Sun., Nov. 22, at 5:30 P.M.; Artur Rubinstein, Wed., Nov. 25, at 8:30 P.M.; Miklos Schwalb, Fri., Nov. 27, at 8:30 P.M.; Kurt Appelbaum, Sat., Nov. 28, at 5:30 P.M.

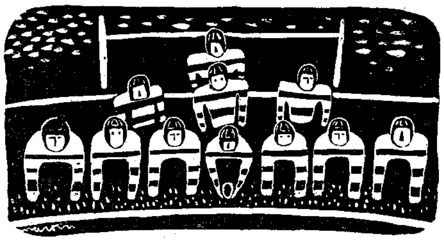
Elsewhere—At the **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM**: Mozart-sonata series, by Joseph Szigeti and Andor Foldes, Wed., Nov. 25, at 9 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.) . . . **HOTEL PIERRE**: Marjorie Lawrence, Tues., Nov. 24, at 2:30 P.M. (For tickets, call RE 7-0700, Ext. 3B.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"La Fille du Régiment," opening performance of the season, Mon. Eve., Nov. 23; "Götterdämmerung," Wed. Eve., Nov. 25; "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 26; "The Magic Flute," Fri. Eve., Nov. 27; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat. Aft., Nov. 28; "Aïda," Sat. Eve., Nov. 28. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

New Opera Company—Tentative—"La Vie Parisienne," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 19-21, and Sat. and Thurs. Afts., Nov. 21 and 26; "The Fair at Sorochinsk," Sun. Eve., Nov. 22; "The Queen of Spades," Tues. and Wed. Eves., Nov. 24-25; schedule from Thurs. Eve., Nov. 26, to be announced. (Broadway Theatre, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera, "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30; Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19,
THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

Once Over Lightly—A revised version of "The Barber of Seville," with a book by Laszlo Halasz and lyrics by Louis Garden and George Mead. Produced by Saul Colin. Opens Thurs., Nov. 19. Nightly, thereafter, at 8:40; Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 25, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 26. (Alvin Theatre, 52nd St., W. of B'way. CI 5-6868.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Chalky Wright vs. Willie Pep, 15 rounds, for the featherweight title, Fri., Nov. 20; Lee Savold vs. Jimmy Bivins, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 27; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.

Football—On **SAT. AFT., NOV. 21**: Army vs. Princeton, Yankee Stadium, at 2:45; Columbia vs. Dartmouth, Baker Field, at 2:30; Fordham vs. Missouri, Polo Grounds, at 2; Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven, at 2:30; Rutgers vs. Syracuse, New Brunswick, at 2. . . . **THURS. AFT., NOV. 26**: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . **SAT. AFT., NOV. 28**: Fordham vs. North Carolina Naval Pre-Flight School, Yankee Stadium, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL GAME: Giants vs. Green Bay, Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., Nov. 19; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun., Nov. 22; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur-series games: Sats., Nov. 21 and 28, at 7:45 P.M.; and Sun., Nov. 22, at 1:30 P.M.

Hunt Race—Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va., Sat., Nov. 21, at 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**, the annual Women's International Exposition of Arts and Industries, concentrating this year on civilian defense and on industrial war work being done by women of the United Nations. Daily 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Tues., Nov. 24. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., Radio City: a semi-permanent show of films and other displays touching on home defense, along with many additional aspects of warfare; also, through Sun., Nov. 22, about a hundred originals of war posters by prominent contemporary artists. *Daily*, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Museum of Natural History—Four new habitat groups, showing birds in their natural environment on Guadalcanal and other South Pacific islands, have recently been opened in Whitney Memorial Hall: Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Nov. 22, at 3, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Sun., Nov. 22, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons and Jan Peerce, Sat., Nov. 28, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football games: Yale vs. Harvard, Sat., Nov. 21, at 2:15 P.M., WOR; Army vs. Navy, Sat., Nov. 28, at 1:15 P.M., WEAF and WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 6 P.M., WABC; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. at 6:15 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45, and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and European seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture, Georgian and French silver, Oriental rugs, books, and illuminated manuscripts, collected by the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. F. McCann and others: Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 19-21, and Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25, at 2 P.M. . . . European and American furniture, Georgian silver, paintings, rugs, and objects of art, collected by the late Mrs. Henrietta J. Simonds and others: Wed., Fri., and Sat., Nov. 25, 27, and 28, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

Across the Pacific—John Huston directed this one with the same fast pace that he put into "The Maltese Falcon." It's about (and against) Japanese spies, and features Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Mon., Nov. *20-23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed.,* Nov. 24-25.)

George Washington Slept Here—Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan in an adaptation of the play about life's ups and downs in Bucks County. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Wed., Nov. 25.)

Holiday Inn—Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire demonstrate their respective art forms in this light and often comic comedy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 25-26.)

The Magnificent Ambersons—An Orson Welles production, with all the cinematic stunts the master knows. Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, and Tim Holt are various Ambersons. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 25-26, tentative.)

Mrs. Miniver—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a vast, prolonged story of England's ordeal under fire. Expert, stirring, and abundant in tears and drama. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Nov. 20.)

Moscow Strikes Back—Grim documentary views of the Russian front of last winter. Edward G. Robinson pitches in with a commentary. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Nov. 19. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Nov. 25.)

The Pied Piper—Nunnally Johnson's adaptation of Nevil Shute's story about refugee children sensibly gives Monty Woolley a good deal to do. *Roddy McDowall is one of the kiddies.* (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 21-23. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Tues. through Fri., Nov. 24-27.)

The Talk of the Town—A fine comedy with a dash of social significance. Jean Arthur, Cary Grant, and Ronald Colman. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 20-23. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Nov. 23. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 24-26.)

REVIVALS

Abe Lincoln in Illinois (1940)—Raymond Massey and Ruth Gordon in the Robert E. Sherwood Pulitzer Prize play. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Thurs., Nov. 19.)

Algiers (1938)—Life in the native quarter, with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. and Sat., Nov. 20-21.)

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 23-25.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49; Fri. through Thurs., Nov. 20-26.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and *Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Thalia,* B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 22.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Nov. 20.)

Hold Back the Dawn (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Nov. 20.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's jumbo job, with a cast including everyone who was in pictures then and some who still are. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; tentatively, through Wed., Nov. 25.)

Love Crazy (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25.)

The Male Animal (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 22.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25.)

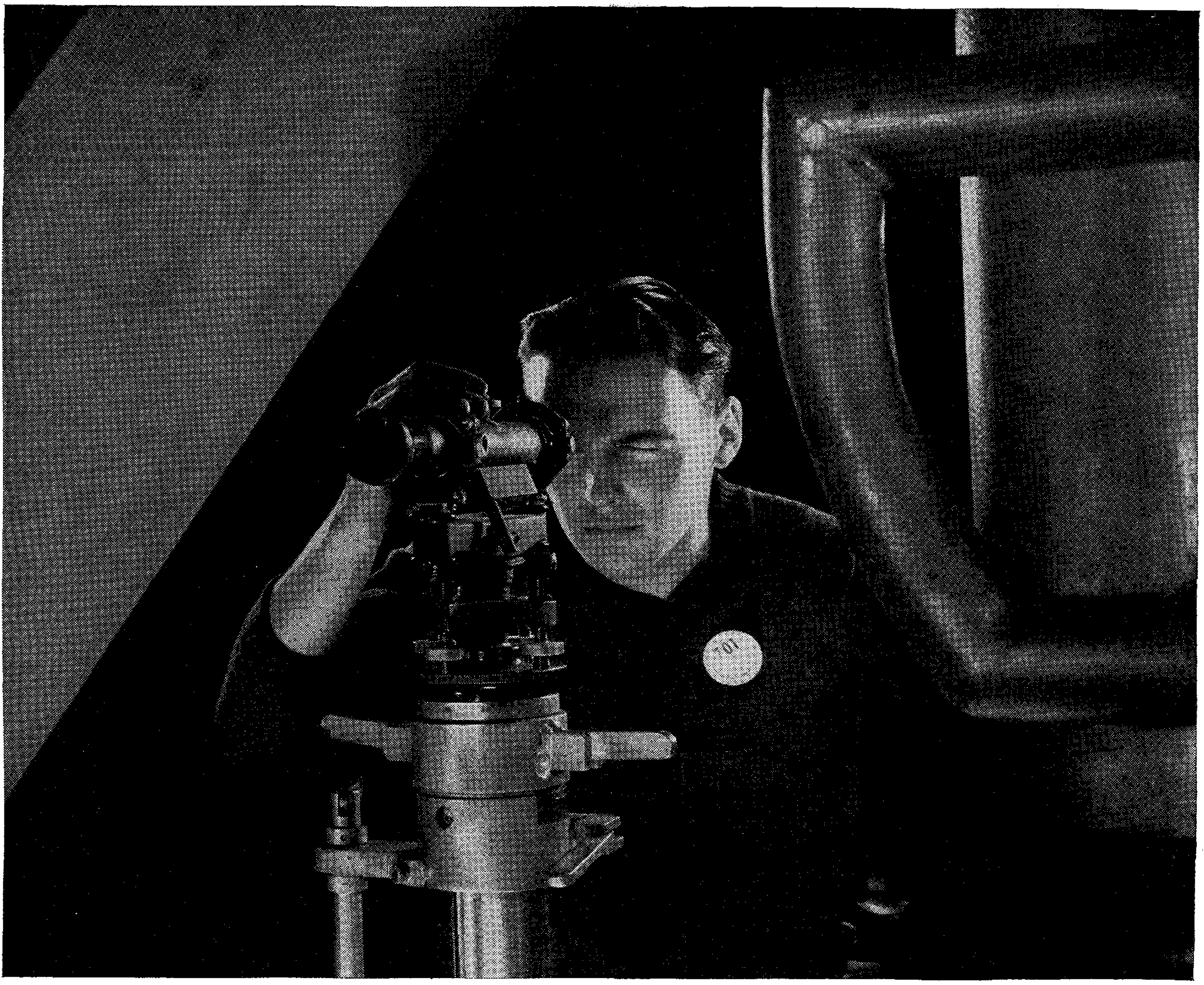
Of Mice and Men (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., are the Steinbeck ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 20-23.)

Pastor Hall (1940)—Germany in early Hitler days. Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (*Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through* Wed., Nov. 23-25.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Best-known early René Clair film. French. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., Nov. 19.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Nov. 19.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on this schedule—**THURS., NOV. 19**, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Way Down East" (1920), Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess. **FRI. AND SAT., NOV. 20-21**, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: two



Sighted Fortress—built same

THIS young sharpshooter is lining up a wing jig for a Flying Fortress.*

From where he stands (in the wing shop of the Boeing Seattle plant) he can see that the wing of the big B-17 he is helping to build is going to be straight and true. He can see that this Fortress, like the ones that went before it, is going to be very bad medicine for the Axis.

Wing jigs are the "forms," the giant tools, in which the wings are built. The Boeing jigs are three stories high, built of steel tubing. They are big enough for large crews to work freely on each "floor." They are accurate enough to be adjusted to 1/1000 of an inch.

Jigs are tools, and the Boeing jigs are part of the more than 200,000 special tools and machines designed by Boeing tool engineers, and built by Boeing technicians, for the swift, smooth-flowing production of Flying Fortresses and other war planes. It is the combination of these tools, plus the men and women who use them, that won for Boeing the signal honor of being selected as the first aircraft manufacturer to receive the new Army-Navy award for efficiency.

There are several thousand engineers now at work in the Boeing plants. Their know-how ranges over the whole field of engineering. They represent more than twenty-five different kinds of engineering skill. Whether they are designing a wing for a new airplane, a spiral staircase for a Clipper, or a machine that will turn out parts 20—50—100 times faster, Boeing engineers bring to the job an understanding that it must be a better job than ever has been done before.

The designing of tools and machines with which to build new kinds of equipment . . . for war and peace . . . is only one of the many projects that form a constant part of the Boeing engineering schedules at Seattle and at other plants in the Middle West and Canada.

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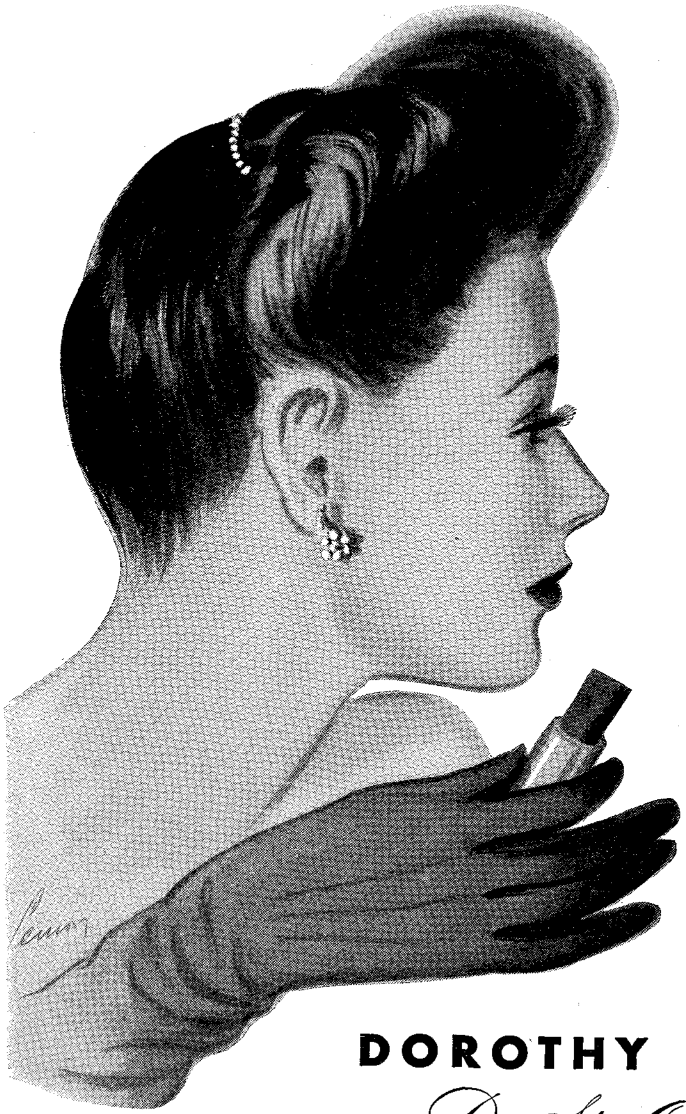
*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS



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AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Swedish films (1919-20). **SUN. AND MON., NOV. 22-23,** at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Destiny" (1921), German fantasy. **TUES. AND WED., NOV. 24-25,** at 4 P.M.: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), Rudolph Valentino.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who want to help by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to wartime tasks and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, and United Service Organizations.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O. at the moment, all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) women to work five hours three or four days a week (no evening vacancies at present) in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; also, women to do similar duty five hours a week, day or night, for the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command; (2) men and women to put in whatever daytime hours they can spare doing clerical work in draft-board and other emergency offices; (3) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (4) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (5) men not immediately subject to the draft to help out one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every fortnight, receiving telephone reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for an eight-hour period each week.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis have been asked to register with the C.D.V.O. to serve as spot workers on short-notice jobs. Right now, for example, there is a demand for men and women to do clerical work in connection with fuel and tire registration.

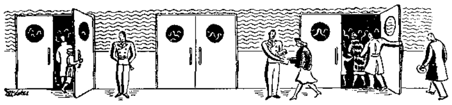
SALVAGE—The government is asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal and to bear in mind that salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of ammunition. If you want to help out, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can, and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Householders are being urged to continue washing and flattening their tin cans after cutting out both ends and removing their paper labels. Your building superintendent will see that those you save are turned over to the proper authorities; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to save old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for making gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Provisions for volunteering and for collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—Phonographs and records, radios, musical instruments, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) are in great demand for men in the services and will be called for by a representative of the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33). . . . The government wants to borrow, for military purposes, snapshots and movies you may have taken during trips abroad in what is now enemy-occupied territory. If you have some to lend, no matter how long ago they were taken, write for details of what's wanted to the Office of Strategic Services (Pictorial Records Branch), Box 46, Station G, New York City.

AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—"For Me and My Gal," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., Nov. 25: "I Married a Witch," Veronica Lake, Fredric March.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "The Navy Comes Through," Pat O'Brien, George Murphy. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: to be announced.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"One of Our Aircraft Is Missing," Godfrey Tearle, Hugh Williams.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—Through Wed., Nov. 25: "Now, Voyager," Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Seven Miles from Alcatraz," Bonita Granville, James Craig. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson; also "The Hidden Hand," Julie Bishop, Craig Stevens.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Road to Morocco," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., Nov. 25: "Once Upon a Honeymoon," Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant.

Rialto, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Street of Chance," Claire Trevor, Burgess Meredith. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25 (tentative): "Night Monster," Bela Lugosi.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—Through Mon., Nov. 23: "The Moon and Sixpence," George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley. . . . From Tues. Eve., Nov. 24 (benefit for the American Friends of Norway the first night): "The Avengers," Ralph Richardson, Hugh Williams.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Springtime in the Rockies," Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: to be announced.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Nov. 25: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Through Wed., Nov. 25: **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE,** Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Revivals—Through Wed., Nov. 25: "Ecstasy," Hedy Lamarr; also "False Rapture," Otto Kruger, Mary Maguire.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CI 7-4050)—Tentative—Through Wed., Nov. 25: **INTOLERANCE,** revival, Mae Marsh, Constance Talmadge.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Through Fri., Nov. 20: **HOLD BACK THE DAWN,** revival, Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 21-23: "Honeymoon in Bali," revival, Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray. . . . From Tues., Nov. 24: **THE PIED PIPER,** Monty Woolley.

Park, at Columbus Circle (CI 5-9512)—Revivals—Thurs., Nov. 19: **ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS,** Raymond Massey, Ruth Gordon; also "Marseillaise" (in French), Pierre Renoir, Louis Jouvet. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 20-23: **OF MICE AND MEN,** Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney, Jr.; also "Hôtel du Nord" (in French), Annabella, Louis Jouvet. . . . From Tues., Nov. 24: "Northwest Passage," Ruth Hussey, Spencer Tracy; also "The Great Temptation" (in French), Victor Francen.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Through Sun., Nov. 22: **THE MALE ANIMAL,** Olivia de Havilland, Henry Fonda; also **A FAREWELL TO ARMS,** Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper. . . . Mon. through Wed., Nov. 23-25: **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY,** Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley; also **PASTOR HALL,** Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, Wilfrid Lawson.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—Thurs., Nov. 19: **SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS** (in French), revival, René Clair film; also "The Blonde Captive," revival, Australian travelogue. . . . From Fri., Nov. 20: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (in French), revival, Raimu; also "Gaîté Parisienne," Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Wed., Nov. 25: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Nov. 21: "Only Angels Have Wings," revival, Jean Arthur, Cary Grant; also "Haunted Honeymoon," revival, Constance Cummings, Robert Montgomery. . . . Sun. through Tues., Nov. 22-24: "Panama Hattie," Ann Sothern, Red Skelton; also "Careful, Soft Shoulders," Virginia Bruce, James Ellison. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "Desperate Journey," Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Raymond Massey.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Sat., Nov. 21: "Cairo," Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Young; also "Eyes in the Night," Ann Harding, Edward Arnold. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 22-23: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "Sleepytime Gal," Judy Canova, Tom Brown; also "Atlantic Convoy," Virginia Field, Bruce Bennett, John Beal.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Mon., Nov. 23: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey; also "Priorities on Parade," Ann Miller, Jerry Colonna. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "Pierre of the Plains," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Bruce Cabot; also "Smith of Minnesota," Arline Judge, Bruce Smith.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs., Nov. 19: **MOSCOW STRIKES BACK,** full-length documentary film; also "That Uncertain Feeling," revival, Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, Burgess Meredith. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 20-23: **THE TALK OF THE TOWN.** Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "Footlight Serenade," Betty Grable, John Payne, Victor Mature.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Nov. 19: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!,** revival, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier. . . . Fri. through Sun., Nov. 20-22: "Between Us Girls," Diana Barrymore, Robert Cummings, Kay Francis. . . . Mon., Nov. 23 and (evening only) Tues., Nov. 24: "Rulers of the Sea," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: **HOLIDAY INN,** Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., Nov. 20: **MRS. MINIVER,** Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 21-23: **THE PIED PIPER,** Monty Woolley; also "Pardon My Sarong," Abbott and Costello. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER,** revival, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Grand Central Murder," Patricia Dane, Van Heflin.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Seven Miles from Alcatraz," Bonita Granville, James Craig. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson; also "Madame Spy," Constance Bennett.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs., Nov. 19: "The Stars Look Down," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave. . . . Fri. through Tues., Nov. 20-24: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Mon., Nov. 23: **THE TALK OF THE TOWN,** Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: to be announced.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Mon., Nov. 23: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey; also "Priorities on Parade," Ann Miller, Jerry Colonna. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "Pierre of the Plains," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Bruce Cabot; also "Smith of Minnesota," Arline Judge, Bruce Smith.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Fri., Nov. 20: "Between Us Girls," Diana Barrymore, Robert Cummings, Kay Francis; also "Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 21-23: "Intermezzo," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard; also "Man About Town," revival, Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: **ACROSS THE PACIFIC,** Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet; also "Get Hep to Love," Gloria Jean, Donald O'Connor.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs., Nov. 19: "Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 20-23: **ACROSS THE PACIFIC,** Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet. . . . From Tues., Nov. 24: **THE TALK OF THE TOWN,** Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Seven Miles from Alcatraz," Bonita Granville, James Craig. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson; also "Madame Spy," Constance Bennett.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Nov. 20: **GONE WITH THE WIND,** revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 21-23: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Nov. 23: "Cairo," Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Young; also "Eyes in the Night," Ann Harding, Edward Arnold. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "Sleepytime Gal," Judy Canova, Tom Brown; also "Atlantic Convoy," Virginia Field, Bruce Bennett, John Beal.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., Nov. 19: "Desperate Journey," Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Raymond Massey. . . . Fri. and Sat., Nov. 20-21: **ALGIERS,** revival, Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer. . . . Sun. through Tues., Nov. 22-24: "Somewhere I'll Find You," Lana Turner, Clark Gable. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25 (tentative): **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS,** Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Nov. 23: "Cairo," Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Young; also "Eyes in the Night," Ann Harding, Edward Arnold. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "Sleepytime Gal," Judy Canova, Tom Brown; also "Atlantic Convoy," Virginia Field, Bruce Bennett, John Beal.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., Nov. 20: "Northwest Passage," revival, Ruth Hussey, Spencer Tracy; also "Two-Faced Woman," revival, Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 21-23: "Saboteur," Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, Otto Kruger; also "Duck Soup," revival, the Marx Brothers. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: **LOVE CRAZY,** revival, Myrna Loy, William Powell; also "Christmas in July," revival, Ellen Drew, Dick Powell.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Seven Miles from Alcatraz," Bonita Granville, James Craig. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson; also "Madame Spy," Constance Bennett.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Nov. 21: "A Yank at Eton," Mickey Rooney; also "Calling Dr. Gillespie," Lionel Barrymore, Donna Reed, Philip Dorn. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 22-23: "Never Say Die," revival, Bob Hope, Martha Raye; also "Northwest Passage," revival, Ruth Hussey, Spencer Tracy. . . . From Tues., Nov. 24: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford.

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Mon., Nov. 23: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey; also "Priorities on Parade," Ann Miller, Jerry Colonna. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "Pierre of the Plains," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Bruce Cabot; also "Smith of Minnesota," Arline Judge, Bruce Smith.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs., Nov. 19: "This Was Paris," Ann Dvorak, Ben Lyon; also "One Born Every Minute," Hugh Herbert, Peggy Moran, Tom Brown. . . . Fri. through Wed., Nov. 20-25: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., Nov. 25: **MOSCOW STRIKES BACK,** full-length documentary film; also "Panama Hattie," Ann Sothern, Red Skelton.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Seven Miles from Alcatraz," Bonita Granville, James Craig. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson; also "Madame Spy," Constance Bennett.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., Nov. 25: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey; also "Priorities on Parade," Ann Miller, Jerry Colonna.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Thurs., Nov. 19: "A Yank in Libya," Joan Woodbury, Walter Woolf King; also "Smart Alecks," Leo Gorcey, Bobby Jordan. . . . Fri. through Wed., Nov. 20-25: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford.

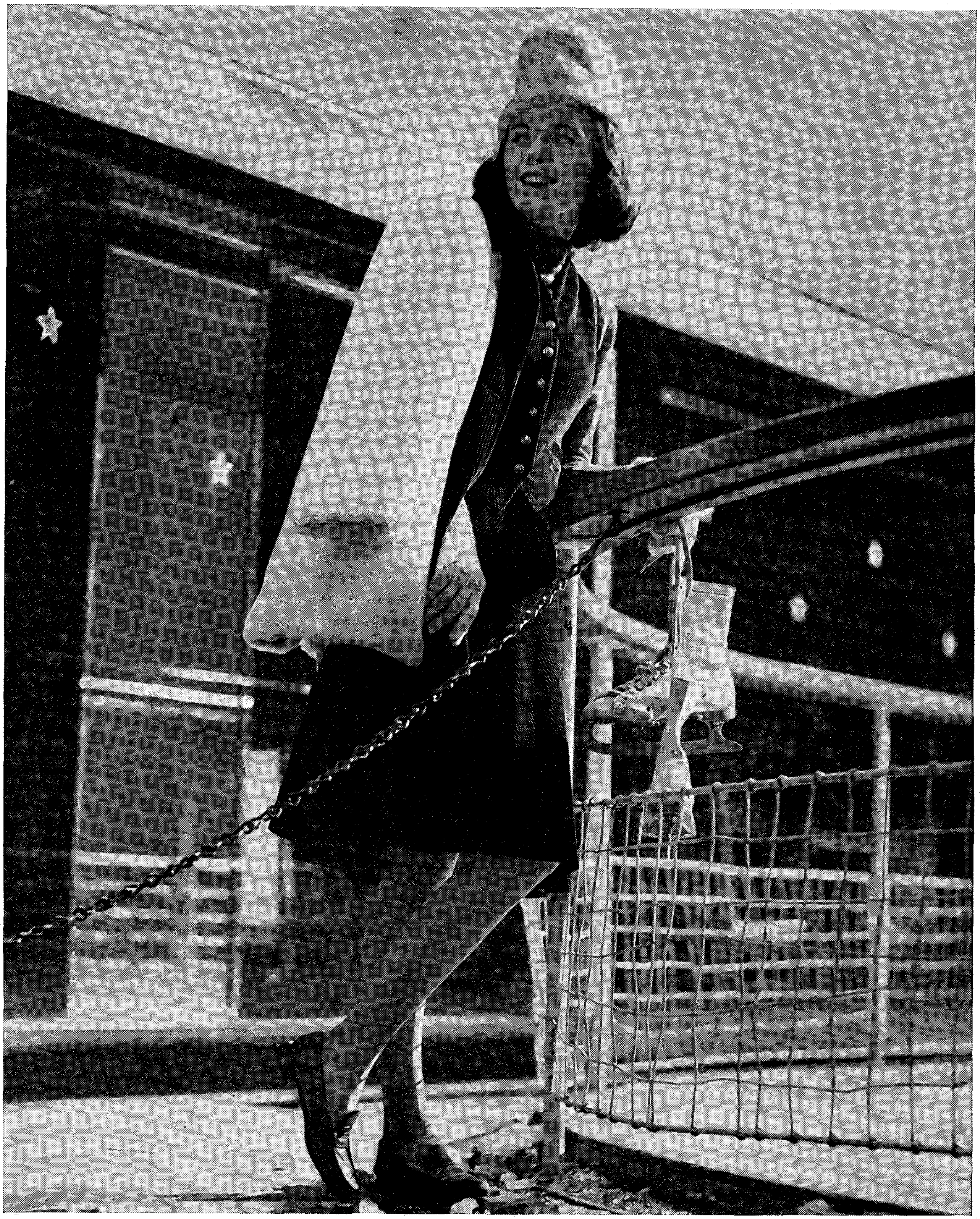
Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Seven Miles from Alcatraz," Bonita Granville, James Craig. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson; also "Madame Spy," Constance Bennett.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Mon., Nov. 23: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey; also "Priorities on Parade," Ann Miller, Jerry Colonna. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "Pierre of the Plains," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Bruce Cabot; also "Smith of Minnesota," Arline Judge, Bruce Smith.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Seven Miles from Alcatraz," Bonita Granville, James Craig. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson; also "Madame Spy," Constance Bennett.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Mon., Nov. 23: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey; also "Priorities on Parade," Ann Miller, Jerry Colonna. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 24-25: "Pierre of the Plains," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Bruce Cabot; also "Smith of Minnesota," Arline Judge, Bruce Smith.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Tues., Nov. 24: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Seven Miles from Alcatraz," Bonita Granville, James Craig. . . . From Wed., Nov. 25: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson; also "Madame Spy," Constance Bennett.



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FIFTH AVENUE B. ALTMAN & CO. NEW YORK

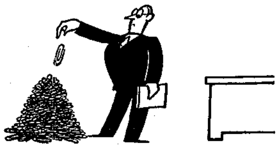
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOTE OF POSSIBLE INTEREST TO THURMAN ARNOLD: The International office of the Cap and Millinery Union, A.F.L., at 245 Fifth Avenue, has a sign at the information window reading, "Our staff has been instructed not to give interviews to people not wearing hats."

THIS week marks the first anniversary of our discontinuance of the use of new paper clips. By careful husbandry we have kept the influx of clips equal to the outgo. This means plenty of hoarding and rebending. It is, of course, in connection with our private scrap-metal campaign that we are conserving clips, but it is also in line with our heart's desire—which is to prove that there are enough paper clips in the world just as things stand and that no new ones need ever be made. Some of our old clips are rather lame in the joints, but we force them into shape and keep them flying. Every morning the mail brings us a few recruits, and sometimes our incoming basket fairly crawls with them, like a skull with maggots. Once we were down to the last clip and wondered if the jig was up, but a poet came through with a long poem held together with enough metal to build a Garand rifle.



WE have felt lots better about our chances in the Southwest Pacific since General MacArthur made a mistake in grammar. Theretofore his messages had been a little too masterly to be reassuring; it takes time to write sentences containing no errors, and the rich MacArthurian prose, with its bravura passages, somehow gave us the impression that he might be more the stylist than the fighting man. But the other day we came across a statement credited to him: "No nation is making a more supreme war effort than Australia." That is the sentence of a busy man, preoccupied with his job. Reading it, we breathed easier. No general more supreme than MacArthur.

IT came as a shock to us to learn that the President's short-wave message to the French people at the moment of the invasion of North Africa was nothing but a phonograph record. Mr. Roosevelt himself revealed that he had made the address some weeks in advance and that what the French people heard was a recording. If we were a Frenchman and had been served this canned food at so important a feast, we would be sore, for although we would know America as admittedly a nation of tin cans, at great moments we would expect her leader to be flesh and blood, not wax. There were probably a lot of good reasons for doing the thing the way it was done (for all we know it may have been the only way possible under the circumstances), but just the same we're worried about this technique and regard it as essentially dangerous. In our modern world there is the strong temptation to do everything with mirrors; but mirrors are cold, and they can easily fog up in the hot bathroom of war. Citizens of the Republic, the following message is *not* transcribed: "Vive la France!"

ALTHOUGH we never met Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, formerly of Vienna, who died in Bar Harbor several weeks ago, the circumstances of his demise fill us with a vague regret. "Funeral services," the *Herald Tribune* reported in an item which we filed in a collection of obituaries we are building against a rainy day, "were held at the Riverside Chapel, Seventy-sixth Street and Amsterdam Avenue. . . . Baron Rothschild was placed in a vault at the Cypress Hills Cemetery, Jamaica Avenue and Crescent Street, Brooklyn, and will be taken to Switzerland for burial after the war."

We pulled this clipping out of our safe and reread it last Wednesday, when, rummaging through the nostalgia, or Frank Crowninshield, division of our well-stocked library, we came upon a copy of "Memories of Many Men and of Some Women: Being Personal Recollections of Emperors, Kings, Queens, Princes, Presidents, Statesmen, Authors, and Artists, at Home and Abroad, During the Last Thirty Years," written by Maunsell B. Field in 1873. On page 135, after taking a deep breath, we read a translation of the invitation which Mr. Field received eighty-seven years ago to the funeral of Baron Alphonse's paternal grandfather:

> Sir,—The Baron and the Baroness Anselme de Rothschild, the Baron and the Baroness James de Rothschild, the Baron and the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild and their children, the Baron and the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild, the Baron and the Baroness Willy de Rothschild and their children, the Barons Alphone, Gustave, Salomon, and Edmond de Rothschild, the Misses Louise and Alice de Rothschild, and the Barons Nathaniel, Ferdinand, and Salomon de Rothschild, the Baron Amschel de Rothschild, Madame Worms, Madame Sichel, Madame Montefiore, Madame Beyfus, the Baron and the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild and their children, the Baron and the Baroness Anthony de Rothschild and their children, the Baron and the Baroness Mayer de Rothschild and their children, the Baron and the Baroness Mayer-Charles de Rothschild and their children, Mr. and Madame Adolphe Beyfus, Mr. and Madame S. Sichel, and Mr. J. Sichel,
>
> Have the honor to inform you of the irreparable loss they have experienced by the decease of the Baron Salomon de Rothschild, who died at his hôtel, No. 17 Rue Lafitte, the 27th of July, 1855, at the age of eighty-two years, their well-

beloved father, father-in-law, grandfather, great grandfather, brother, and uncle;
And invite you to attend the funeral on Tuesday, the 31st of July, at nine o'clock.
The funeral will take place from the residence of the deceased.

The thought of a man reared in this tradition perishing modestly in Maine and being conveyed unpanoplied to Jamaica Avenue, Brooklyn, jars our sense of the appropriate. More serious matters abound, we know, but Brooklyn is a hell of a repository for a Viennese Rothschild, and if we had the necessary glass handy, we would toast the day when the Baron's remains will be decently interred in more congenial soil.

Intrigue in France

THE newspapers have, understandably, been preoccupied with Africa these last weeks, and the arrival in this country of André Philip, a former leader of the underground anti-Nazi movement in France and now Commissioner of the Interior and Labor for the Fighting French, went more or less unnoticed. Philip is a husky, vivacious fellow who looks like anything but a professor of economics, but that's what he has been, at the University of Lyons. For the last year or so he has also been an associate editor of *Libération*, an underground weekly newspaper which has had a circulation of sixty-five thousand, mainly among workmen. Philip wrote the second editorial, and was military-tactics and foreign-affairs expert. "Like some of your newspaper writers, my military articles were a little frail," he told us amiably. This summer he was notified that de Gaulle wanted him for his present job, so he made arrangements to leave France by the end of July. The day before he was to go, four Gestapo agents inexplicably called on him and told him that he had only two days to wind up his affairs before being sent to a concentration camp. "I felt like saying to them, as you would express it, 'O.K., boys, I was just going anyhow'—and I'm thankful to say I did," Philip told us.

As to the details of his escape, Philip would only say that he left Unoccupied France on the last day of July and arrived in England six days later. "What happened between that one date and that other date I have forgotten, like amnesia," he added. "I have trained my mind to go into a blank on the subject, so even when the day comes that I may remember, I shall probably not be able to recall a thing at all. That will play hell with my memoirs, won't it?" The journey to the United States, which he made by Clipper seven weeks ago, is shrouded in no such mystery. "Bumpy," he reports. "There were moments when, if you must know, I would have traded it, almost, for the concentration camp." Fighting French headquarters, where we had our talk with Philip, was full of excited Fighting Frenchmen, who popped in and out, filling the air with mustaches. "Poor boys! Now they are impatient," Philip said, shaking his head. "Until now it has been the lot of the Frenchman to pat his boots and wait, but since these great days have come upon us we hop about like fleas. When I was in France, I understood how slowly we must work, how long it was going to take, but now I am almost as impatient as a woman."

Philip gave us a few pointers on conducting an underground newspaper, and on subversive activity in general. The main thing to remember, he told us, is not to sneak around—"Walk along the streets as if you still owned them," he said. Being a university lecturer is a fine cover-up for an underground newspaper writer, Philip pointed out: nobody is surprised if he spends part of his time writing, and his fellow-conspirators can visit him by the simple ruse of mingling with bona-fide students who have to consult him from time to time about their work. Copy would be taken away by a copy boy impersonating a student; it would then find its way to a dozen or so print shops in various cities that did the job in rotation. Distribution was something that Philip didn't concern himself with, but he told us that it was done partly by means of pretty girls. "In every intrigue sex plays its part," said Philip. "In French intrigue it becomes the prima donna, and without *les jeunes filles*, I assure you, our underground movement might have been a play in a vacuum." Apparently it's still the same old France.

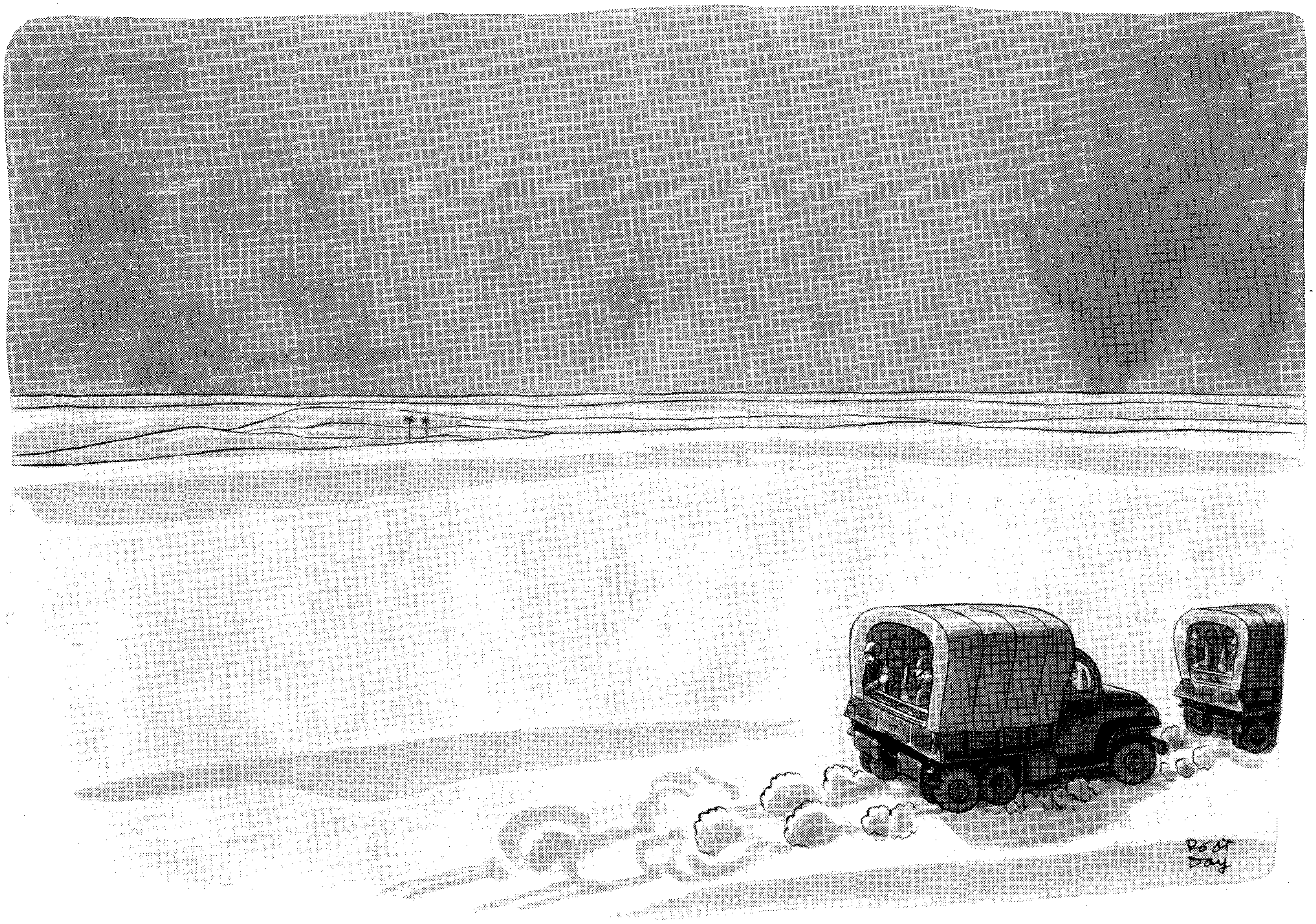
Army Flash

AN Army liaison officer assigned to checking up on the local airplane-spotters found a group of malcontents in one of the suburbs. These were the people who served at night. They told him, quite frankly, that there was unfairness somewhere: the daytime people had scads of planes to report, while at night the skies were empty, leaving them no chance to do anything for their country. They understood, of course, that daylight flying was preferable, but just the same it was irksome to stand a four-hour shift and have nothing whatever to show for it. The Army man listened sympathetically. The very next night, perhaps by coincidence but probably not, an Army plane appeared over the suburb in the dead of night. The spotters sprang to their telephones, gave their flash, and went back to their watching with their morale vastly improved.

Grand Old Men

THE Master of the Meadow Brook Hunt agrees with us that when a man in his position starts giving away all his horses, it constitutes a sort of milestone. He's now down to five horses, which is a tenth the number he used to keep. "I'm not sure just why I'm keeping these five, but I am," he told us last Friday. "So far as I'm concerned," he continued, "it's goodbye this era, hello another." It should be unnecessary to identify the M.F.H. of Meadow Brook by name, since he has held this position for twenty-nine years and now is the senior master on both sides of the Atlantic; however, we'll identify him anyway, in the interests of better journalism. He's Harry T. Peters, sixty-one, white-haired, and handsome. Mr. Peters is timely on another count besides the end-of-an-era one. He owns the world's biggest collection of early American prints, which includes seven thousand Currier & Ives prints, also the world's biggest collection. Eleven years ago a pictures-and-text treatment of Currier & Ives by Mr. Peters was brought out in two volumes, @ $115 a set, and now it has been republished, in a single volume, @ $5. It's going to be the Book-of-the-Month Club dividend for January and February. All in all, the publishers are expecting sales of at least four hundred thousand copies. "Think of that! I shall be a great man to the common herd," Mr. Peters said.

Mr. Peters remembers that he had a donkey ride in the Park when he was two years old. "I sometimes feel as if I hadn't had my feet on the ground from that day to this," he told us. As a boy, he lived down on East Thirty-seventh Street and used to go up to a firehouse on Fortieth to admire the fire horses. His boyhood was spent in neighborhood livery stables, where he learned all about caring for horses. Then he went to Columbia, where he played polo. (No fooling—in Van Cortlandt Park.) Thereafter he was free to go in for equitation in a big way, except for the



"Looks just about the way I always imagined it would."

• •

time he devoted to a wholesale coal business that he and his father ran. He bought an estate at Islip, acquired several dozen horses, and eventually became Master of the Meadow Brook Hunt. As for his seniority, he modestly calls it "divinity by default," explaining that all the other masters have found something better to do. Whatever the reason, in England nobody precedes Mr. Peters in to a hunt dinner except members of the Royal Family. He found this out the hard way, during a visit he made over there just before the war. He was waiting around hungrily for dinner to start, and eventually grasped the idea that everybody else was waiting for *him*. "Made me feel fine, but no less hungry," he told us.

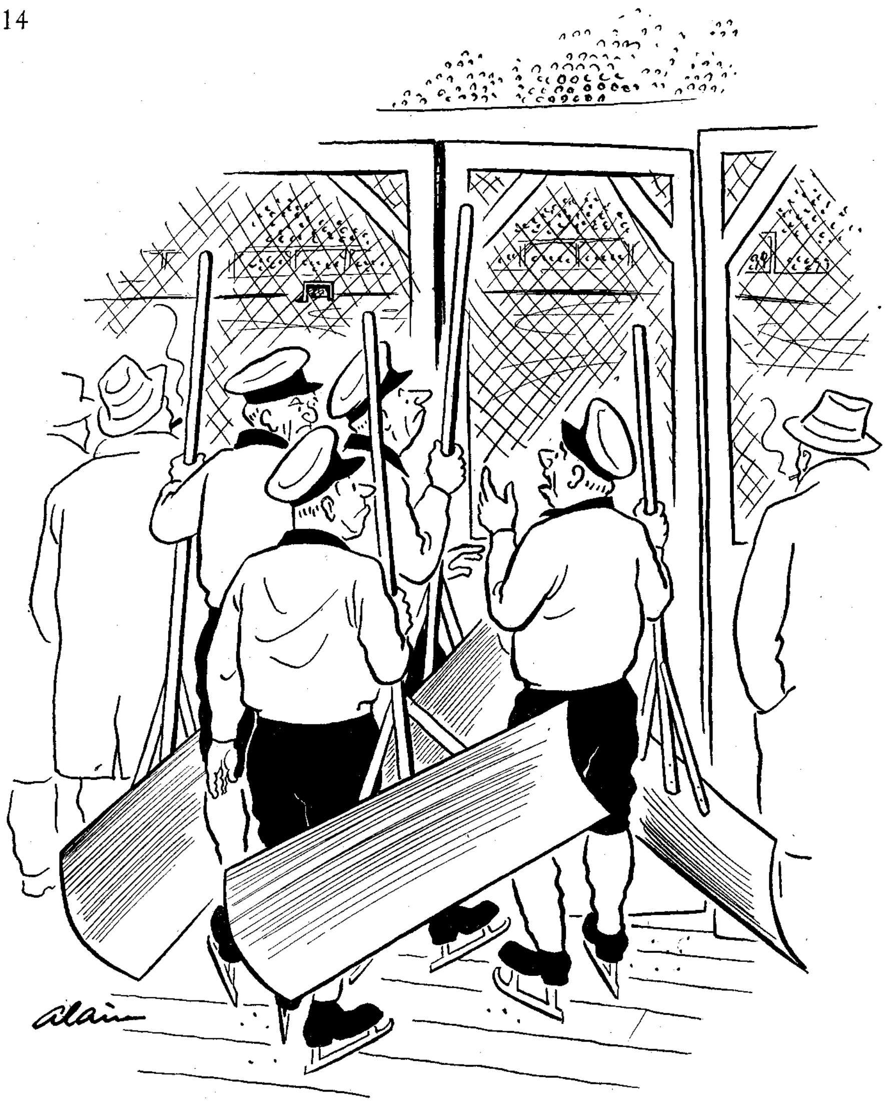
His collection of prints was just his idea of a good hobby for a poor man. "I had a lot of friends with money in those days," he explained. "They'd all be collecting Rembrandt, Goya, and so on. All I could afford were those little old two-for-a-quarter prints they used to slap up on stable walls. At first I bought them because I thought the horses in them were pretty. Then I began to notice the way the people were dressed and what was happening—the first train coming into a Western town, night boats on the Mississippi, and so forth—all of the things that hadn't been properly described at the time except in these prints." Pretty soon Mr. Peters was writing books on the subject. "Guess I'm the only pioneer writer on American primitive art who's still alive," he remarked. "The furniture man's dead, the pewter man's dead. I'm the grand old man of print collecting." Obviously feeling that this was an incomplete statement, he added, "I'm the grand old man of foxhunting. I'm the grand old man of polo, too—played more polo in my time than any other ten men living." Mr. Peters is probably Doubleday, Doran's most robust author.

Moment in History

ON the morning of November 11th, a lady we know was standing in front of the hosiery counter at Altman's. At eleven o'clock sharp (although the lady wasn't aware of the exact time at the moment) she asked a salesgirl, "Have you got any nylons?" Immediately a gong rang; all the salesgirls stepped back from the counters and bowed their heads, and after a second or two of adjustment, the customers followed their lead. Two minutes later, another ring of the gong signalled the end of the armistice silence. The salesgirl our friend had addressed looked up. "No, Ma'am," she said.

Grounded

AN unusual and touching little item appeared in several of the papers recently; it was directed to the finders of exhausted hummingbirds. It asked them to get in touch with the Bronx Zoo, which would make arrangements to pick up the tiny creatures. As one who never in his entire life had seen an exhausted hummingbird, we went up to the Zoo last week and talked with Mr. Lee Crandall, the bird curator. He told us that the public had been coöperative, as usual, and, as usual, somewhat confused. Three ruby-throated hummingbirds, the only species normally present in the eastern United States, had turned up, all in the Bronx. Two, which were apparently suffering from malnutrition as well as exhaustion, had been found, grounded in back yards, by small



"Would you fellows mind if I went out first tonight? My wife's in the audience."

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boys, who dutifully brought them in. A few sips of honey water, and soon they regained their normal body temperature and the power of flight. Then they were popped into a cage at the Zoo; they would never make Central or South America, where the ruby-throated hummingbirds usually spend their winters, but at least they hadn't lost their lives. The third hummingbird was a lively fellow withdrawn from the Bank of the Manhattan Company's branch on 149th Street near Third Avenue. He was trapped, not exhausted. He had startled the bank's staff by darting among the rafters of the counting room, at his normal cruising speed of fifty miles an hour. "How he got in is a mystery," Mr. Crandall told us, "for all the windows were closed tight, and it's almost as amazing that he was recognized for what he was by anyone in a bank." When the telephone call came, Mr. Crandall sent down the head birdkeeper, who caught the hummer on a limed stick, which is a stick smeared with an extremely adhesive substance made by boiling down linseed oil. The bird was rescued without the loss of a single bit of plumage, which is more than *everyone* can say after a sashay into financial circles.

This is the first time the Zoo has issued a call for exhausted hummingbirds, but in previous years it always got some just the same. In fact, during the autumn of 1937 it got twenty rubythroats from points all over the five boroughs, and, as it happened, the donations were a godsend, for the Zoo was about out of rubythroats at the time. It had sent orders for them to professional birdcatchers in Texas, Cuba, and South America, all of whom subsequently fell down, and the Zoo would probably soon have been without a single rubythroat but for the local windfall. There hasn't been anything like 1937 since, but the professionals have been able to deliver and the collection has been kept up. For some reason it is only in the fall, when the hummers are heading south, that they play out; it never happens in the spring. Don't get the notion that all hummingbirds tire easily. Numbers of them, using one of the possible routes to and from this country, fly eight hundred miles across the Gulf of Mexico non-stop. Invalids are the exceptions.

In response to the recent appeal, one lady had Mr. Crandall send a man to pick up a hummingbird which turned out to be a gray-cheeked thrush. This did not mean a waste of time, however, for the Zoo didn't have a gray-cheeked thrush; and it's a fairly rare bird. An Italian woman in Queens reported a brown thrasher at the bottom of an empty apple barrel, under a misapprehension that it was a hummer. The crew which responded to this call told the lady that a brown thrasher, the largest of our native thrashers, resembles a hummer about as much as Tom Dewey resembles the former Baby LeRoy, and the woman replied that she had been certain it was either a hummingbird or a beetle. Mr. Crandall has never disregarded a telephone call about a bird since one Columbus Day several years back, when a woman phoned shortly after 9 A.M. to report that from her bedroom window she could see a white bird weighing about six pounds sitting on top of P.S. 115, in the Bronx. She said she knew the bird weighed about six pounds because he was the size of the small roasting geese she bought every Saturday night for her family. Mr. Crandall tried all morning to get the picture of this six-pound white bird out of his mind, and then made a personal investigation. The incredible creature turned out to be a female snowy owl, the only one of its species ever known to have visited the city before or since. It was huge for its species; weighed about six pounds.

Promotion

A LADY hereabouts appeared before her rationing board with a plea for an extra allowance of gasoline. Her story was that she was in a delicate condition and had to come to town for regular checkups, and that travelling in public vehicles upset her. (We shouldn't hear about such things, but we do, somehow.) The board listened to her with favor, and the chairman made a notation on her application reading, "Mrs. —— is to be treated as a commercial vehicle."

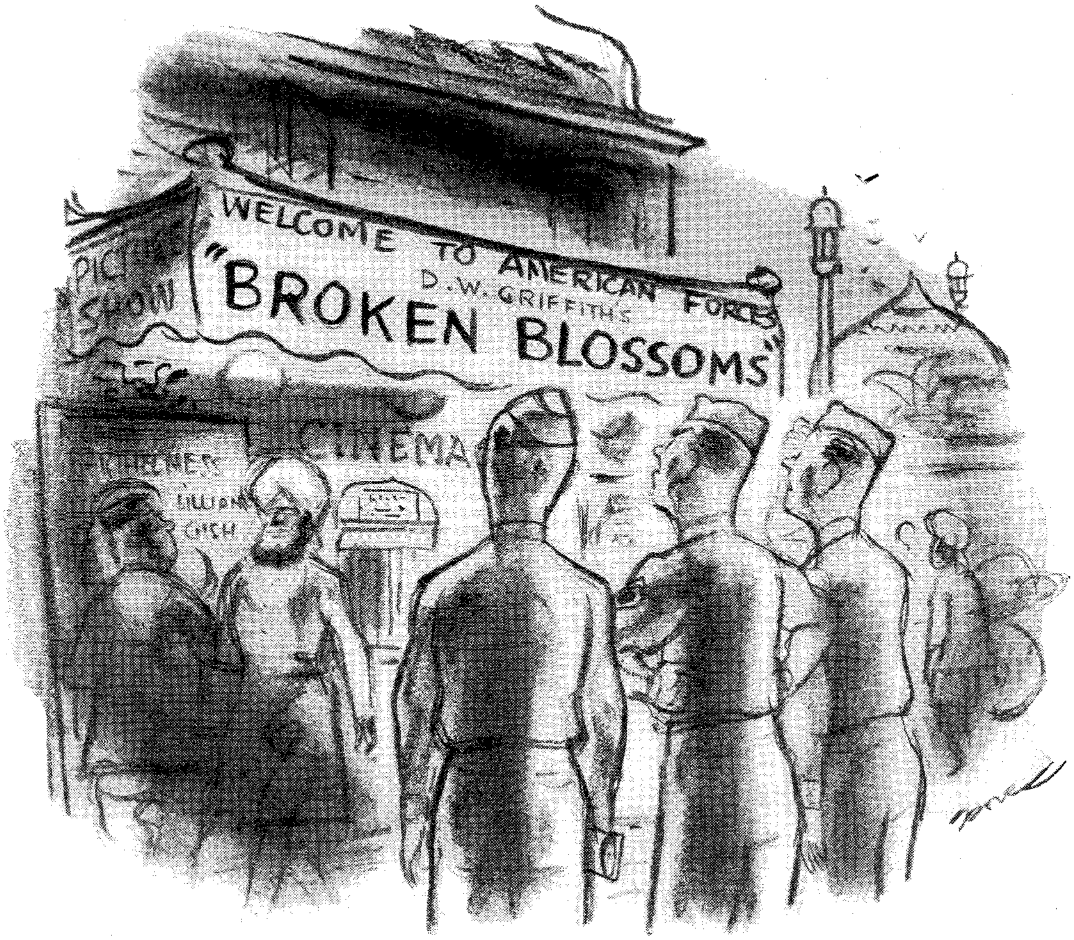
News from Africa

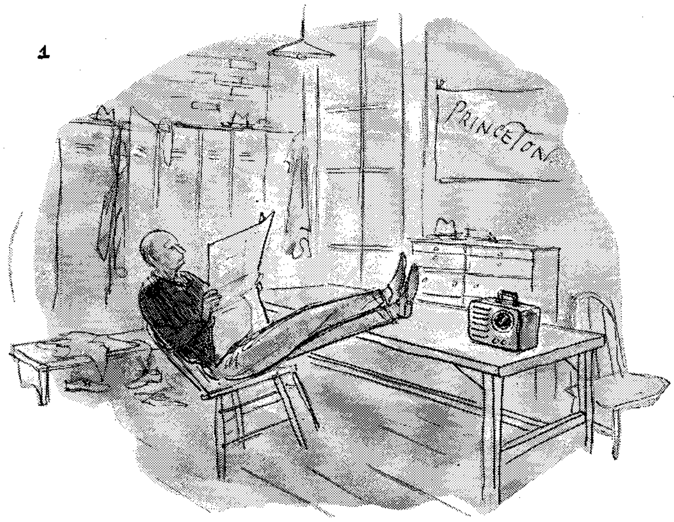
THERE'S at least one man over here now who was in Africa when our troops landed, and we have managed to talk to him. He's Stuart Benson, a major in an ambulance unit of the American Field Service, who has been its second in command in the Middle East since last November. Benson, a small, brisk man with a carefully clipped mustache, was a major in the infantry during the last war, and in times of peace is a sculptor. When Montgomery's army started the big push, on October 23rd, he was right up in the front lines. Then, because he had been previously scheduled to fly back here on a special mission, he had to leave. He left the Cairo airport aboard an Army transport plane on the morning of Thursday, November 5th. There were two dozen other men aboard, mostly ferry pilots and technicians. They amused themselves playing poker and giving one another the hotfoot. The Major read a detective story called, as he remembers it, "The Case of the Velvet Claw," and guessed who the murderer was right off—"Always do," he told us, with obvious exasperation. After that he read a book by Damon Runyon. Early that afternoon they arrived at a base in the Sudan, where they spent the night. Late the following afternoon the plane stopped at a port in Nigeria to let off a passenger and it was there that Benson heard the first rumor about the invasion. He and the other passengers were standing around the plane when one of the mechanics bobbed up and said, "Heard the news? Americans have landed in Algeria. Ain't it swell?" Benson was inclined to be incredulous and he climbed back into the plane, but the other passengers accepted the news, and slapped each other on the back and took to song. That night the plane nosed down to the end of its flight at a port below the African bulge, on the Gold Coast, "or maybe it was the Ivory Coast—I always get them mixed," the Major told us. The Major had dinner and went to bed under mosquito netting. The invasion was still a rumor. Next morning, however, he found the news generally accepted by everybody, from an American general down, and a lot of the American soldiers were doing a snake dance and singing the Notre Dame song. "To everybody there," Major Benson says, "it was the opening of the second front. I was still excited about the Egyptian campaign, of course. It's really the first important answer to the old idea that you can never have a decisive battle in the desert because of the length of the lines of communication. The boys asked me about the campaign, too, but it was funny. Once they found out the main facts about how things were going, the stuff they wanted to know wasn't about troop movements at all but whether I'd seen their friend Joe, whether the fat colonel had been shifted, how their pals in the hospital were doing—things like that." Major Benson left on a plane for the United States soon after breakfast and didn't learn the full details on Morocco and Algeria until he got to Miami.

Newcomers in Africa are going to be bothered principally by changes in the weather and by flies, the Major thinks. "At noon it's like an oven. At night you freeze," he says. "I remember once sleeping in a bag in full uniform with five blankets, and being so cold I thought I'd separate into ice cubes. Think what it must be like in slit trenches!" As for the flies, he says a single fly will follow you half a mile to bite you. There's a somewhat mysterious ailment called sand-fly fever, which seems to result from being bitten by sand flies; it's not fatal, but the patient feels pretty bad. And of course there's always dysentery, which all desert fighters have to a greater or lesser extent. The Major has had nine bouts of it, and now he doesn't feel right *without* dysentery. He predicts that all Americans in the desert will become tea drinkers. No matter what you've preferred at home, he says, you soon find that hot tea provides the most satisfying way of taking in a limited ration of water.

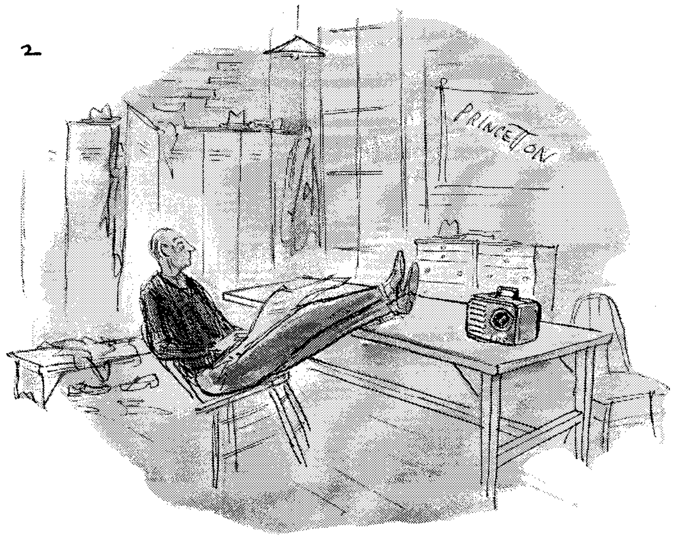
In the Public Eye

THE big moment arrived in a progressive-school first-grade class we've heard of when Teacher was ready to start the children on a new song. The song was about Mr. Squirrel, but instead of telling them so straight from the shoulder, Teacher decided to tease them a bit. "I want you to *guess*," she cooed. "It's about somebody who has been scurrying around *all* summer and *all* autumn while Jack Frost has been turning the leaves all red and brown. This winter some of his friends won't have enough to eat, but *he* will, because he's been so busy. Now, can you guess?" "I can," one of the little students said. "Mr. Willkie."

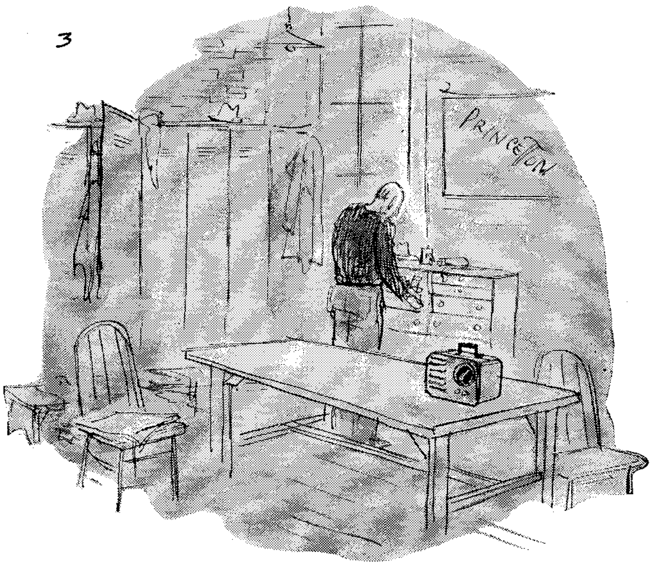




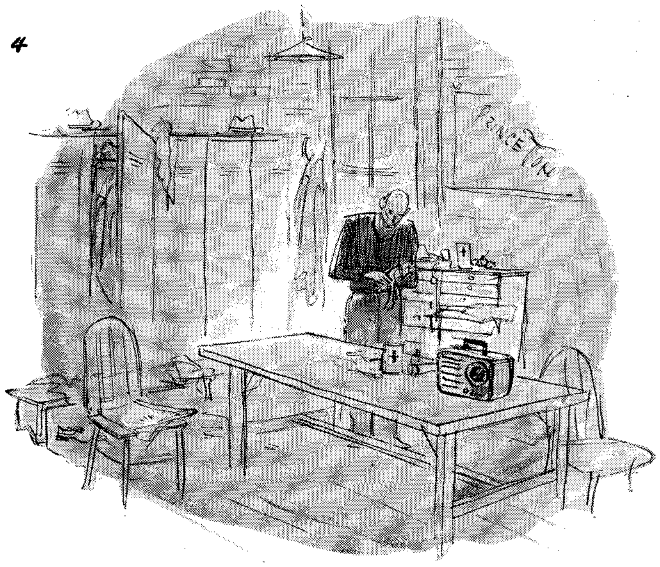
". . . hits the left side of the line and oh, what a beautiful tackle! He was pulled down without a gain. Still Princeton's ball, third and two on their own . . .



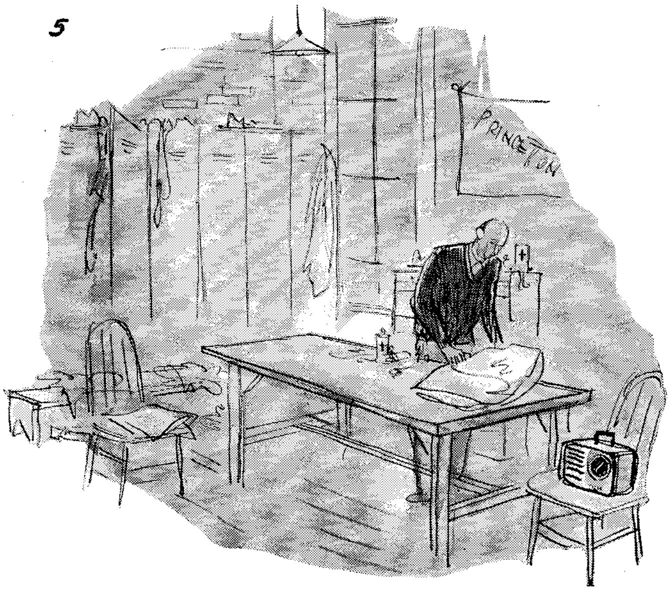
". . . Wait a minute! There's a Princeton man on the ground! It's Number Twenty-eight—Clayton . . .



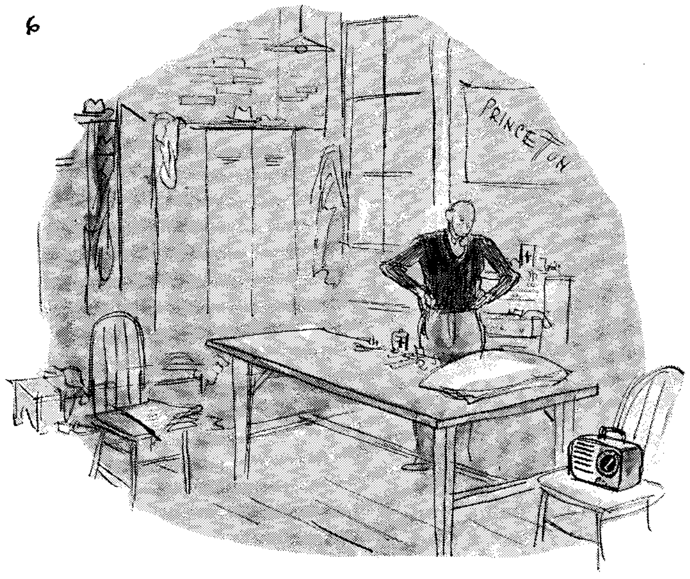
". . . They're bending over him now. He's still lying there . . .



". . . Here comes the Princeton trainer running out on the field . . .



". . . There, Clayton is sitting up now. He looks pretty dazed. He's being helped to his feet. That's probably all for Clayton. Yes, that's all for Clayton. They're walking him off the field . . .



". . . but wait! Just a minute now! Clayton is shaking his head, 'no'! It looks like he's saying he's all right! There's the trainer talking to him. He's jogging up and down! And he's going to stay in! . . .

BEAT ME, POST-IMPRESSIONIST DADDY

ANY of you kids seen Somerset Maugham? I haven't run into him lately, but I'll bet those advertisements for "The Moon and Sixpence" put the roses in his cheeks. In case you've been spending the last couple of weeks underwater, the Messrs. Loew and Lewin have just transferred to the screen Mr. Maugham's novel of the ordeal of Charles Strickland, a character closely resembling Paul Gauguin. Faced with merchandising so spiritual a problem, the producers evidently recalled that Vincent van Gogh had been popularized as a man who mailed his ear to a friend, and decided to sell their boy on a similar basis. The leitmotiv of the campaign was a busty Polynesian hussy in a pitifully shrunken sarong, lolling on her back in considerable abandon and smelling a flower. Peering out of a palm tree above, mighty lak a chimp, was George Sanders in the best beard that money could buy. "I Don't Want Love! I hate it!" he was declaring petulantly. "It interferes with my work . . . and yet . . . *I'm only human!*" A second advertisement portrayed the painter in an equally disenchanted mood, over the caption "Women Are Strange Little Beasts! You can treat them like dogs (*he did!*)—beat them 'til your arm aches (*he did!*) . . . and still they love you (*they did*). But in the end they'll get you and you are helpless in their hands."

Although Gauguin's journal, "Avant et Après," and his correspondence with D. de Montfreid are fairly blue in spots, he is not primarily remembered as passion's plaything, and these insinuations may confound the strait-laced. Now that Hollywood has thrown the ball into play, however, the following letters I recently unearthed in my bottom bureau drawer deserve careful scrutiny. They were written by the artist to my father's barber, who lived in the bureau between 1895 and 1897. Here and there I have taken the liberty of translating the rather difficult argot into current idiom, for clarity.

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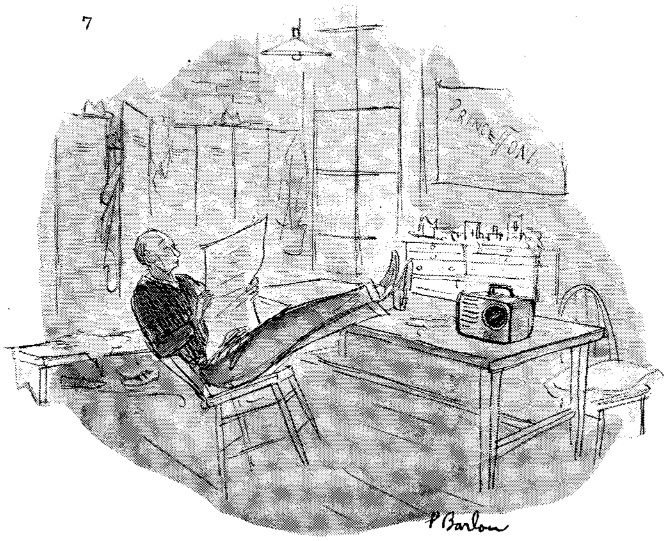


". . . Yes, sir! Clayton's still in the game! And there's a cheer. Listen to that crowd! Clayton is getting a tremendous ovation! . . ."

Mataiéa
July 17, 1896

Dear Marcus,

WELL, my old, you must think I am a fine *pascudnick* indeed not to answer you before this, but man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward and I am winging. The day after I wrote you, who should come mousing around but that little brunette, Tia, in her loose-leaf pareu, which it's enough to melt the umber on a man's palette. It so happened I was in the hut with this tall job from Papeete, dashing off a quick pastel. I told Tia to stop needling me, but she was inconsolable. Distraught, I asked what she required. "Poi," she responded. Poi is one thing I have never refused anybody yet, Marcus, so, brushing off this other head, I made with the poi. The instant we were alone, the pretty trickster revealed her design. "I'm a strange little beast!" she cried, "Beat me 'til your arm aches!" Me, a family man. *Figurez-vous*, Marcus, what could I do? I bounced her around a bit, knocked out several of her teeth, and invited her to withdraw, as I had to complete a gouache by five o'clock. *Dame!*—the next thing I knew, Miss Goody Two-shoes had sealed the door, swallowed the key [*clef*], and I was it.

As to the painting, it goes very slowly. Kindest thanks for your new calendar, which arrived in good condition. Personally, the model is somewhat skinny for my taste and there is too much drapery, but *tiens*, that is the bourgeois style. Tell me more about that youth, the son of your patron. The boy has genius, Marcus; I have an instinct for these things. Mark me well, he will yet be another Piero della Francesca.

I pinch your claws,
Paul

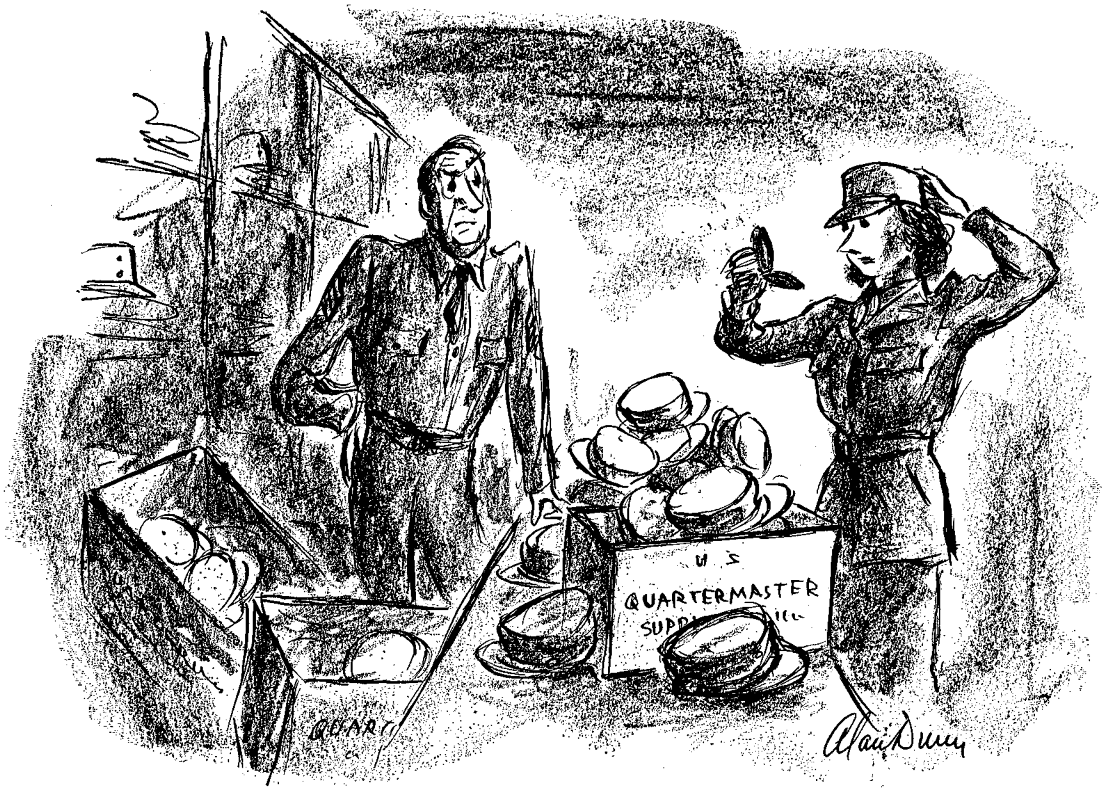
Mataiéa
November 12, 1896

Dear Marcus,

LIFE here becomes increasingly tiresome, my friend; the women refuse to let me alone. How I envy Vincent those days at Arles, with nothing between him and his muse but the solar spectrum. I came to this miserable hole surfeited with civilization and its trinkets. One might as well be back in the Rue Vercingétorix. Last night I attended a native fete and, like a chump, neglected to close my door. Returning home about two with a charming person who insisted on seeing my frescoes, I found the wife of the Minister of Public Works concealed under the bed. The old story—I must beat her without further ado, treat her like a dog, else she will stop loving me. *Quelle bêtise!* My arms are so tired from flailing these cows that I can hardly mix my pigments. I sit down in a workingmen's café for an infusion; immediately I am surrounded by hordes of beauties begging me to maltreat them. I arise each morning determined to spend the day seriously. A pair of dark eyes at the window, a tender glance, and *pouf* [pouf] go my resolutions. After all, I'm only human.

I have a superb conception for a canvas which would be the very antithesis of Manet's "Olympia"—a native girl stretched on the sofa, regarding the onlooker with a mixture of fear and coquetry. At this rate I shall never finish it. Every sketch I begin ends the same. I pose the model on a divan, run my hand lightly over her back to enhance the sheen—*au fond* I am a painter of highlights—and *zut*, we are off on a tangent. For the time, merely to block in the masses, I am using a rolled-up umbrella in lieu of a girl. Actually, an ironic comment on your modern woman—all ribs and cloth. Where are those big, jolly, upholstered girls one used to see?

One fault only I find with your letters: there are too many lacunae. You say your patron's son was surprised embracing his governess. *Et alors?* What ensued? You leave too much to the imagination. Describe the scene with greater fidelity. Send photographs if possible. In any event, I must have a photo of the governess, preferably in her chemise, for a composition I am engaged on. It is an airy caprice in the manner of Watteau, quite unlike my current



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things—the startled governess blushing profusely, repulsing yet yielding to a diminutive satyr. I call it "Tickled Pink." Don't misunderstand, *mon copain.* This is simply relaxation, a change of pace from everything else I'm doing.

As ever,
PAUL

MATAIÉA
MAY 3, 1897

DEAR MARCUS,

EPOCHAL news! I have arrived! After years of scorn and obloquy, after a lifetime of abuse from academicians and the kept press, I have at last attained official recognition! It came in the person of Mme. Dufresnoy, wife of the new Governor General, just as I was at the lowest ebb of despair. Reconstruct the scene for yourself: I was pacing moodily before my easel, alone, forgotten, attempting to wring some inspiration from the four or five scantily clad houris grouped on the dais. Suddenly, the sound of carriage wheels, and enter a vision of loveliness, a veritable Juno. What fluid rhythm, what vibrations . . . and yet a touch of that coarseness I find so piquant—I trembled like a schoolboy! But the real surprise was still to come. Housed in this ravishing exterior is no sordid Philistine but a delicate, subtle spirit attuned to mine; in a word, a connoisseur. Tales of my work have percolated through her flunkies and plenipotentiaries, and she must see it instanter. In a trice, the details are arranged—I am to bring my best canvases to the executive mansion next Tuesday for inspection. Only one cloud mars my bliss. As the house is being plastered, the view is to be held in Madame's boudoir, a tiny room which I fear is hardly adequate to exhibit the larger oils. Perdition! . . . but we shall make the best of it. I am in a frenzy of preparation, varnishing pictures, borrowing cologne for my ear lobes, a hundred distractions—I must fly.

I embrace you, my dear fellow,
PAUL

P. S. One passage puzzled me in your last letter. How could your patron's son have penetrated to the landlady's room without climbing up the airshaft? Curb his exuberance, I implore you, and do not fail to send me a snapshot of the landlady.

MATAIÉA
MAY 19, 1897

DEAR MARCUS,

MY decision is irrevocable: I am through with painting. I have a new mission, the extermination of the official class and particularly of its wives. After that, the monastery.

The betrayal was complete, catastrophic. I waited on Mme. Dufresnoy afire with plans—a house in the Avenue Matignon, a *petite amie* purring beside me like a kitten, a villa at Chantilly. I am received by my benefactress in a filmy black peignoir, eyes sparkling with belladonna. The room is plunged in shadow; she prefers (sweet tyrant) to examine the canvases by artificial light. I shrug at her eccentricity, swallow a *fine à l'eau* as a digestive, launch into a short preamble about my work. *Basta!* Suddenly we are in Stygian darkness and I am held in a clasp of iron. "Madame," I entreat, "let us at least sit down and talk this thing over." *Enfin,* she reluctantly disposed herself in my lap and we had just arrived at a rationale when the door flew open and the Governor General rushed in. I could have demolished the big tub of tripes with my small finger, but he was escorted by a band of *apaches,* armed to the teeth. I acquitted myself handily, nevertheless, and outside a discolored eye and a trifling compound fracture, emerged an easy victor. Thanks to Madame's intercession, I was given the most spacious room in the lockup and the assignment of whitewashing the walls. It is not painting, but working with new textures is good artistic discipline.

Your letters, as always, remain my constant solace. If I may presume on our friendship, though, please to omit all further references to that miserable little brat, your patron's son. I am not interested in his grimy amours, nor anybody else's, for that matter. I have had enough of the whole god-damned subject.

Eternally,
P. GAUGUIN
—S. J. PERELMAN

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Bluejackets' Manual*]

The President is authorized to present, in the name of Congress, a *medal of honor* to any person who, while in the naval service of the United States, shall, in action involving actual conflict with the enemy, distinguish himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty and without detriment to the mission of his command or to the command to which attached. . . . Each enlisted or enrolled person of the naval service to whom is awarded a medal of honor . . . shall be entitled to additional pay . . . at the rate of $2.00 per month.

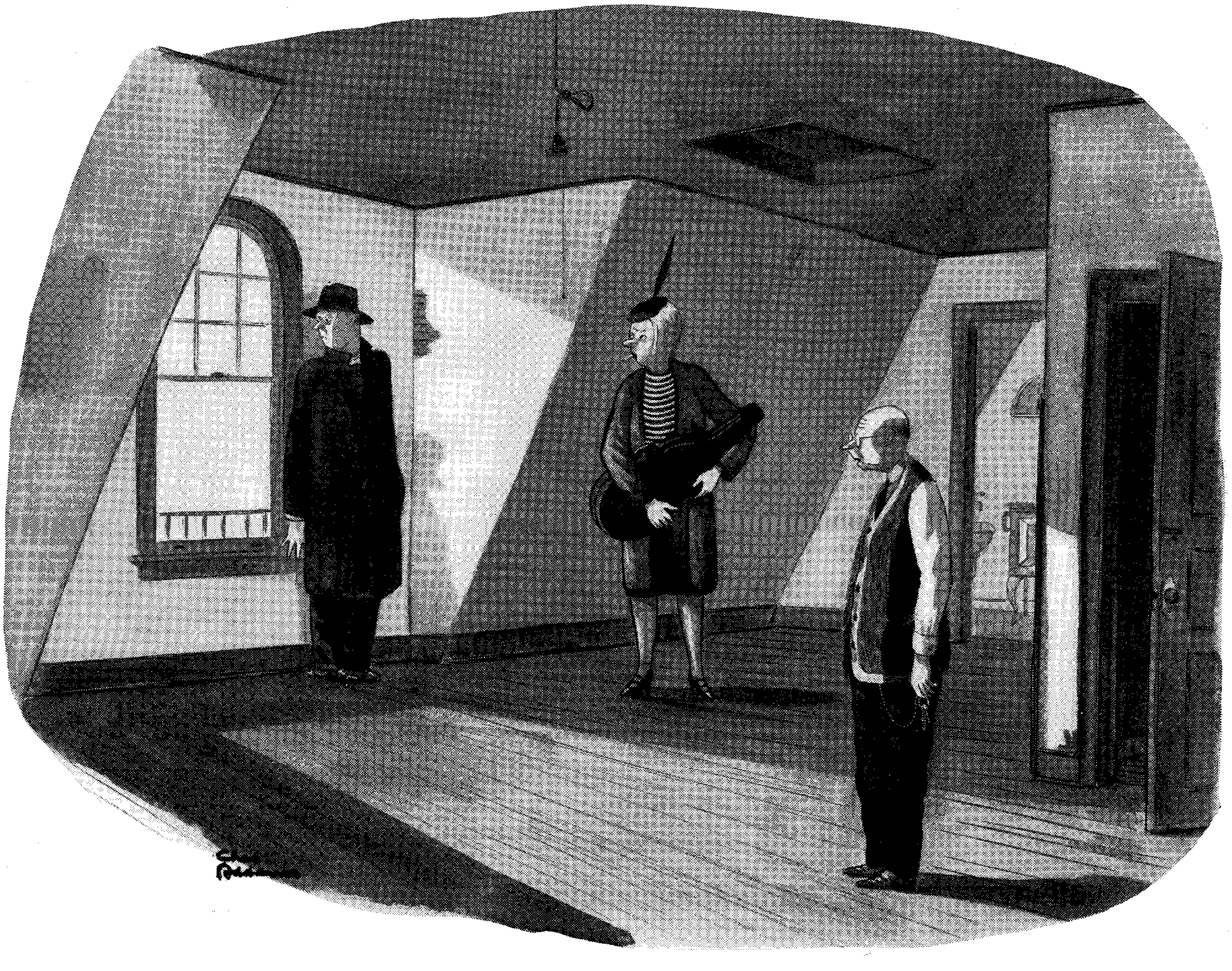
THE MAN WHO WAS VERY HOMESICK FOR NEW YORK

Private Gordon Baker was a homesick man. He hated the Army. He hated Georgia, where he was stationed. He had been a lawyer in civilian life, he was thirty-six years old, and he felt that if he belonged in the Army at all he belonged in the Provost Marshal's office, somewhere in the neighborhood of Church Street. He was as homesick as only a mature and intensely domestic man, uprooted and placed in an environment entirely foreign to him, can be homesick. He missed the comforts and the excitements of New York. He missed the company of the sympathetic and humorous girl he was planning to marry. When his tongue was swollen with thirst and when his uniform was crusted with human salt and when he thought he had reached the end of his strength, he wished he were dead.

Private Baker kept his shoes shining like chestnuts, washed his leggings on Friday nights, obeyed commands intelligently, and fired the weapons he was given as well as the next man, but his mind was almost always in New York. In the morning before reveille and in the evening after retreat he traced the rivers and the streets of New York from the Battery to the Harlem and back again. He would see the city in the sunlight or on a cloudy day in March, with the shadows of the clouds sweeping from one end of the island to the other. He would see Madison Avenue on a rainy night in the winter, with the noise of the traffic beginning to swell after five o'clock and the rosy, well-groomed bartenders in the side-street places polishing glasses. He could see Riverside Drive and feel the cold wind off the Hudson, or he could see the Brevoort Café on a summer night, with the street lights shining on the leaves of the trees. He saw Wall Street and Trinity Church and the loft buildings and the bridges and those soft, gray days at the turn of the season—either in the spring or in the fall—when the light softens the lines of the houses. And when he looked away from his memory of New York he saw the sandy soil of Georgia, the bitter salts and clays and crustations of the earth's core, a cloud of gnats, and a dry stream bed.

On Saturday nights, Gordon took the bus into the town nearest his Army camp and sat in the Palmetto Café drinking a beer. "What am I doing here?" he would ask himself, and the question was like a cry. "I have an apartment, a career, and a girl. What am I doing in Georgia?" He would leave the harsh lights and the Southern voices in the Palmetto and stand on the sidewalk outside. It was a forsaken little mountain town that he saw, overrun with homesick soldiers like himself. From the ugly Baptist church on the corner he could hear the pious voices of the congregation singing "How Wonderful is Jesus! How Wonderful is He!" "What am I doing here?" Gordon asked himself.

It never occurred to Gordon with any force that he was training to fight for the security of the world he had



"Any children?"

left. The rationalizations that sustain men at the time of their induction into the Army are lost somewhere in the dust of the parade grounds. If he could have known how long he would remain in the Army or when he would see active service, it would have been easier, but the duration of the war seemed impossible to guess and he even felt that years of gruelling training might lie between him and the battlefield. He looked to time and habit for some relief, but the pain of alienation was as keen at the end of two months as it had been in the beginning. He thought idly of some accident—an overturned jeep or a hand smashed in a breechblock—that would entitle him to a discharge and send him back to New York.

IT was when Gordon had been in the Army for a little over two months that he began his training in the use of a bolt-manipulated rifle. He had been practicing firing positions for several weeks when he noticed one afternoon that he had some difficulty in moving his left arm. He thought the rifle sling might be too tight and he loosened the keepers and worked his fingers to start the blood, but he could only move his fingers slowly and they were cold when they touched the palm of his hand. The sensation of heaviness and coldness increased during the afternoon, and when the men were given the manual of arms before retreat he could hardly support the gun. That night the chill in his arm kept him awake. He washed the arm in cold water several times during the next day and rubbed it vigorously with his right hand in order to stimulate the circulation. This went on for three days. On the evening of the third day the men fell out for retreat. The captain gave the command to present arms and Gordon brought his gun up smartly, keeping the arsenal mark level with his eyes. His arm was weaker than he thought, and as the band began to play the national anthem the heavy gun pulled out of his hand and clattered onto the hard dirt of the parade ground. The other men remained rigidly at attention until the anthem was ended and they were given the command to order arms.

"This sure will be a surprise to my folks. They aren't expecting me for another twenty years."

"Who dropped that gun, Sergeant?" the captain asked.

"Baker, Gordon, sir."

"Take his name. Dismissed."

Gordon washed his arm in cold water again after chow. It was not any better, and he decided to go to the infirmary. Groups of men were going toward the post exchange as he started alone down the company street. He could see them sitting under the pine trees beside the exchange, drinking beer. The camp, like a small town after supper, was taken up in its relaxation. Men were playing football, writing letters, washing their fatigues, and picking at the Recreation Hall piano with one finger. The clouds at the horizon looked like rain. Gordon rapped on the screen door of the infirmary and stepped into the waiting room. A private sat at the desk reading a copy of *True Detective*. Gordon asked for the doctor. The doctor on duty was out on a call. The private could telephone another doctor if it was important. Gordon described the trouble with his arm.

"You know what you got?" the private asked eagerly.

"What?"

"You got neural paralysis. We got two cases of it here and there was a case of it over in the Thirty-fourth. That's what I think you got, anyhow. It sounds the same. You got to go to the hospital with neural paralysis, and then you know what you get?"

"No."

"You get a medical discharge."

"Are you sure?"

"I'll call the doctor. If he comes over, he'll send you to the hospital tonight. You better go back to the barracks and get your toilet articles if you want to go to the hospital tonight." He reached for the telephone.

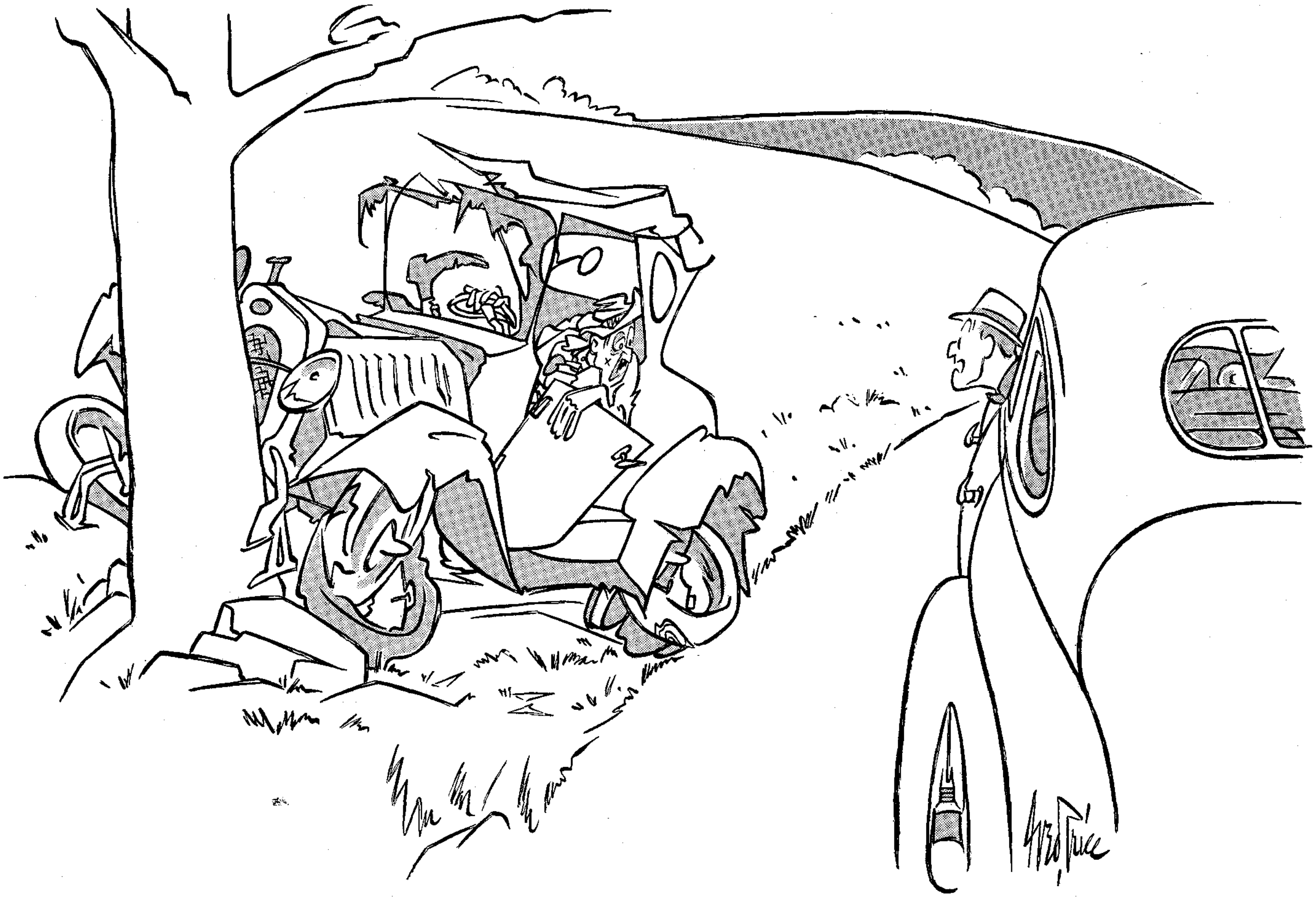
"Don't call him," Gordon said. "I can answer sick call tomorrow morning and go to the hospital then, can't I?"

"Sure, sure. It's up to you. It don't pain you none, does it?"

"No."

"A medical discharge," the private repeated, and he whistled. "In a week or so you may be promenading down Fifth Avenue with a pretty girl. Who knows?"

GORDON stepped out of the waiting room. The rain clouds overhead had risen and darkened. The excitement of a gathering storm is the same all over the world, whether you are in



"Want to sell your gas?"

• •

the Army or not. A fat mess sergeant ran across the quadrangle in order to take in his wash. A lonely Scotchman was blowing into some bagpipes in a barracks across the road and the first sergeant's dog was barking. The dog was afraid of thunder. Evening, too, is more or less the same all over the world, and that stormy fall evening was shutting down on the garrison. Gordon walked as far as the post exchange, bought a pitcher of beer, and joined the men under the pine trees. "I've just been to the infirmary," he said. He poured himself a beer. "The kid there says that I have neural paralysis and that I'll get a medical discharge."

"You lucky sonofabitch!"

"You lucky apple-sucker."

"Say hello to Canarsie for me, Whitey."

"You'll get back in time for a football game."

"Send us a card and tell us if they still got that Empire State Building on Thirty-fourth Street."

"Eat some chow mein and a plate of spaghetti for me. That's what I miss—chow mein and spaghetti."

"If they gave me a medical discharge," one of the men said, "I wouldn't be hanging around this hole of a place ten minutes. I'd take every one of the goddam uniforms they give me and shove them down the supply sergeant's throat and then I'd take a taxi out of this goddam crumb joint if it cost me all the lettuce I got, and I wouldn't look out of the back window, neither. I'd get on a goddam train and go up to one of those goddam lounge cars they got and buy a cold, dirty brew and snow all the good-looking jazz that rides in Pullmans and I'd—" He stopped talking when Gordon turned suddenly and walked away.

Back in the barracks, Gordon found some of the men shooting crap. A few were getting ready for bed, some had already fallen asleep. In the shower a quartet was singing "Oh! Me name is MacNamara, I'm the leader of the band." Upstairs, a truck-driver was defending his right to spit in the cigarette-butt cans. "It ain't that spittin' is an insanitary habit," he told the bank clerk who had criticized him. "It's where you spit, and if you spit in a can or a spittoon or some container like that, it ain't insanitary. I seen spittoons in many exclusive places in New York City. In my work I used to deliver ginger ale to many exclusive places in New York City and I seen spittoons in all of 'em. They got spittoons in Tammany Hall and the Waldorf-Astoria and the Hotel Astor. But why should I snow you with places you ain't never been in, you jerk?"

It was sometime before reveille when Gordon woke the next morning. He felt of the arm. It was still cold. One thing concerned him then; that was a determination that he should not be discharged from the Army. He told himself that the private in the infirmary knew nothing about medicine. The weakness in his arm, he decided, was neuralgia or neuritis or one of the numerous other small complaints that he had heard his friends discuss in civilian life. If the day's schedule didn't include bayonet drill, calisthenics, the manual of arms, or anything else that would expose the condition of his arm, he felt that he would be safe. He would not answer sick call. He went downstairs and took a shower before the lights were turned on. When the company fell out for reveille the thought that he might never see the platoons on the quadrangle at dawn again or hear the roll call frightened him.

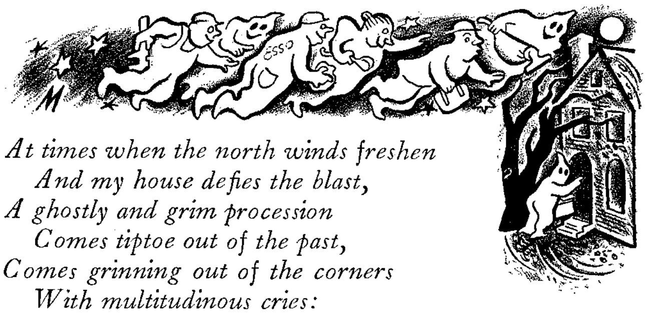
There were no calisthenics. For the first period the men were given a lecture on high-angle fire from defiladed positions. Gordon sat in the sunlight. He thought the warmth of the sun might help his arm. The men were told to report for the next period with light packs and gas masks. He could not get his bad arm through the strap of his pack. One of the men he had spoken to at the post exchange that night helped him. Neither of them mentioned his arm or the fact that he had not answered sick call. The platoon was marched to the off-limits area near the gas chamber and the rest of the morning was taken up with gas-mask drill. Gordon could do this with one hand. He was able to move his left arm a little and he thought it showed improvement. After chow the men were taken into the woods to dig field fortifications, and he saw that he had been mistaken.

Digging a trench with one hand is not easy. His left arm was nearly useless and the Georgia clay made hard digging. It was late in the season but the sun was hot, and he sweated so that he could feel a heat rash begin to sting his back and waist. His trench was shallow when the sergeant came by to inspect the work. He stood at the edge of the trench, watching Gordon. "You goddam bitch-up," he said suddenly. "Everything you do you bitch up. I had my eye on you for three days now. Everybody else got their trenches dug and you still scratching around in the dirt like a goddam old bitch dog. You come back to the barracks after chow and I find some work for you. I like to bury you." He walked along.

AT FOUR-THIRTY recall blew and the men returned to the barracks to dress for retreat parade. The regiment formed on the parade ground by battalions and the band sounded off. Retreat, wherever it is observed, is a reminder of the size and the age and the power of the Army. The command for present arms came down, repeated by the battalion, the company, and the platoon leaders. Gordon brought the gun up to the salute and held it there, with the sweat and the tears pouring down his face, until the anthem was ended and they were given the command to order arms.

—JOHN CHEEVER

THE CONSUMER HAS A VISITATION



At times when the north winds freshen
And my house defies the blast,
A ghostly and grim procession
Comes tiptoe out of the past,
Comes grinning out of the corners
With multitudinous cries:
"We are the shadows who stormed your door
In the profligate days Before the War
When you brushed us away like flies."

I remember them all—the fluent talkers, the weepers,
One foot on the sill like a wedge, and the shine on their raiment.
They spoke of washing machines and of vacuum sweepers
For a small down payment.
By letter, by phone, they shouted their glossy wares.
On the porch they were wont to dawdle.
My last year's icebox needed a few repairs?
Scrap it, Madam. Turn it in for a later model.
They ran with samples. Their speech was eager and nervous.
And their motto was Service.

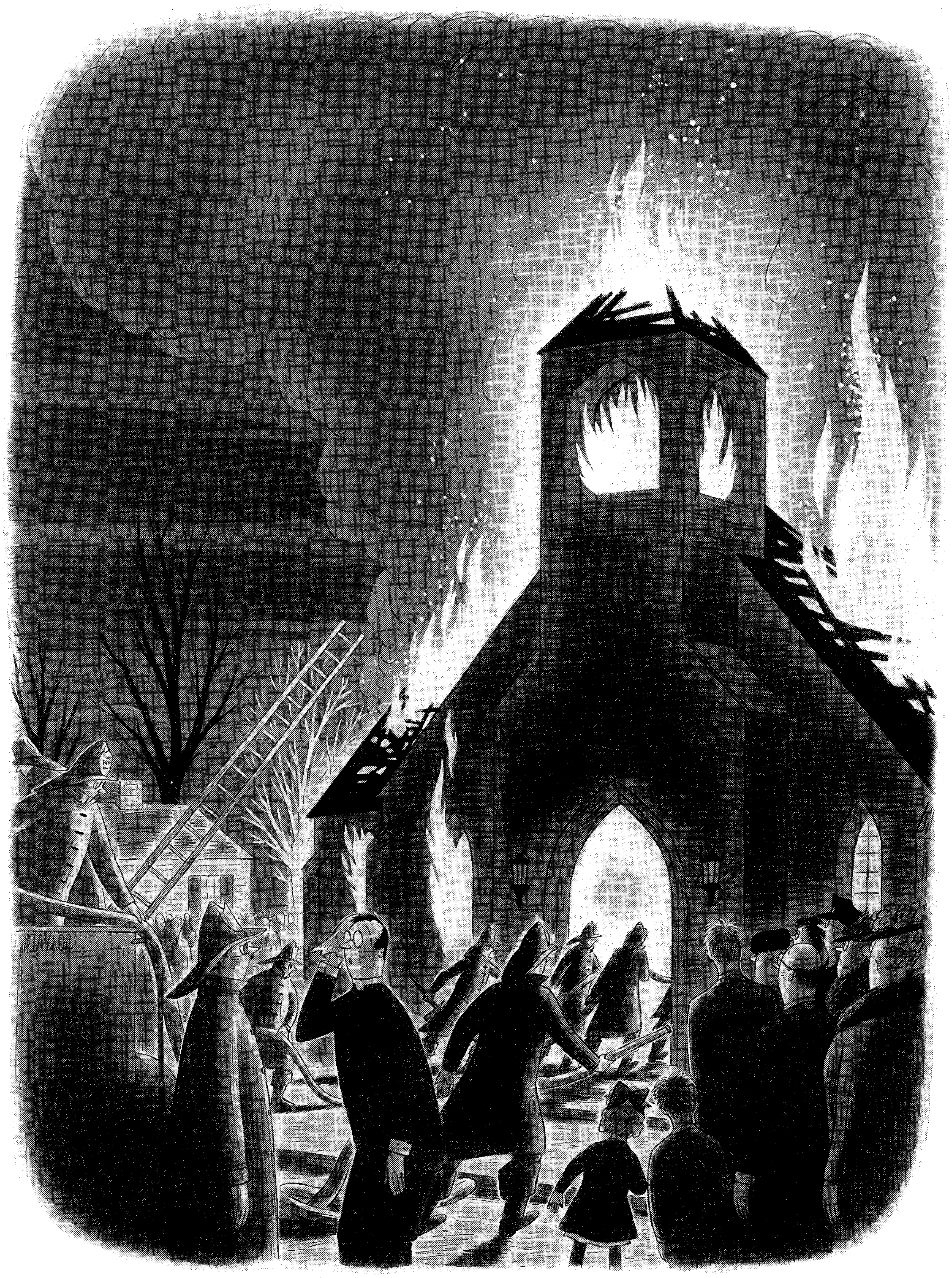
There's the importunate shade
Of the fellow behind the wicket
Who leaped to my instant aid
When I asked for a Pullman ticket.
There was something called a depression,
A fabulous nine years' wonder,
When sellers of fuel brought round their bids
And an old spare tire made a swing for the kids
And we plowed the cotton under.

They cluster about me. My ears go deaf with their chatter.
There's the pump attendant—you know the one I mean—
Who wiped my windshield and checked the air and the water
When I merely wanted a tankful of gasoline.
And the chap who swore retreading was seldom sound;
I'd better get new white sidewalls all around.
There's the man who clamored to launder the windowpanes,
The docile mechanic, the plumber who served my drains.
And then there's Hulda, she who was willing to strive
For sixty a month, or perhaps it was sixty-five.
We sent her forth from our nook
For the single, ridiculous reason she couldn't cook.

Triumphantly, still they come.
I hear their murmurous mockings—
The lad with aluminum,
And the man with the real silk stockings,
And the grocer with tea on his shelves
Or sugar both white and brown,
In the lordly era when things were sold
And I was the Buyer, haughty and cold,
Who bargained them daily down.

Spirits, avaunt! Retreat from my house and my yard.
The furnace is cold. The ultimate gadget cracks.
Go. Leave me alone with my thoughts and my ration card
And the next installment to meet on my income tax.

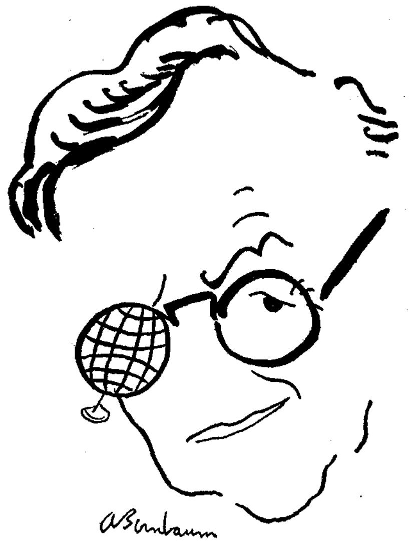
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



"We were just making a little ceremony of burning the mortgage."

PROFILES

THE VOICE—II



RAYMOND GRAM SWING, the radio news commentator, has so formidable an intellect that an envious colleague once said, "Swing's mind has gigantic muscles in it." It excels in analysis and there are times when Swing turns it on himself as mercilessly as if he were a situation in the Balkans. In the words of a citation accompanying an honorary degree awarded him by Harvard, he is "a penetrating analyst of volcanic forces." As such, he is undoubtedly the world's best authority on himself. Swing believes in facing facts, especially if they are unpleasant. He makes a point of outraging himself as often as he thinks it is good for him. For example, he is a reticent man and hates to speak of his private affairs. Therefore, whenever he is interviewed, he forces himself to strip his soul. Swing the analyst will grant no favors to Swing the man. He is a hair-shirt character who relishes pain, and his oral autobiography is likely to be punctuated by such statements and observations as "I was in disgrace. It was really a lesson" and "I was on the bottom. It was very good for me" and "It was a horrible year. It taught me a lot." As he catalogues his vicissitudes, it becomes apparent that he has a gift for failure. Failure strengthens him, as prayer does lesser men. He owes his success to it. There are those who step from success to success to final calamity, but Swing has moved from disaster to disaster to an eminence that is unique. Never before has there been a man who offered guidance to the earth's befuddled on such a vast scale. According to his Harvard citation, "his voice is heard throughout the land"—every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, at ten o'clock on the Blue Network—and, more than that, it is later rebroadcast, from recordings, to South America, Europe, Africa, Asia, and Australia.

Swing, a lanky, moody man of fifty-five, sometimes diagnoses his troubles as those of a mystic who suffers from a split personality. One Swing, for example, is an avid baseball fan who knows the batting order of every team in the major leagues; the other Swing scorns such trivia and yearns for saintliness. One Swing likes to drive a fast car and shout abuse at fellow-motorists; the other believes such carryings-on are vulgar and prefers the solitude in which he hears strange melodies in his head. (These he transcribes into string quartets.) One Swing is a merciless poker player; the other likes to brood beneath the stars and write impressionistic sonnets. The owner of both these personalities says that he has never been quite able to reconcile them, and he describes his life as a battleground on which Swing has constantly fought Swing. In the process both have been so toughened up that success has been assured. But he has suffered greatly in the long contest.

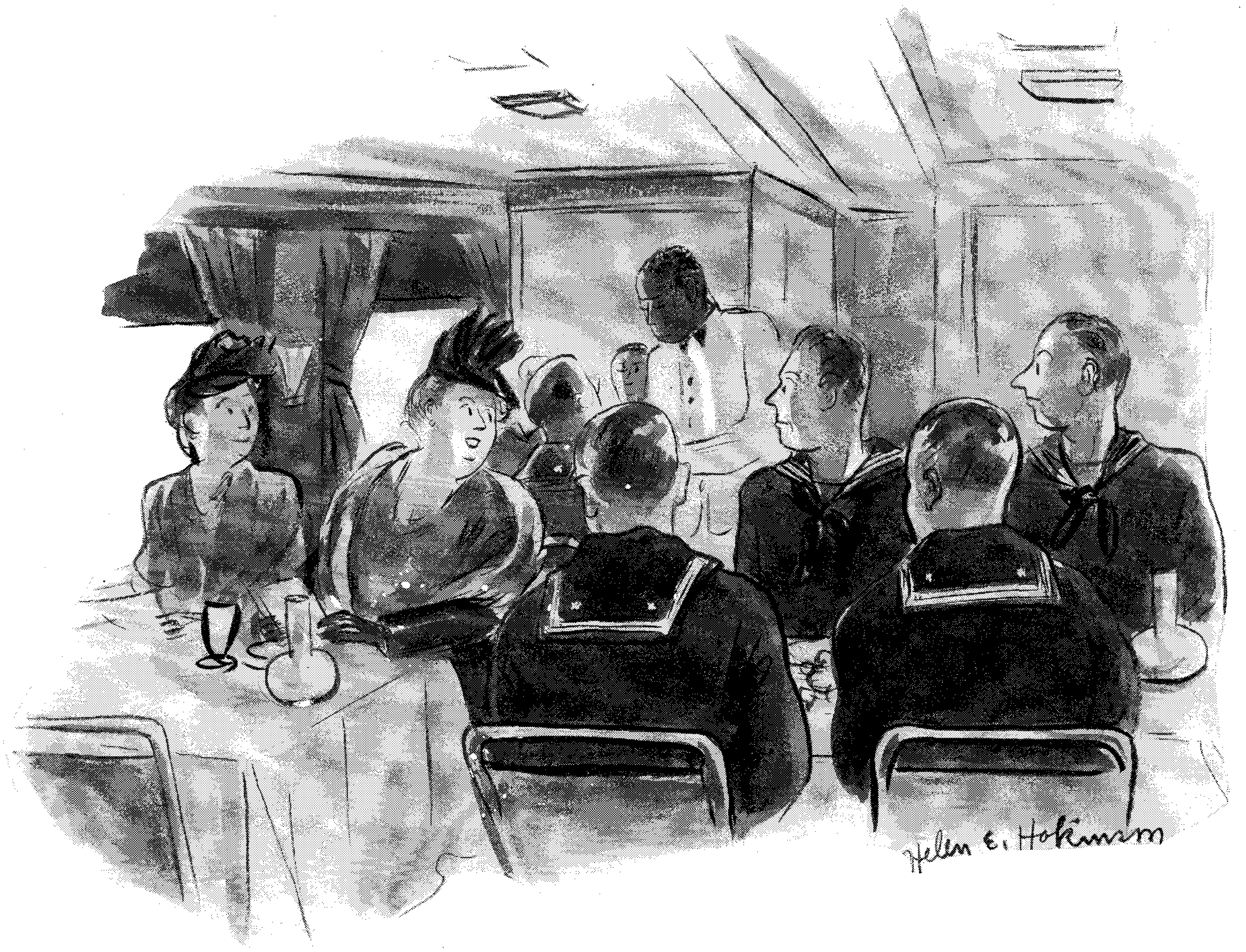
Swing's first failure was a by-product of the long-standing conflict between fundamentalism and science, an issue which has become rather unimportant to most people but is still sharp enough to Swing to cause him some lingering pain. He was born in Cortland, New York, the son of a Congregationalist minister, the Reverend Albert Temple Swing, whom his son has described as "the last flower of that ancient America of stern and upright morals." When Swing was a small boy, his family moved to Oberlin, Ohio, the seat of Oberlin college, a Congregationalist school in whose Theological Seminary his father was a teacher. Conversation in the Swing home often turned to sin, regeneration and sanctification, redemption, atonement, pardon, and similar ecclesiastical shoptalk. Swing recalls that Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin, liked to drop in and converse with his father about, as they put it, "the employments and enjoyments of heaven" or "how God was employed before the foundations of the world were laid." The time was the nineties, an innocent age whose characteristic properties were cane-seated rocking chairs, lemonade, wide porches, palm-leaf fans, chautauquas, and revivals. Its fiercest controversy was whether the world had been created in six days according to Genesis or had evolved according to Darwin. To many people in Oberlin, doubting the Bible was an incredibly wrongheaded sin which would be properly punished in hell, and they were, of course, staunch proponents of Genesis as opposed to Darwin. So was Swing, until he was ten years old. Then doubt began to assail him.

Swing first encountered doubt as he was walking down a railroad track between Oberlin and Elyria with a friend. "He stopped and solemnly asked me," Swing said in a speech he made years later at Harvard, "one of the most important questions of my life. Did I believe in the doctrine of evolution? I didn't know, because up to that moment I had not heard of evolution. But he told me about it and I began to feel the structure of my Oberlin world crumble around me, with its positive belief in a creation some five thousand years old, in the literal accuracy of the Bible, and in a code of forbidden behavior." Doubt quickly infected this ten-year-old like an oppressive sin. He did not yet believe in evolution; he merely doubted Genesis. He felt that he would be damned to eternal hell-fire and he secretly prayed and wept for salvation, but all this was a private torment. Once he decided to seek solace by confessing to his father, but on the way he overheard him discussing "the forms of wretchedness of the soul forsaken by God forever" with President King. As the boy listened to the horrifying list, the enormity of his sin overwhelmed him, and he decided to remain silent. To do otherwise, he felt, would disgrace his family. Its members, he says, were "the élite of Oberlin college" and had been among its earliest graduates; his mother and father had graduated from Oberlin, which was founded in 1833, and so had his grandfather, who had subsequently been a professor in the Theological Seminary. Doubting the Bible seemed on a par with patricide, and he felt that a confession might be the instrument of that very crime. With his secret within him, unexorcised, he graduated from grade school. It was still there, festering, as he attended the Oberlin Academy and at the same time studied piano at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. It was still intact when he entered Oberlin college at the age of eighteen.

During Swing's freshman year, in 1905, his father took a sabbatical and, accompanied by Mrs. Swing, left for

Germany, where he engaged in research for a work to be called "A Survey of Theological Thinking." Swing, separated from his parents for the first time, experienced a sense of profound release. He seemed to change overnight from a scholarly, obedient youth to a hellion. He smoked cigarettes. He quit studying. He went to a dance. He proclaimed his apostasy. "Oberlin didn't understand that I was psychologically upset by my parents' absence," Swing says today. He now feels that he was trying to get Oberlin to take the same liberal attitude toward youth that it had, since its founding, taken toward Negroes and women. It had been a station in the Underground Railroad before the Civil War and had been the first coeducational college in the country. "But," he says, "it was a dreadful place in many ways, stern and pious, and smoking and dancing were prohibited." Oberlin's leaders were aghast at Swing's transformation. They rallied about the gawky boy in an effort to save him. President King, who had been a classmate of Swing's mother at Oberlin, prayed long and frequently over Swing's kneeling form. George Whitfield Andrews, the organ teacher of the Conservatory, daily implored him to "give his life to Christ." Edward I. Bosworth, dean of the Theological Seminary, a nextdoor neighbor of the Swings, regularly got on his knees with the backsliding boy, and for weeks they wrestled together with the devil. Swing emerged from these bouts pale and shaken, and for a time it was thought he had been saved. There was great rejoicing. Swing, who grows tense and white-lipped as he tells of it, says, "I tried desperately hard to accept, but something wouldn't let me." For a time he thought his difficulty might be the result of some technicality involving his baptism. He acquired this conviction while playing the organ at a revival conducted by a Reverend Mr. Violet, who was a believer in total immersion. "I began to think that I had not been baptized right," Swing recounts in his whispery voice. "I thought I would believe if I were totally immersed. The Reverend Mr. Violet ducked me under water in a tank before a large crowd, and then I began to feel more secure."

For a few days after this experience Swing seemed spiritual once again, and Oberlin's leaders felt that Darwin and the devil had finally been expelled from him. They were disappointed on Thanksgiving Day, 1905. On that day the sophomores of Oberlin were forced to forgo Thanksgiving dinner. A band of young criminals, inquiry revealed, had unscrewed the gas pipes leading to the building where the entire sophomore class expected to have dinner and had plugged the pipes with putty before replacing them. The ringleader in this affair proved to be the young apostate. Even then he was spared punishment, out of pity for his absent parents. There were longer and harder sessions of prayer. Before long the college decided to place Swing on probation; he would have to get a B in all his studies or be dismissed at the end of the term. Working hard, he received a B in every subject except French. He was expelled. "Oh, it was really awful!" Swing exclaims now, in a tone that is a com-



"I don't see how you boys tell each other apart!"

pound of remorse and anger. "I had disgraced my parents. Much of my life has been spent in trying to believe and in losing the absolute values of my home. It's been a pretty painful thing."

THUS it was that Raymond Gram Swing went out into the world as one disgraced and rejected. Even then he had a penchant for facing facts, and he decided that he had been sinful and that the Lord had justly punished him. He determined to reverse the verdict of God and man, and vowed that he would perform good works on such a scale that Oberlin would clamor for his return, which would confound those who thought him evil, especially the French professor. "I think he flunked me on purpose," Swing says, with a fierce, undimmed resentment, and adds, "For fifteen years I dreamed many nights of returning triumphant to Oberlin and graduating with my class."

During the next seven years, which he spent as a reporter and editor on newspapers in the Middle West, Swing accomplished nothing on a scale sufficiently large to bring him his vindication at Oberlin. He worked with feverish intensity, became the managing editor of an Indianapolis newspaper at the age of twenty-three, suffered a temporary nervous collapse when he was twenty-four, and, on a visit to Chicago, met and married Suzanne Morin, a French girl attending the University of Chicago, when he was twenty-five. His first great opportunity presented itself in 1913, at the end of this journalistic apprenticeship, in the guise of a pain in his stomach. "I had an appendectomy, which played a crucial part in my life," Swing recalls. A generous aunt sent him, along with his wife, to Europe to recuperate, and there he got himself appointed the Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*. The next year the first World War began. Swing was not content merely to report it. He wanted to stop it. The twenty-seven-year-old reporter went direct to Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Chancellor, and explained the moral questions involved in waging war. The German invasion of Belgium had shocked the world, and Swing was pretty severe. Bethmann-Hollweg, perhaps rattled by Swing's indignation, answered that Germany had no intention of annexing Belgium or any other territory. Since Swing felt that this was the chief point at issue, he asked if he could convey this statement to Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary. Bethmann-Hollweg granted this permission, adding, however, that if the Allies agreed to a peace they would have to pay an indemnity. Swing got the impression, though, that this would not be insisted upon if he could actually manage to make peace. The young reporter went to Holland, and embarked for England, where he was immediately received by Grey. Upon hearing the proposal of an indemnity, Grey began what Swing describes as "a magnificent tirade." It was so magnificent that Swing forgot to add that he thought the indemnity would probably not be insisted upon. Swing occasionally wonders even now whether his lapse of memory changed the history of the world. He sometimes feels that if the first World War had ended in 1914 there might never have been a Bolshevik Revolution or a Treaty of Versailles, and that Fascism and the present World War might never have occurred. It is a heavy burden for one man to bear. In describing his peace mission, he is apt to say disparagingly, "It's the story of a kid's immaturity." He also dismisses, on the same basis, an event which was described in one of a series of propaganda articles written by Rudyard Kipling during the first World War on the feats of British submarines. Swing, in the line of duty as a correspondent, was aboard a Turkish freighter in the Mediterranean when it was stopped by a British submarine. The British captain, wanting to know the ship's identity, called out, "Who are you?" Swing, who was standing on the bridge, answered, "I am Raymond Swing of the Chicago *Daily News*." The captain tried to make the remark more uproariously Yankee by entering it in his log as "I am Silas Q. Swing of the Chicago *Sun*." Kipling based his account on this passage in the log. Swing sees nothing comic in the incident and describes it as "the story of a kid's terror and fear."

International complications also plagued Swing's private life. After his

* *

BACK COUNTRY

(VERMONT INTELLIGENCE)

These hills that lift about us are not walls.
They are a denser sky, a leap of flame
that, flickering in the wind, lets in the world.

Hear, in this valley of corn, the slip of breech bolts
clacketing like some larger cricket racket.
Farmers in State Guard khaki, Thursday nights,
wriggle through stubble for attacks on haystacks.

Trains lance the night with hurrying freight of war.
Low bombers wake the cows, shake down the leaves.
The beacon wakes the cocks and scythes the sky.

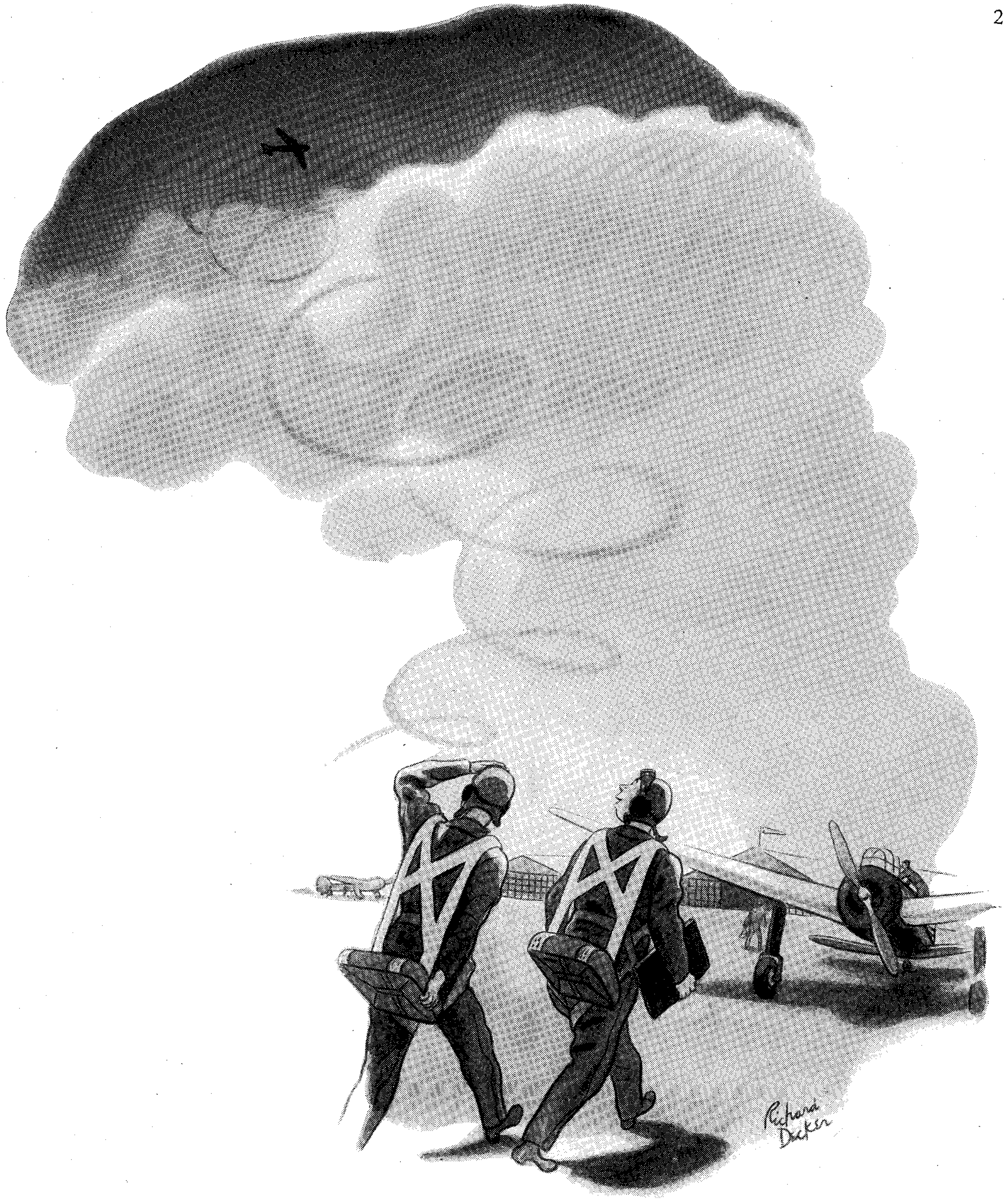
The postmistress sorts airplanes at the Post.
The Ladies' Guild reels tattle and rolls gauze.
The local aliens, Hitler-haters, blush
under the cold herd-glance of native eyes.

The women pay their men away like coins.
Schoolgirls cry proudly for boys gone. Old men
remember to remember older wars.

The children outline Europe on the blackboard,
chalk a Czech village red, then hurry out
to march beneath the white cone of the church.

These mountains are not walls. These roads are not
roads for escaping. We are not asleep.

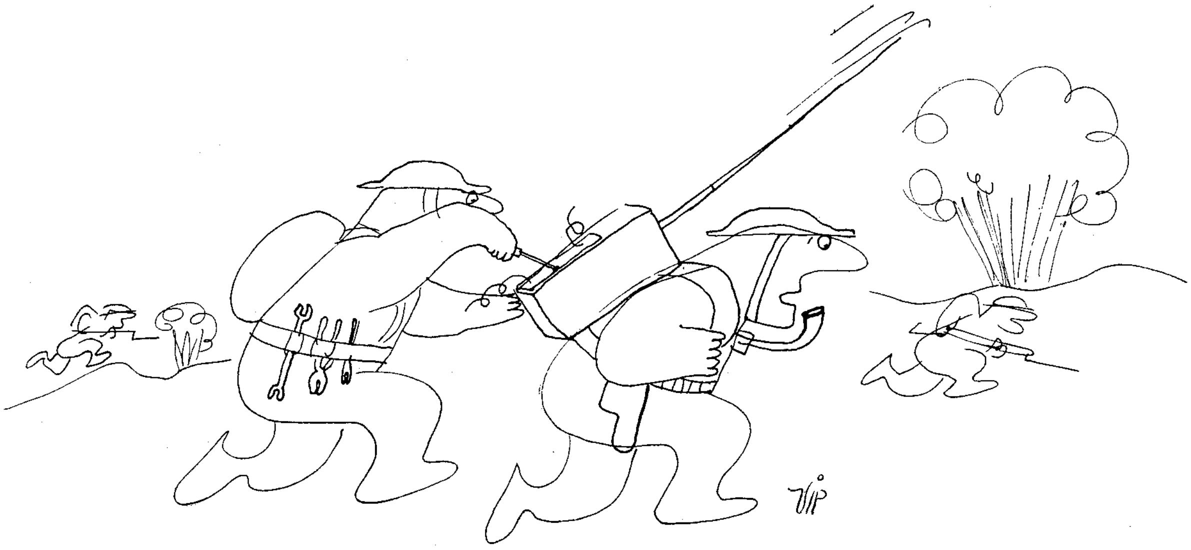
—DILYS BENNETT LAING



"He's still got a lot on the ball. You'd never guess he'll be twenty-eight next month."

• •

encounter with the submarine, he returned to Berlin. His French wife, although she had become an American citizen, felt that Germany was an enemy country and could not stand living there. The young couple by then had two children. Mrs. Swing returned with them to America, where she divorced her husband in 1916. A year later, when diplomatic relations were broken off between the United States and Germany, Colonel Edward M. House, President Wilson's adviser, asked Swing to go to France and explain President Wilson's foreign policy to French radicals. Colonel House told him that his mission had to be confidential for a few weeks, when an organization would be set up of which he would be a member. Swing took the instructions so literally that he did not inform the Chicago *Daily News* of his new job. He remained on the payroll, even though he sent no stories, and he suffered exquisite tortures of conscience every time he received a check. He had not been in France long when he learned that there had been a mutiny in



“One-two-three . . . testing . . . testing . . .”

the French Army. Swing dispatched the news to House, who refused to believe it, and that was the last Swing heard of the job which had been promised him in the proposed organization. Years later it was established that there had been a mutiny, but this fact was disclosed far too late to benefit the discredited Swing. On his return to America, Swing resigned from the *Daily News*, feeling himself in disgrace. “My career suffered a terrific eclipse,” Swing recalls. “I came out of the war a failure, unknown and without reputation.”

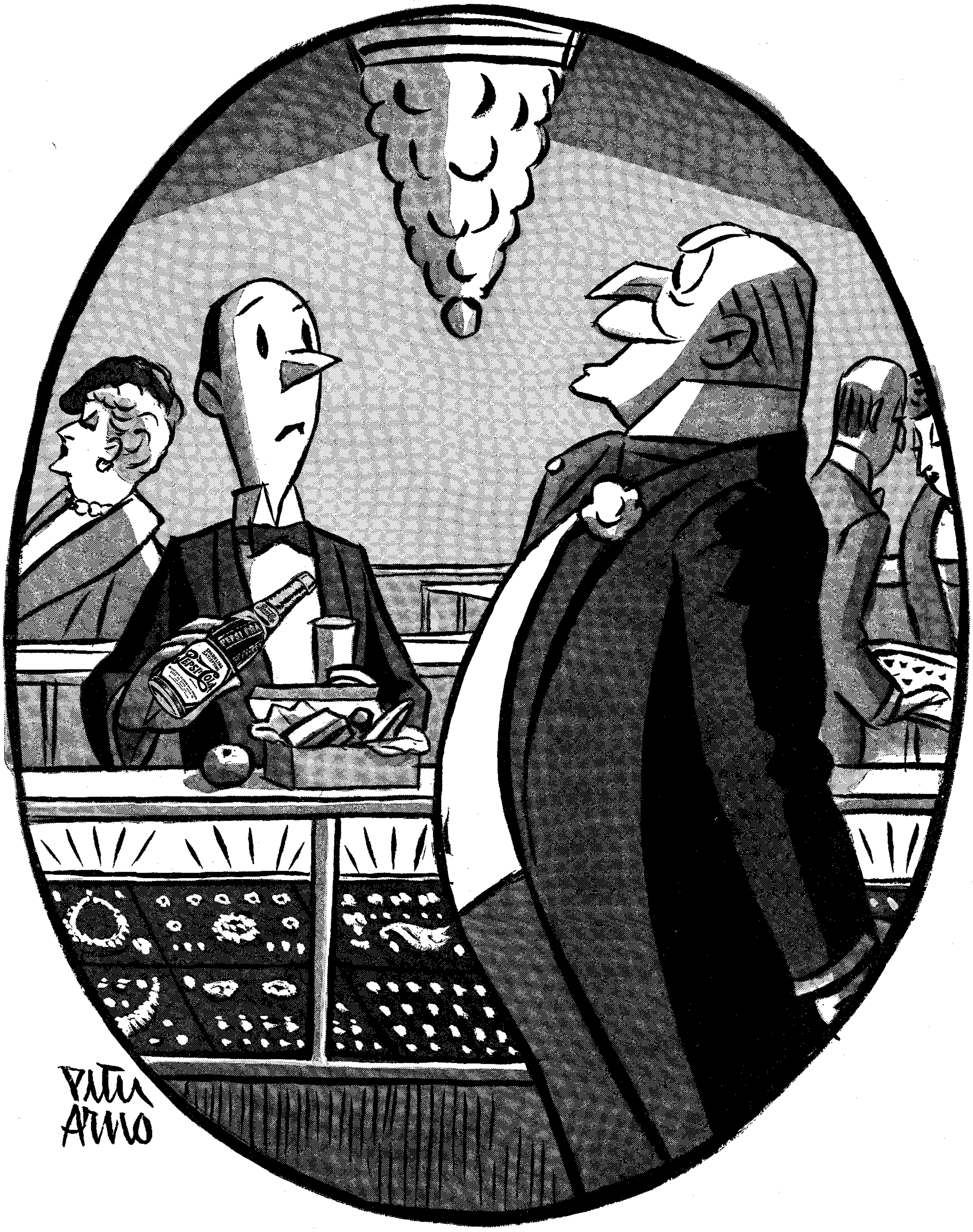
Swing's reaction to his second great failure was unusual. He again decided that he deserved it. He felt that God had punished him as He had done once before, at Oberlin. There was a moral law, he was convinced, which provided that only the good achieve success. He resolved to become an American saint, to chastise the flesh, purify the brain, and discipline the soul. For three years he went through involved spiritual exercises, which he cannot bring himself to describe. “I wanted God to use me in some great design for the redemption of mankind,” he says, with the wry, pained embarrassment he reserves for discussions of himself. “I wanted Him to use me in something great, in something world-shaking. It was really just vanity, of course, a sort of delayed adolescence. I decided to make restitution for every wrong I had ever done. I went around apologizing for all the injuries I could remember having done to others. I even paid back the *News* on expense accounts that I felt I had exaggerated.”

Swing's spiritual gymnastics yielded no tangible return. He carried out his side of the bargain, but providence, in its inscrutable way, failed to do its share. The holy regimen seemed to bring him closer to failure than to success. He was involved during this period in negotiations through which Bernard Baruch intended to buy the New York *Tribune*. Swing, in turn, was to be made editor. Just as it seemed as if providence was about to deliver and provide Swing a vehicle for doing good, Baruch was appointed chairman of President Wilson's War Industries Board and the deal fell through. Swing increased the intensity of his drive for sainthood; as he expresses it, “strong emotional experiences were going on.” He was finally offered a job as head of the Washington bureau of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and again it looked as if providence had got around to him. He was just about to begin work when the offer was withdrawn because, according to Swing, James W. Gerard, the former Ambassador to Germany, told the *Ledger* management that Swing was “an irresponsible radical.” Swing's response was to become so unbelievably good that he was threatened with another nervous breakdown. But it was still a one-way proposition. Instead of improving, his financial condition became more precarious, even to the naked eye. One day, early in 1918, an acquaintance of his, Lincoln Colcord, the writer of sea stories, met him on the street in New York and was shocked by his appearance. “See here, old man, don't you need money?” Colcord asked. “You might say so,” Swing replied. “I've had only two meals in eight days.” Colcord lent him some money.

Swing now began to feel that providence was giving him a shabby deal and was totally ignoring the moral law that governed the universe. “While all of my colleagues were reporting the Treaty of Versailles,” he says, “I was in this country looking for a job.” He provided for his children with some small savings, but there was nothing left over for himself. Then, in the midst of his spiritual exercises one morning late in 1919, something snapped within him and he felt greatly relieved. “I suddenly decided,” he says, “that I couldn't become a saint. I couldn't stand it. There was another side of my nature that wouldn't let me. I just wasn't cut out for it.” However, though he abandoned his campaign for canonization, he did not forsake the moral approach to life.

In 1919 Swing returned to Berlin as correspondent for Munsey's New York *Herald*, and within a few weeks he had met and married Betty Gram, a pretty American girl who was studying music there. She was a feminist, and Swing, in a spirit of reciprocity, took her name when she took his. In 1922 the *Herald* assigned Swing and a correspondent sympathetic to the White Russians to cover the Genoa Conference, held by Soviet Russia, Great Britain, France, Italy, and other European nations to discuss, among other things, the renewal of relations between Russia and the other countries. His colleague was assigned to cover the Russian aspects of the conference and Swing was to report the remainder. As it turned out, there was no remainder, and Swing resigned on the moral ground that it had not been proper to assign an enemy of the Soviet regime to report news regarding it. Now, in speaking of the incident, he says, “I guess the situation got the better of my *amour-propre* because I had so little to report. Anyway, I was furious at the Munsey people.” His next job was as director of the foreign service of the *Wall Street Journal*, with his headquarters in London. He quit this job in 1924 over a question of principle. The conflict involved the French budget; Swing wished to figure it at the prewar rate of exchange, while the publisher of the *Journal* felt that it should be estimated at the current rate. When Swing demurred, the publisher sent a cable saying, “KINDLY OBEY ORDERS.” Swing replied in a cable which said, “IF I OBEY

An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company


Pepsi-Cola
Peter Arno

"By Gad, Frobisher, if you *must* bring your blasted lunch, take it to the medium-priced gifts department."

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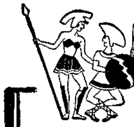

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50c $1 & $1.50 PLUS TAX
Sat. Nights Only, 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
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GEORGE ABBOTT presents a new musical comedy
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Susan Jack Jerry Romo
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Music by JOHNNY GREEN • Lyrics by GEORGE MARION, JR.
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Strip for Action
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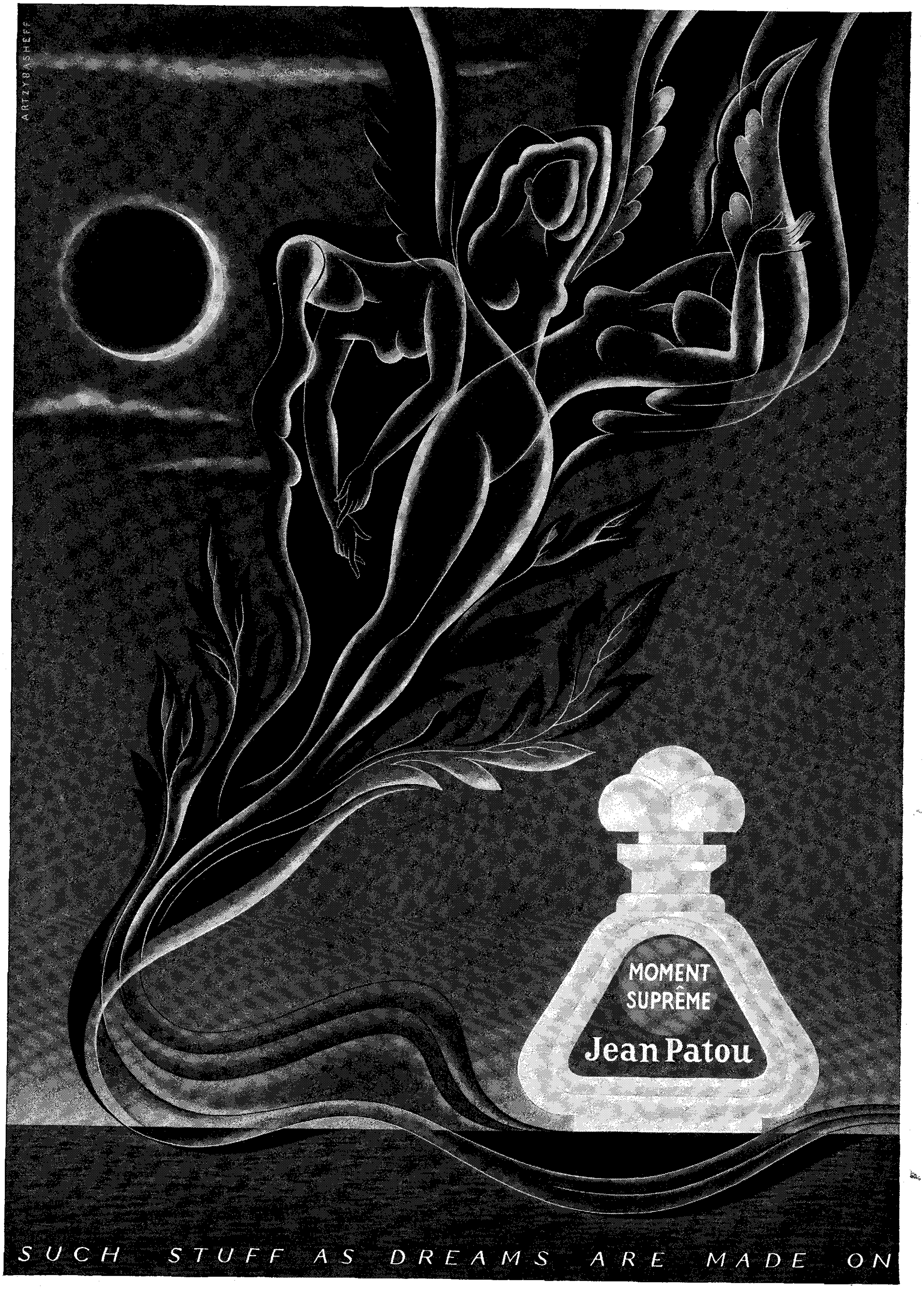
ORDERS I CAN'T BE ACCURATE. I RESIGN."

ONE of what Swing terms his "dark periods" followed. He had thought that the experience gained on the *Wall Street Journal* would make it easier for him to get another job. He found that "no one gave a damn whether I knew anything or not." He became, in 1924, an assistant to the chief of the London bureau of the *Public Ledger*. He viewed this position as a disgrace. He had been the head of a bureau and now he was merely an assistant. "The chief signed his name to all my pieces," he recalls. "It was a dreadful and very useful year." At the end of it, the chief quit and Swing replaced him. For the next ten years he represented the *Ledger* in London. It was perhaps the happiest period of his life. He became recognized as one of the best of America's foreign correspondents. He liked the English. They believed in righteousness and orderly progress and did not think it queer if a man wrote poetry and music, as Swing did. Swing and his second wife had three children in England. He had a house in Surrey, a flat in London, and a position wholly satisfactory. Then, in 1934, the *Public Ledger* suddenly liquidated its entire foreign staff. At forty-seven, Swing was again out of a job.

Swing, who had dreamed mightily of renown in action, in music, and in literature, was almost ready to abandon his dreams and face the fate feared by all newspapermen—a job on a copy desk. He decided that he was extremely fortunate when, upon his return to America, he was able to land a job on the *Nation* and later one as a commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System. The misfortune which had afflicted him for so long still persisted, however. Again it was a question of principle. A vice-president of Columbia felt that Swing's calm accents were unsuitable for the radio. Swing, punning sadly to a friend, said, "He wants me to warm up my voice on a Gabriel Heatter." Swing refused to warm up his voice, and he was discharged in 1936. Hardened though he was by adversity, Swing was again discouraged, until "a clergyman with a beautiful organ of a voice" told him he could improve his radio delivery and still speak like a human being by the simple expedient of whispering ten minutes a day. This, the preacher told Swing, would strengthen his vocal cords and give his voice a resonant, dignified timbre. Swing whispered hoarsely and industriously every day for weeks. In addition, he made recordings of his voice, and for hours his long, lanky form was stooped before a phonograph, his features gaunt and sombre as he studied the inflections of the voice that was later to bring him fame. Within a few months he was hired by the Mutual Broadcasting System, and his fortunes began to improve. Before very long he was sponsored by the General Cigar Company, makers of White Owls.

Although Swing's voice is certainly one of the reasons for his success, the chief reason is probably his complete sincerity. He believes passionately in the democratic cause. In 1938, on a leave of absence from Mutual, he was in Czecho-Slovakia, and he saw the Czechs mobilize. A colleague remembers that he said, as he watched, "I'd give my life to save this country from the Nazis." He meant it then and the chances are that he would do it now. Another reason for his success is his almost pathological devotion to his job. His office and his living quarters are the same four rooms in the Hotel Roosevelt in Washington. His residence, in a strict sense, is a square hotel room, with the standard furniture of such a place—a bed, a chair, a bureau, and a radio. It has about as much personality as a subway platform. He gets up at seven-thirty and, since his office is only twenty paces down the hall, he is at work by eight. He now does about ten hours of work on each of the four weekly fifteen-minute broadcasts he makes over the Blue Network, for which he has been working since September 30th. His commentaries are not made up of scoops or inside dope or predictions. They are the result of a coördination of the day's news, its salient aspects clarified and given an authentic background as a result of thorough research. An assistant clips all the New York and Washington newspapers and pastes each clipping on a piece of copy paper, with a notation indicating its subject matter at the top. These are Swing's raw materials.

One of his chief aims in every broadcast is to show the relation of the present to the past and the future, to integrate the day's news with the stream of history. Swing reads and makes notes until one o'clock, when he goes to lunch with someone who can give him background information. Swing is not oracular. He checks every conclusion of his own with those who he believes know more than he does about the subject. He calls the Library of Congress to make sure of the pronunciations of foreign words and names, and frequently puts in long-distance calls to New York if he cannot find the information he needs in Washington. His telephone and luncheon au-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SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

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The PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY
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The PIRATE
S. N. BEHRMAN'S
Extravaganza
Staged by
MR. LUNT and
JOHN C. WILSON
MARTIN BECK
Theatre, 45 St.
West of 8th Ave.

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The Playwrights' Company
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THE EVE OF ST. MARK
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48th ST. E. of Broadway
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed.,
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CRITICS' PRIZE WINNER
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NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
BOOTH Theatre, W. 45th St. Evs. 8:40.
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"Took audience by storm."—World-Telegram.
ROSALINDA
Max Reinhardt Version
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"Craziest succession of laughs ever . . ."
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Uproarious-Variety Show
BROADHURST, West 44th, Eves. Incl. Sun.
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UNCLE HARRY
HUDSON Thea., 44th St. E. of B'way
Eves. 8:40—Mats. Sat. & Thanksgiving 2:40

"EXCITING—A HIT!"
—Mantle, News
MICHAEL TODD'S
STAR AND GARTER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
BOBBY CLARK · GYPSY ROSE LEE
Prof. Lamberti
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

thorities include Harry Hopkins, Sumner Welles, Ray Atherton (of the State Department), Frank Knox, Adlai Stevenson (an assistant of Knox's), Archibald MacLeish, Elmer Davis, Colonel William Donovan, and a number of British military men, including Field Marshal Sir John Dill and Major General Frederick Beaumont-Nesbitt. He returns from luncheon at two-thirty and continues reading the newspapers and making notes until four, when he begins writing. After a recess for dinner at seven, he continues the writing of his broadcast, finishes at nine, and rehearses until nine-thirty, when he promptly leaves for his ten-o'clock broadcast at the Blue Network studios. By ten-thirty he is back in his hotel room, where he has a Scotch-and-soda. He is usually in bed by eleven.

When writing his scripts, Swing sets his typewriter for sixty-one characters to the line, having found that he can read exactly fourteen of these lines to the minute. The script of each of his fifteen-minute broadcasts contains about two thousand words. When he has completed it, he makes a mark at the end of every fourteen lines; by comparing his progress on the script with the time elapsed, he can tell at a glance whether he is speaking too rapidly or too slowly. Ordinarily he finishes within two-fifths of a second, either way, of his allotted time. He even has an American rate of speaking and a British rate. For an American audience Swing speaks a hundred and forty-eight words, or fourteen lines, a minute. On the theory that the British have a slightly slower reaction time, he reads only twelve and a half lines a minute to them in a program called "American Commentary," which he broadcasts to England every other Saturday. Swing, who also cables a thousand words weekly to the *Sunday Express* in London, is intensely proud of these connections with Britain and sometimes says, "If I can have my moment of vanity, I like to think that I have contributed to understanding between England and America."

SWING moved from New York to Washington after Pearl Harbor, when Washington officials became increasingly reluctant to discuss affairs of state over the telephone. Before that he lived on East Fortieth Street and had his office on upper Broadway. He also had a country place near Westport, Connecticut, and on weekends it was what Swing calls "a very gameful house." Swing goes in for recreation with an abandon that leaves him exhausted. He is a ping-pong player of almost professional

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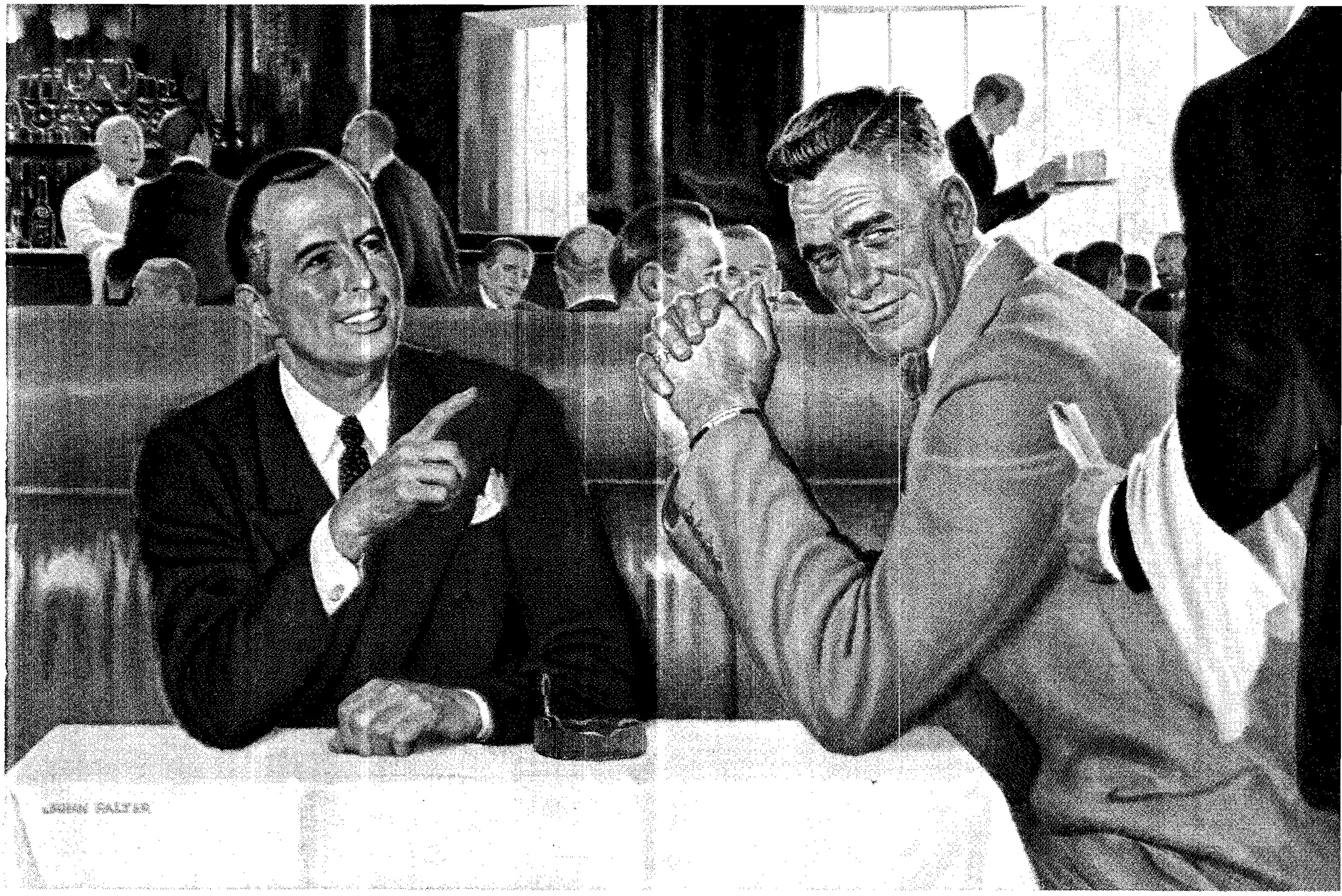

Four-Star hit with a Lone-Star man

TED: How's every little thing down home in Texas, Bill?

BILL: Zooming along, Ted. But it's good to be here in the Big Town again. What's first on the program?

TED: Well, to start things off right, I'm going to have the barman introduce you to what we New Yorkers consider the world's finest whiskey-and-soda.

BILL: Deep in the heart of Texas, when a man says that, he's talking about just one thing: *Four Roses!*

TED: But . . .

BILL: Four Roses! There's a whiskey a man can tie to! That velvety smoothness . . . mellow as a Texas moon!

TED: Wait a minute, old man. I was just going to . . .

BILL: It sure beats me how anybody could pass up the glorious flavor of today's Four Roses! Man! That bouquet . . . soft and fragrant as purple sage on a sun-soaked prairie!

TED: Hold on, now, you ham-fisted cowpuncher! You can sell me Texas, but I don't need a Texan to tell me that today's Four Roses is the best whiskey ever bottled. I already know it! In fact, it was Four-Roses-and-soda that I was about to order when you stampeded me! Waiter . . .

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

proficiency and he plays poker for blood. He is quite formal in a poker game and will stand for no crackpot variations. If someone gets an exceptional hand, Swing solemnly tears up the rest of the deck, calls for a new one, and tries to induce the lucky player to frame the hand. John Gunther, a friend of his, had a straight flush in one game and it now hangs framed in Gunther's office. Swing's home also used to be a very musical one. His son Peter, twenty years old and now in the Navy, played the 'cello; his daughter Sally, eighteen, played the violin, and his son John, thirteen, the viola; Swing played the piano. They often played chamber music written by Swing. Swing's two children by his first wife are Albert, who is twenty-nine and works for the War Production Board, and Elizabeth, two years younger, who is married to a physician in Hartford.

Swing, as far as his worried nature permits, is now enjoying the peculiar rewards of success and fame. He takes a twisted pleasure, for example, in the fact that a cigar dealer was recently arrested for assault and battery when he assailed a customer, who had asked for a White Owl cigar, with a baseball bat and the cry "God damn Raymond Gram Swing!" This gentleman, one Oscar Cortelyou of the Bronx, explained in court that he did not carry White Owl cigars and was tired of being asked for them. Swing was also gratified when a murder suspect in a recently published detective story gave as his alibi the fact that he was listening to Swing at 10 P.M., when the murder was committed. Swing was pleasantly horrified when a man was arrested in the New York Public Library for annotating a copy of a book Swing wrote in 1939, called "How War Came," with such remarks as "Oh yeah?" and "Ha-ha!" He took extraordinary pleasure in preparing to broadcast a baseball game, at the invitation of the regular sports announcer, Red Barber, and was disappointed when the game was rained out. One of what he considers his triumphs was his début as a composer on April 8, 1940, when his fantasia for violin and piano was played at a recital in New York. He treasures a clipping from the *World-Telegram* which describes his composition as "fluent and craftsmanlike and the product of a soundly tutored technic." His greatest triumph, however, came two years ago when he was awarded an honorary degree by Oberlin college. After thirty-five painful years, he was redeemed.
—RICHARD O. BOYER

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Swing.*)

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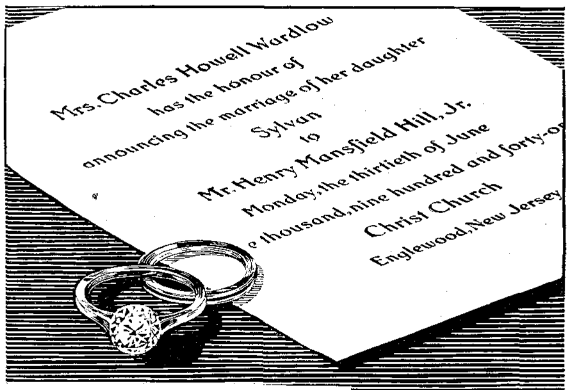
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Mr. Henry Mansfield Hill, Jr.
Monday, the thirtieth of June
a thousand, nine hundred and forty-o
Christ Church
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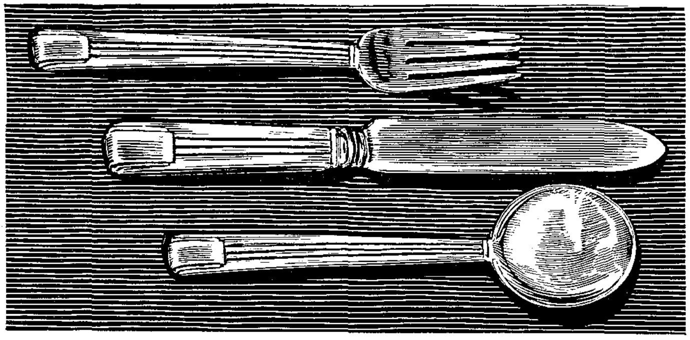

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THE THEATRE

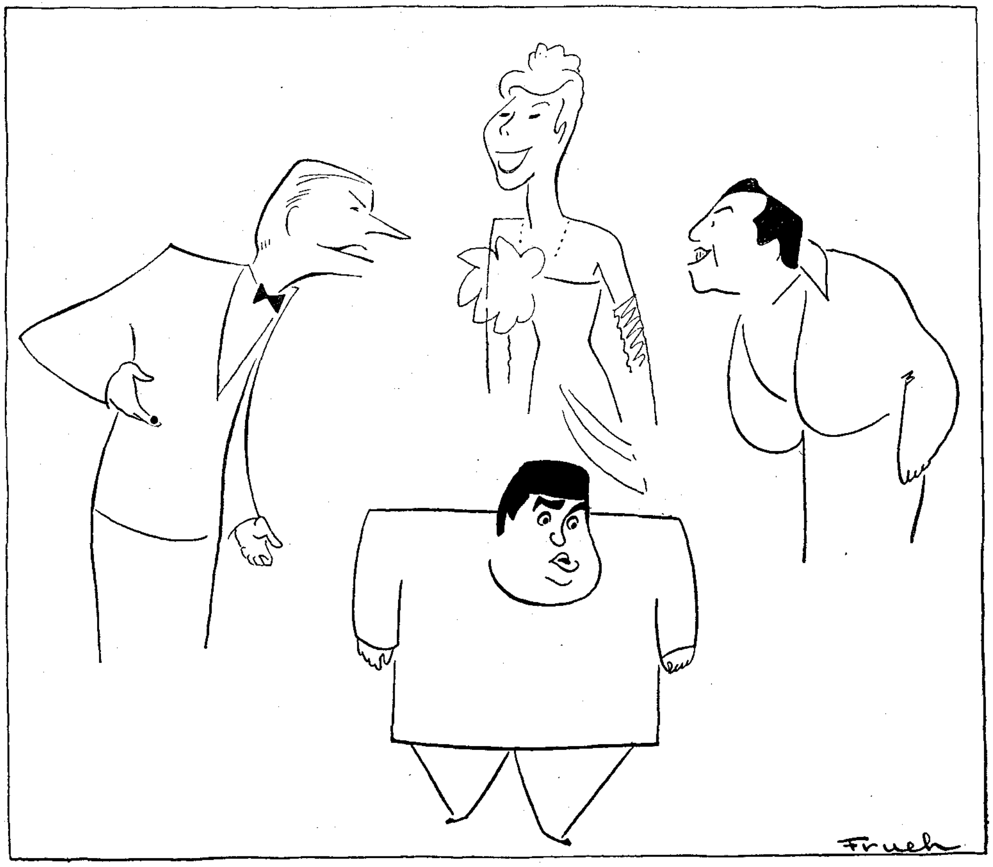
A LITTLE FANCYWORK

THE Theatre Guild, currently an organization more notable for persistence than entertainment, produced two plays last week. The first was Philip Barry's "Without Love," which was also, I'm afraid, without conspicuous merit; the second was "Mr. Sycamore," a fantasy adapted by Ketti Frings from a composition in *Story* magazine which had to do with a postman who turned into a tree, and I think that I shall never see a play as cute as "Mr. Sycamore." Or, at any rate, I hope not.

Mr. Barry's work came first, and it was clearly the more interesting of the two, since it offered not only vagrant symptoms of a mind at work but also the professional services of Katharine Hepburn and Elliot Nugent. The principal defect in "Without Love," I guess, is that its author, while operating on a fairly high plane in a comedy of manners, descends to a considerably lower one when called upon for political comment. Mr. Barry's active fancy, this time, has been engaged by the idea of a marriage of convenience: on its primary level, between two people who theoretically have no more use for love, and on its secondary, or conceivably symbolic, level, between the British Empire and the Irish Free State.

I have no especial complaint against Mr. Barry's flesh-and-blood romance, except that, along with the other inhabitants of the St. James Theatre on the first night, I got a little tired of waiting around for Miss Hepburn and Mr. Nugent to descend to what a friend of mine used to refer to as the contactual aspects of sex. In the end, of course, they did, but it took a long time, and there were moments when the principals, provided with nothing particularly bright to say, appeared to fill in by climbing around the scenery and discussing world affairs in the airy, disconnected manner of a couple of girls at the hairdressers. This was where the symbolic mating between England and Ireland came in, and I suspect that, as an expert on foreign affairs, Mr. Barry is even more naïve than most. There is a ray of light from time to time—as, perhaps, when the hero inquires of a visiting Celt, "Why do you Irish always have to act so damn British?"—but for the most part the conversation is elementary to a degree surprising in a playwright who has usually been subtle enough in the past. It is also surprising to have to report that, with the exception of one rather rakish girl, Mr. Barry's subsidiary characters are almost as broadly drawn as political cartoons and just about as funny. The scene, as I seem to have forgotten to mention, is laid in Washington, and the politicians, both domestic and imported, who frequent the heroine's salon (she is a rich girl and the daughter of a senator) are as unlikely a bunch as you ever saw outside of a musical comedy.

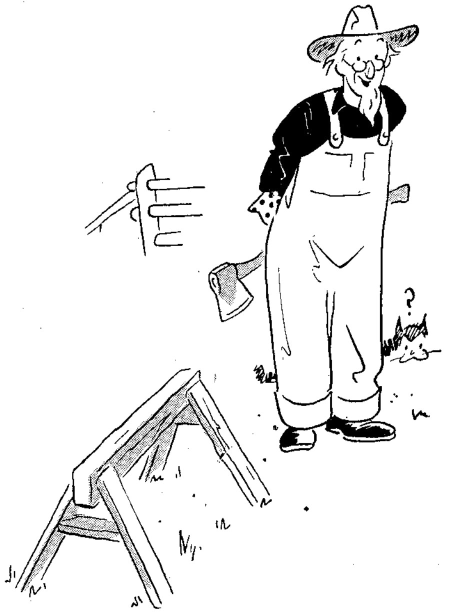
I am a strong, though periodic, admirer of Katharine Hepburn's, so it is painful to have to say that I found her performance rather unsatisfactory. In some scenes she is effective and touching; in a good many others her celebrated mannerisms get the best of her and she is just a little trying. It is unfair, perhaps, to ask any face or voice to register such a variety of emotions in such rapid succession, and it may even be that occasionally she gives too much with the legs. Mr. Nugent's behavior is, as usual, modest, competent, and extraordinarily engaging. If he doesn't always seem exactly sure what he's talking about, the fault lies elsewhere. Of the others, only Audrey Christie, as the young woman around Washington, sticks very firmly in my head. Miss Christie is obviously one of the most reliable comediennes in the business. The set, finally, was designed by Robert Edmond Jones, and I



"BEAT THE BAND"

These four are all mixed up in George Abbott's musical comedy, which is vaguely about a bunch of people who find themselves conducting a night club in a boiler room. From left to right, the gentlemen are Jack Whiting, Romo Vincent, and Jerry Lester; the lady is Susan Miller. At the Forty-sixth Street Theatre.

★ ★ ★ KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ ★ ★



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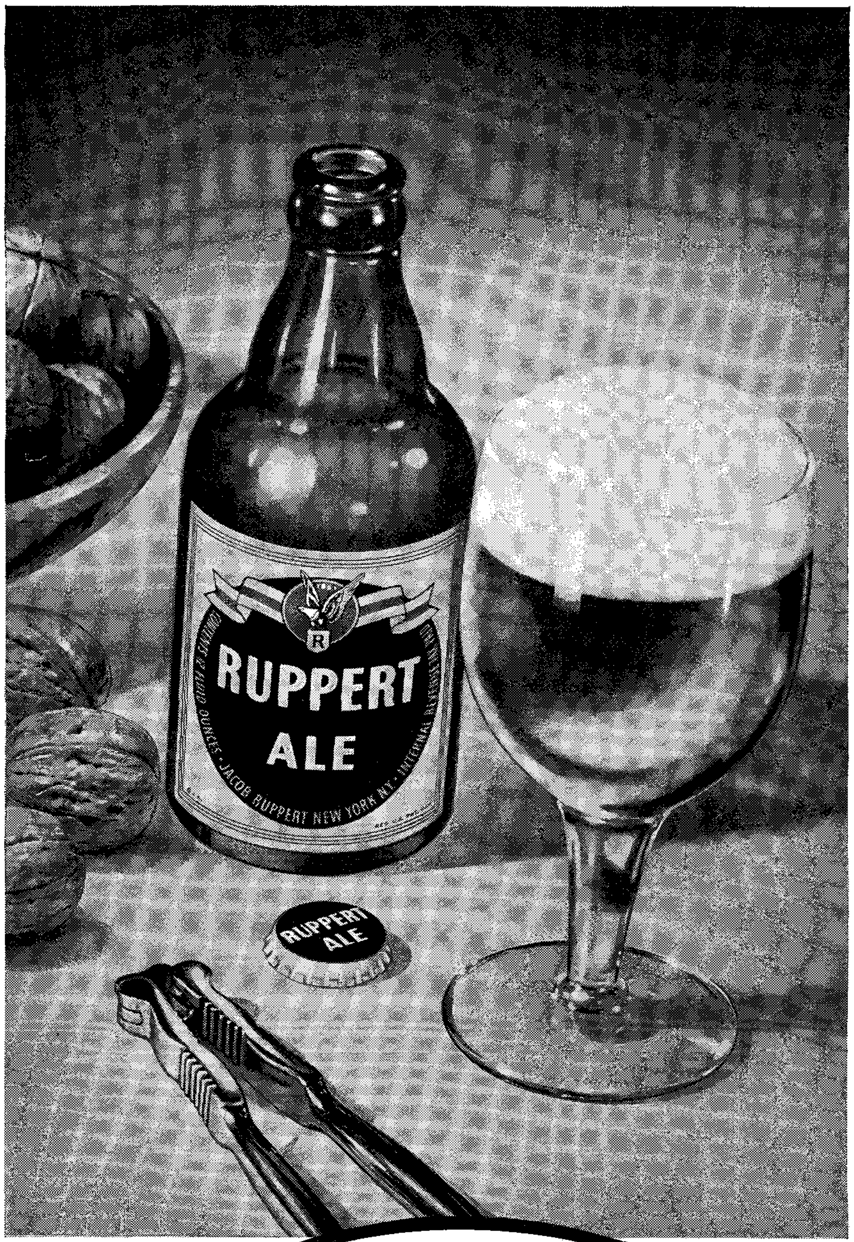
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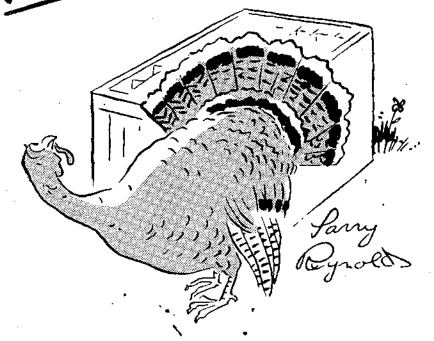
LISTEN, MAN, IT'S MELLOW LIGHT*


Larry Reynolds

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would like to be rich enough to live in it.

"MR. SYCAMORE" presents little more than the spectacle of Stuart Erwin, of the films, standing ankle-deep in a small pile of dirt for five interminable scenes and then turning into a remarkably unconvincing tree. He wants, he says, to get away from the human race (though not, I bet, as passionately as I wanted to get away from the Guild Theatre, where I found myself slowly turning into granite). There isn't much, I guess, to be added to this synopsis. The other characters, ranging from Mrs. Sycamore to a batty poetess, discuss the impending miracle at considerable length and extract from it, I suppose, whatever drama, pathos, and humor lie in the author's singular hypothesis. Mr. Erwin and his associates deliver a good many large thoughts about life, but probably the principal lesson to be learned at the Guild is that whimsy and fantasy are by no means the same thing, and that there is nothing like a fancy production on the stage to prove it.

Mr. Erwin and Miss Lillian Gish give the Sycamores a trace of the gentle, unearthly charm the author undoubtedly dreamed that they would have, but it is uphill work. The rest of the cast includes Enid Markey, Leona Powers, Russell Collins, and Otto Hulett, all of whom I have admired in the past and hope to again. The sets are bright and imaginative, although, as I said before, somebody has turned out a hell of a tree. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

This working business a habit, a habit of so many years, we planning to observe the habit for ever so many more years. Wonder whether we a planning because of the liking of the habit, the working habit, we mean, or whether we selling ourself the idea—of necessity. Our hands, and now we getting into that horoscope business we so enthralled with a couple of years ago, that type, with air spaced, tapering fingers at the base, thru which money just a dwindling, coin after coin. Mercy days, we a becoming involved!—*From J. Isabelle Lonn's column in the Selinsgrove (Pa.) Times.*

Mercy days, ain't you, though!

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, on October 4, 1942:

We did not advance into Egypt merely to be thrown out again. We stand a hundred kilometres from Alexandria and Cairo; the gateway to Egypt is in our hands; you may depend on it that we shall hold what we have.

LUX
TOILET SOAP

"Count Me In

on these ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with gentle Lux Soap,"

say these lovely stars

Never a dull moment for the fresh, smooth skin that's cared for *regularly* the easy Lux Toilet Soap way. Just pat the creamy ACTIVE lather in. Rinse with plenty of lukewarm water and follow with a dash of cool. Pat carefully to dry with a soft towel. Try these beauty facials for 30 days. You'll love the *radiant* look this gentle care will give your skin.

It's "Mama" of "Count Me In." You noticed how her handsome uniform was set off by a lovely Lux complexion. "Lux Soap is a wonderful aid in keeping my skin smooth," she says.

Luella Gear

The lovable Tommy of "Count Me In." Her baby smooth skin gets gentle Lux Soap care. "I use it regularly," she says.

June Preisser

Beautiful Mary sings so charmingly—looks so beguiling. Count *her* in, too, on Broadway's complexion care—"I never neglect my daily Lux Soap facial," she tells you.

Mary Healy

So appealingly lovely with her fresh, fair skin. "To be *sure* about complexion care I always use Lux Soap," she says.

Jean Darling

HERE, on these terraced, sunlit slopes, the fertile earth, the warm sun and the soft summer rains combine with the inherited skill of expert vineyardists to produce some of America's finest wine grapes. Here, blended in the rich heart of the grape, are the qualities that give Great Western American Sparkling Burgundy its distinctive greatness. Here is born a truly great sparkling wine.

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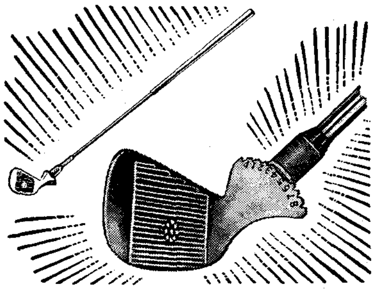
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All-in-one Golf Club is actually a matched set of 9 clubs in a single iron! Adjustable head is rigidly notched and numbered corresponding to clubs 1 to 9. Drive, pitch, or putt with it—makes any shot the game calls for. Recommended and endorsed by leading players. Ideal for traveling. All chromium; in two lengths: 37" or 38". Also for women, 34"........................$12.50

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HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER
145 E. 57th St., New York

LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 15 (BY CABLE)

IT has been exhilarating to live through the last ten days in England. There has been the biggest wave of national emotion since Dunkerque, when, in every town and village, one felt the quiet but stubborn resolve immortalized by Low in the famous cartoon that showed a solitary Briton facing the Channel and bore the caption "Very well then—alone." Last week, with Stalingrad holding and Morocco falling, Britons had good cause to realize thankfully that they were not alone and that the beginning of the unified grand strategy for which the critics had long been clamoring was right there on the mat with the morning paper. The excitement over the American landings in the west of Africa and the British advances in the east was terrific, and this time not particularly quiet, either. On the morning when British families switched on their radios and heard the news that the Nazi forces were in full retreat, London was a city of smiling people who walked as though they were stepping out to the music of a Guards' band. The seedy cockney who sold you your fourth newspaper of the day croaked, "Rommel's on the run," as he handed it over. Neither the girls behind shop counters, nor the taxi-drivers, nor the humorous bus conductor who tinkled his bell and shouted, "Next stop, Bengasi!" needed any encouragement to demand of the customers, "Well, it looks all right, doesn't it?" For once these Britons were not referring to the weather. At the circus, which has just arrived in town, one of the clowns, wearing a pith helmet and mounted on a camel, had only to ask, "Which way has he gone?" for the smallest tot in the audience to understand gleefully whom he was talking about.

The present universal *Te Deum* is naturally all the louder because throughout the past year there has been precious little to sing about. Although the press during the past week hasn't omitted an occasional warning that the Germans may still have a trick or two up their sleeves, and although the public doesn't need any warnings to remember far too well that Libya has often been the stage for a grim sort of dance in which first one side and then the other went through the figure of advance and retreat, there is a general conviction that this time the victory is going to be decisive. People seem to feel that the current success is a far more solid one than any previous gain in that area has been. The event which gave perhaps the deepest satisfaction here was the retaking of Tobruk, the battered citadel which has come to stand for so much in British minds. The news that the Eighth Army was back there again was a profound psychological relief to the public.

MAYBE psychology has had a good deal to do with the events of the past fortnight. The British success effectually knocked on the head the dangerous notion that German arms and leadership are infallible and left the pessimists who had been talking gloomily of what would happen when the second front did come off right out on a limb. Though General Montgomery, the leader immediately responsible for smashing the German lines, is naturally the man of the moment, the Prime Minister has also had his share of the kudos. In the past months Mr. Churchill has often had to justify events to a critical audience when things were going badly. Last week his cheering listeners in the House seemed to feel that events justified themselves and that his defense of the British plan was convincing. The section of the press which had been noisiest about tackling the Willkie job of prodding the government for a second front has in the last few days been indulging in an orgy of eating its own words. Though Africa is not the second front that many had been thinking of, it's a preliminary on such a brilliant scale that even the most truculent prodders now seem convinced that it was better to postpone the attack on the Continent until spring and concede handsomely that maybe Mr. Churchill knew best, after all.

It was a typical Churchillian inspiration, and one that helped the public let off steam in its desire to do something suitably festive about the great tidings, to order that the church bells should be rung today from the long-silent belfries all over England, which weren't to have given tongue until the invasion of this island. Although some of the more cautious felt that this was tempting Providence rather prematurely, and shuddered at the thought of what Monday bad news might follow Sunday's jubilation, there was general pleasure over the idea. Some of the ruined City churches necessarily remained silent; in other famous steeples bells were being tried out for the first time since they were damaged in the raids. In the country lots of little churches which wanted to join the celebration found that their able-bodied bell-pullers were all away in the armed forces and had to dig old gaffers out of retirement to totter around and do their best to produce a joyful clashing.

AT the moment all local concerns and all kinds of conversation are dominated by what is happening in North Africa. The nationwide wave of emotion is not the only thing that makes this moment something like those moments in the summer of 1940, in view of all the chat about what the French fleet is going to do and how the Italian people are going to act. There's a big difference, however. Those were grim days in 1940. Today, though sensible Britons think there's certain to be plenty of grimness ahead, for the first time they're hoping that sober reasons for hope are at last in sight.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

When I am acquainted with "my seeing the sun," it seems plain that I am acquainted with two different things in relation to each other. On the one hand there is the sense-datum which represents the sun to me, on the other hand there is that which sees this sense-datum. All acquaintance, such as my acquaintance with the sense-datum which represents the sun, seems obviously a relation between the person acquainted and the object with which the person is acquainted. When a case of acquaintance is one with which I can be acquainted (as I am acquainted with my acquaintance with the sense-datum representing the sun), it is plain that the person acquainted is myself. Thus, when I am acquainted with my seeing the sun, the whole fact with which I am acquainted is "self-acquainted-with-sense-datum."—*From "Problems of Philosophy," by Bertrand Russell.*

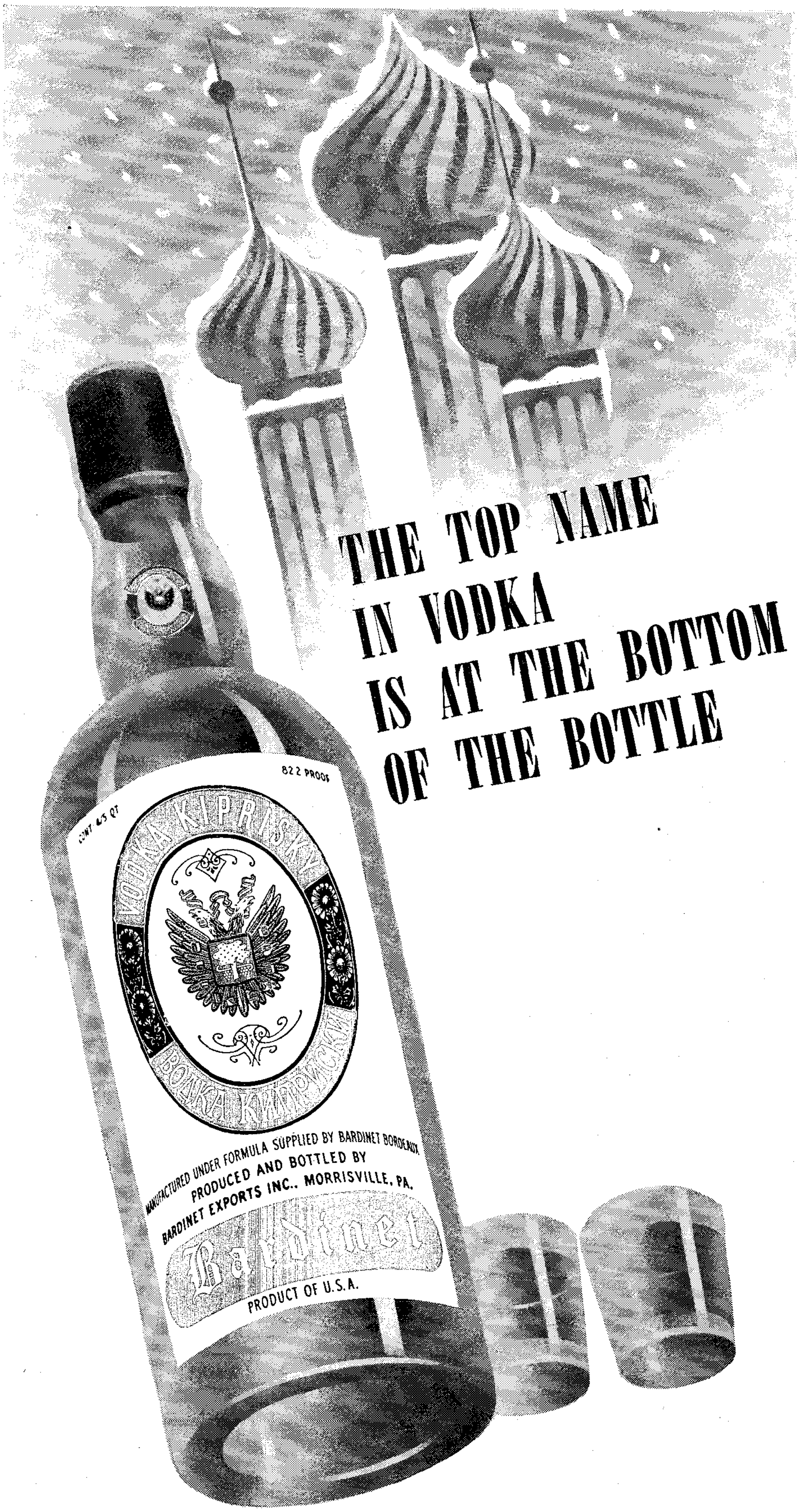
Sounds like one of those passing acquaintances.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From an exercise explaining the difference in meaning of the French words "femme" and "dame," from "Revised Elementary French Grammar," by Fraser and Squair*]

1. What is the French word for "Lady?" 2. Explain, please, the difference between a woman and a lady. 3. A lady is a woman who has a pretty dress. 4. A lady wears a hat, a woman does not wear any. 5. A lady has white hands and a pleasant voice. 6. She likes art and music; she has had a good education. 7. A lady has two or three children, a woman has a great many.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A NEW PRINCIPLE IN MADE-TO-ORDER MEN'S CLOTHES

BY

As you may know, my dad started business in 1886 and for years made clothes for gentlemen of the old school.

Today I am operating what is really a new kind of merchant tailoring business...adhering to all the basic ideas that made my father a leader in the field, but doing a *little better* job on a *much more* economical basis.

Some of the more important advantages to you are as follows:

1 Your choice of 596 fabrics and patterns in our stock—the best imported and domestic woolens.

2 You specify the styling you prefer—from the very conservative to the smart English drape.

3 Exclusive 3-dimensional measuring technique—to improve your appearance and give more comfort.

4 Distinguished tailoring—functional specialization, to maintain exacting standards of quality.

5 Simplified fitting service—to achieve better results and save you time, trouble and fuss.

6 Assurance of the same satisfactory fit and pleasing appearance on all your future orders.

7 Unqualified written guarantee—which specifies your complete satisfaction, before acceptance.

8 A saving to you of 36% to 44% —the result of a *complete series* of economies in management and operating methods.

Won't you drop in and let me tell you the whole story?

Richard Bennett Inc.
ESTABLISHED 1886

MERCHANT TAILOR
12 EAST 46TH STREET • NEW YORK CITY

THE CASE AGAINST JOHN DOE

FOR reasons best known, if at all, to myself, I bought a new wallet recently. To my annoyance, before I could get the money that was smoldering in my pockets into it, I had to empty it of any number—well, almost any number—of cards which the manufacturer, a St. Louis company called Prince Gardner, had inserted into the numerous cellophane-faced compartments that seem to be part of wallets nowadays.

Now, I am nobody's fool, except maybe Hazel Scott's, and I knew perfectly well that those compartments were for carrying cards. Nevertheless, I read all the manufacturer's samples and discovered, with ever-growing fascination, that together they created the picture of a man—the sort of man, no doubt, whom the company considered the ideal wallet-buyer. So thoroughly, so lovingly, with such a sharp eye for detail had these cards been prepared that I could not believe them part of the humdrum routine of a great wallet factory; rather, I felt that planning them must be the hobby of an elderly or incapacitated vice-president of the company, a dreamy type, humored in his puttering about by crisper, more alert fellow-executives.

The name of the man who has thus been brought to dubious life is John Doe, a piece of unimaginativeness that does not jibe with the rich creativeness of the other details. Probably the vice-president was forced to yield this point, being reminded of the possibilities of libel suits, etc. He has managed to salvage something, however, by providing John Doe, via his draft-registration card, with the middle name of Charles. This card also lists John as a resident of Any Street, Any County, Any State, an address which is not only dull but flatly contradicted on some of the other cards, leading at once to the ugly suspicion that John is a draft-evader.

The other side of the draft card, which ordinarily would present the physical data essential to a complete mental picture, is given over to John's pass to the Prince, Gardner Iron Works. It includes a photograph of him as a smiling, rugged workman, wearing a slouch hat and open shirt. The pass is signed by "O. John Smith, Personnel Mgr.," a point to be remembered later on.

MY stirrings of doubt about John are quickened by the photograph on the next card, his automobile driver's license. This shows him as a middle-aged, bald man, serious but with a kindly twinkle, rather a family-physician type. It *could* be the same man who appeared in the photograph of the ironworker, groomed and spruced up, but the difference is tantamount to a disguise. If he is not a bona-fide ironworker, why has he provided himself with a spurious, or at least deceptive, pass to a plant undoubtedly engaged in war activity?

John's driver's license, furthermore, gives his address as 0461 Any Street, Any City—but not Any State. No, he lives in a state called Belmont, and the license is signed by Charles S. Jackson, Secretary of State. Queer business! It further reveals him as white in race and color of hair, blue-eyed, male, five feet seven and a half, one hundred and sixty pounds, born January 1, '92.

John's automobile-registration card adds little, but it manages to confuse the address situation by placing him at 0462 Any Street, instead of at 0461. It is possible, of course, that he moved across the street between filling out the two applications. Just barely possible. The card also reveals that John drives a Victory car, Pop. style, built in 1942, Factory No. 0029861, Engine No. 024063, No. and Bore of Cylinder 236, Horsepower 29. Incidentally, although the card specifically calls for the owner's full name, John has not mentioned here the middle name of Charles.

The remaining cards hint at a richer life than has hitherto been brought out. One, bearing the heading "Dun and Bradstreet, Inc., (1841–One Hundred Years–1941)," introduces "John Doe, Jr.," to that firm's branch offices as a representative of the Doe Manufacturing Company, St. Louis, Missouri (not St. Louis, Belmont). It could be his son's card, I suppose, but why should he carry his son's card around with him?

Dun and Bradstreet's card suggests

further revelations by the notation at the bottom, "Read other side," but the other side contains a few mundane words from the wallet manufacturer suggesting the advisability of using the cellophane compartments for such items as lodge tickets. The vice-president has quietly retaliated by giving John no lodge tickets. That's what he thinks of that suggestion.

JOHN does belong, however, to the Prince Gardner Country Club, Skokie Heights, on Routes 42 and 60, his membership being No. 4026, as attested by the club secretary, O. J. Smith, Jr. Remember, now, that the ironworker's pass was signed by O. John Smith? Very well, your suspicions will be further aroused when you learn that John's fishing license, No. 2181927, also is signed by one O. J. Smith, whose official position is not given. The fishing license puts John back into Any State, which would doubtless bring a puzzled frown to Secretary of State Jackson of Belmont.

John also carries a streetcar pass and a card permitting him to send messages collect via Postal Union.

The final shady touch in John's character, despite the company's pathetic belief that it is presenting the most desirable wallet-buyer in the world, lies in two photographs that he carries—one of a patient wife and baby, the other of a pretty, distinctly seductive young woman, signed, "With love, Helen."

The State—be it Any, Belmont, or Missouri—rests. —JACK IAMS

•

JEAN GABIN, French motion picture actor. In publicizing the actor, Hollywood states that Gabin is pronounced "gab-BAN," apparently hoping thus to anglicize the hard-to-pronounce French name. But, properly pronounced, both Jean and Gabin have the nasal sound which I indicate by an "n" in parentheses. In Gabin both syllables have the vowel sound of the flat "t" as in gab. Say: zaha(n) ga-BA-(N). —*Frank Colby in the Kansas City Times.*

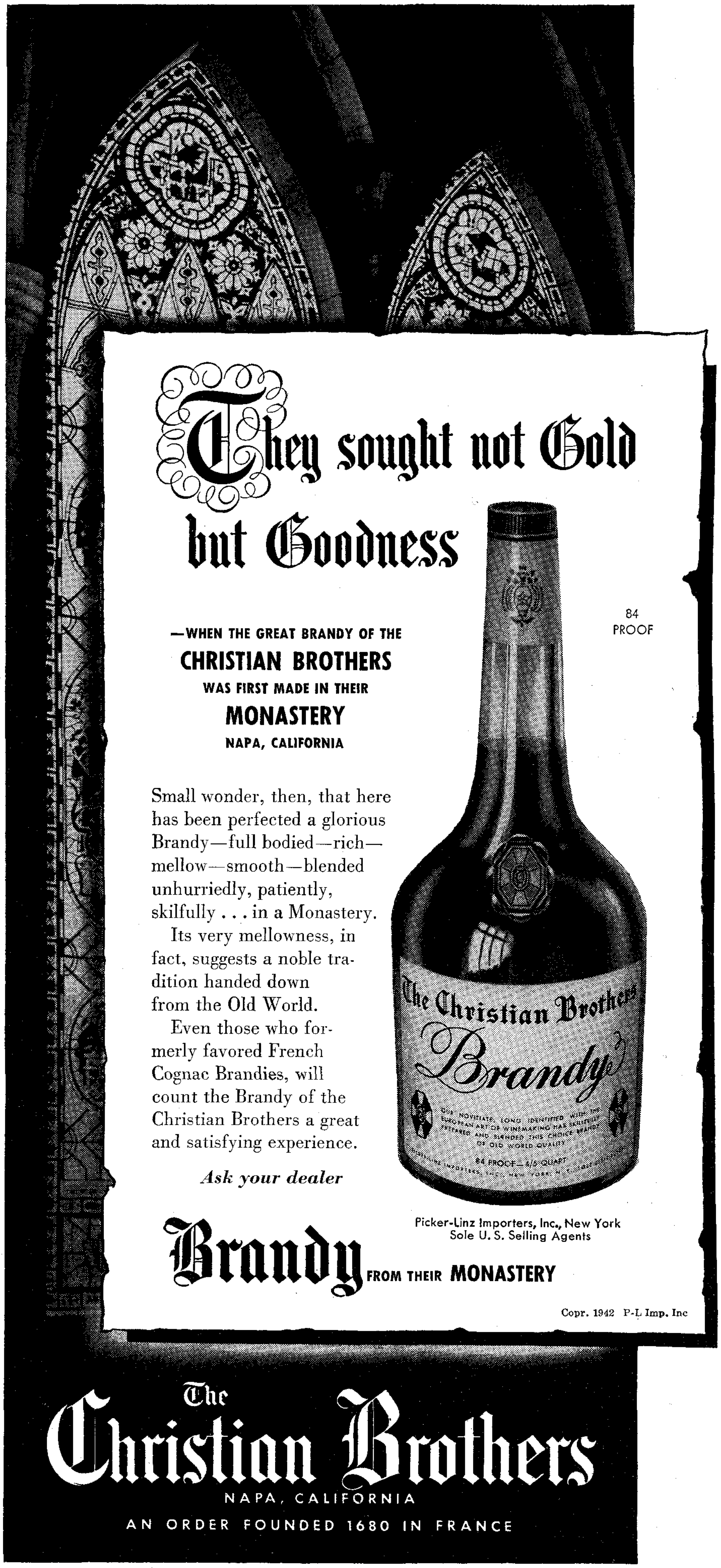
The hell with it.

•

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. CRYSTAL

[*From the Whitney Point* (*N.Y.*) *Reporter*]

Miss Nancy Parker of Ithaca, accompanied by Mrs. Barbara Brown Crystal of Hackensack, was visiting friends in Whitney Point Tuesday. Mrs. Crystal is now visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Taft, as Mr. Crystal is somewhere on a boat.



They sought not Gold but Goodness

—WHEN THE GREAT BRANDY OF THE
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WAS FIRST MADE IN THEIR
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Small wonder, then, that here has been perfected a glorious Brandy—full bodied—rich—mellow—smooth—blended unhurriedly, patiently, skilfully . . . in a Monastery.

Its very mellowness, in fact, suggests a noble tradition handed down from the Old World.

Even those who formerly favored French Cognac Brandies, will count the Brandy of the Christian Brothers a great and satisfying experience.

Ask your dealer

Picker-Linz Importers, Inc., New York
Sole U. S. Selling Agents

Brandy FROM THEIR MONASTERY

Copr. 1942 P-L Imp. Inc

The Christian Brothers
NAPA, CALIFORNIA
AN ORDER FOUNDED 1680 IN FRANCE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

DREAM

EVER since November, 1932, I've felt a certain curiosity, bordering on sympathy, regarding what Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., calls "the Oyster Bay, or out-of-season, Roosevelts." I was therefore interested to read, a few weeks ago, that Major and Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt had lent their place at Oyster Bay to the United Seamen's Service as a home for convalescent seamen. I felt pleased that, at least as far as the war was concerned, some of these particular Roosevelts were coming into season. It seemed fitting that they should befriend the merchant marine, which for years has complained of being the government's orphan child. With a view to finding out what happens to an Oyster Bay estate, complete with tennis court, gardens, boats, books, and grand piano, when it is handed over to a group of sailors fresh from torpedoed tankers and freighters, I arranged the other day to go through the place. First I had a talk with Dr. Daniel Blain, medical director of the Seamen's Service, at his New York office, and he gave me an outline of the work the Service is doing and hopes to do.

Dr. Blain, who is young and sandy-haired and speaks with a soft Virginian accent, was, until recently, engaged in private psychiatric practice. Some months ago one of his friends sent to him for examination a British seaman who had not long before been torpedoed. The question was whether this seaman, as a result of his experiences, was mentally stable enough to spend a week's holiday with Dr. Blain's friend at his country place. "This was the first case I'd had of what used to be called shell shock," Dr. Blain told me. "We don't use that term any more, by the way, because the condition doesn't necessarily have anything to do with shellfire. We call the condition traumatic war neurosis, which covers a lot more ground. Well, I talked with that fellow, did what I could for him, straightening him out a little, and the people down at the British Consulate were so pleased with the results that they sent me another man to work on. Pretty soon I saw that I'd either have to give up my private practice or refuse to see any more sailors. The sailors won out, and I decided to join the Navy, where I could study conditions from the inside. Before I got around to doing that, the War Shipping Administration, acting through the U. S. Public Health Service, offered me my present job, and I was delighted to accept it. You see, this is a brand-new field. Until recently nothing much had been done about rehabilitating these cases of traumatic war neurosis, even in the Army and Navy, and, of course, no one had bothered with them in the merchant marine."

"Why is that?" I asked. "Is it because seamen are supposed to be bums, heavy drinkers, black sheep of the family, and all that? Or is it because the worst that's in them comes out when they're ashore?"

Dr. Blain smiled. "Well," he said, "that last part, as least, is probably true. They're apt to come ashore some night, after a six- or eight-month voyage, with hundreds of dollars in their pockets and wake up the next morning dead broke. That would happen even in normal times. Now you have to add to this tendency the strain they feel of expecting, every hour of every day, to be torpedoed, shelled, set adrift, and possibly drowned. And they don't wear uniforms, they have no stage-door canteens, and no fine hotels have been taken over to provide them with barracks between tricks. This United Seamen's Service has been formed by the shipping industry and the War Shipping Administration to help change all that. It's not philanthropic. It's the product of a perfectly ordinary desire on the part of the Shipping Administration, and of ship owners in general, to make a sailor's life bearable, if not attractive. It won't help much to build several hundred ships a year if we don't find crews to man them. We can't pull a torpedoed sailor off a raft and send him back to sea as if nothing had happened, especially if everyone he sees ashore treats him like a sucker or an outcast. He won't want to go back to sea, and all the high pay and good food in the world—and now there's plenty of both—can't make him change his mind.

"We hope to open convalescent homes all over the country. In fact, we hope to open homes in ports all over the world. Mrs. Roosevelt—the President's wife, that is—dedicated our first foreign one in Glasgow just this week. We're counting on other people to be as generous as the Kermit Roosevelts. A few weeks ago we opened a fine new home in Baltimore and we've already taken over the old Dartmouth Club building here in town. We figure

"Hello, Mother! I got the job and . . . What's that? . . . Oh, pardon me, I must have the wrong number."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

Rheingold Announces two winners . . .

Miss Rheingold 1943 - and Rheingold EXTRA DRY beer!

SHE'S DELIGHTFUL! . . . IT'S DELICIOUS!

You Rheingold drinkers certainly are beauty lovers *and* beer lovers too!

Your votes have just given the title of Miss Rheingold 1943 to Sonia Gover—one of the four beautiful finalists in this year's Rheingold contest.

And your choice of DRY beer has made Liebmann Breweries *the fastest-growing brewery* in New York City. During 1942 the sales increase for Rheingold, the DRY beer, was more than *twice that of any other New York City Brewery!*

It's the DRYNESS in Rheingold that does it. For Rheingold is not sweet. Nor is it bitter. Rheingold flavor is *distinctive*—it's *clean, light,* and of a zesty *tang.* And above all Rheingold is *satisfying,* as only a DRY beer can be, tasting as beer *should* taste.

Thus it is that Rheingold wins its way into still more taps—finds a cool place in still more hearts. If *you* haven't tried it, be sure you do so. Compare it with your favorite beer. Then you, too, will say:

"MY beer is Rheingold—the DRY beer!"

New York's fastest growing brewery!

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer
Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837-IN NEW YORK 1855

BUY WAR BONDS! KEEP ON BUYING! KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Copr. Liebmann Breweries, Inc., 1942

we've got to make room for hundreds and maybe thousands of convalescents, physical and mental."

"How do you find out about them?" I asked.

"They're recommended to us by the U. S. Marine Hospitals, chiefly, and by places like the Seamen's Institute. Usually the seaman has received some sort of physical injury, besides being in bad shape emotionally. We try to build him up both ways at once; the one kind of health tends to help the other. And we try to do it as informally as possible. Now and then I talk to the men—I go out to Oyster Bay once a week, for instance—explaining to them in a matter-of-fact way how the nervous system works, why they feel fear, why they can't sleep, and all the rest. You might not think they'd listen to that kind of talk, but they do. They're tremendously interested in working out their own problems, and I don't try to simplify it too much. I give it to them straight."

THE next morning I went out to Oyster Bay. A seaman met me at the train. We shook hands and he drove me through the town and along the shore toward the Kermit Roosevelt estate. "We got quite a place here, all right," the seaman said. "Swimming in the summer, fishing, tennis—anything we want. What my old man used to say, home was never like this." We swung up a gravel driveway and parked under some trees beside a big white house. It was a sunny day, warm for the season. Some sailors were playing a game of lawn bowls on a terrace that stretched along the front of the house, and one sailor was cutting brush where the land fell away to the blue sweep of the bay. I got out of the car and introduced myself to one of three nurses who were standing around outside. She led me into the house and presented me to a Mr. Charles Tuxill, who offered to show me around.

Mr. Tuxill, who, it turned out, is an old friend of the Kermit Roosevelts and has charge of the non-medical details of running the home, took me into the library. On the shelves were thousands of books, protected by bright wire screening. The valuable walnut floor had been covered with sheets of plywood. A ping-pong table stood before the two fireplaces that filled one wall, and a dart board rested against a sofa. Through a window, I saw a nurse and a sailor playing badminton in the yard. Mr. Tuxill led me upstairs. "You can see that the Roosevelts left everything just about as it was," he said. "Mrs. Roosevelt, who is

DRY SACK SHERRY

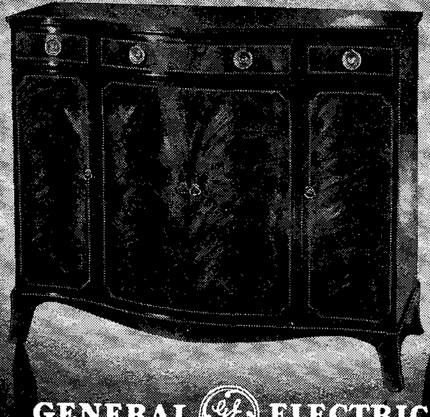
The Most Famous Wine of A Famous Producer
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

Dry Sack is a Sherry whose great fame is well deserved. Medium dry with a unique, nutty flavour, it particularly pleases those who can afford the best. Happily Dry Sack is still available at your favorite restaurant. Try a glass . . . we feel sure you'll carry home a bottle.

"Sherry Sir?"

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 1 PARK AVE. N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC. • NEW YORK CITY



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373 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK
at 46th Street

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now living in town, wanted the boys to have a nice, homey atmosphere—family pictures on the walls, comfortable family chairs. I tell you, I think it shows a lot of faith in the men." Mr. Tuxill explained that the beds, of which there were two or three in each bedroom, had come from the staterooms of a liner that is now being used as a transport; the Roosevelt beds were too big for the purpose. Supplemented by a cottage on the estate, the house, which has about twenty rooms, can comfortably accommodate fifteen sailors, in addition to a resident doctor, three nurses, Mr. Tuxill, and a household staff of eight, all of them old sailors.

According to Mr. Tuxill, the daily schedule is fairly elastic. The men are expected to get up, bathe, dress, and finish breakfast by eight-thirty. Crackers and tea, coffee, or milk are served around ten-thirty. Before and after that the men can go walking, play games, fish in the bay, or otherwise amuse themselves. Lunch is at twelve, followed by a rest period; tea or milk is served at three-thirty; and dinner is at five-thirty. At nine-thirty the men are expected to get ready for bed, and at ten o'clock everyone is supposed to be in bed. Since the men come to the home of their own accord, they are free, at least in theory, to walk into the village at night to see a movie or to have a glass of beer.

A bell rang for luncheon and Mr. Tuxill took me into the dining room. Bowls of food stood on a buffet against one wall, under a portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt. I helped myself to bean soup, Irish stew, beets, peas, and bread. Mr. Tuxill had saved me a place at his table between a young Puerto Rican sailor and a middle-aged Swedish sailor named Olsen. As we ate, we found ourselves, more or less to my surprise, discussing religion. The young Puerto Rican and I were Catholics, and Mr. Tuxill was a Protestant. Olsen grinned, shook his head, and said, "I don't believe in any-t'ing. Why, my God, you die and dey put you underground and dere you stay. I know. Dey don't fool me." After a moment he stopped grinning. No one had mentioned submarines or even the sea, but he said softly, "You drown, and you stay drown'. No more left of you."

AS we finished our dessert, Mr. Tuxill said, "I'd like you to speak to that boy you saw cutting brush outside. He's an interesting lad. He's the only one here who doesn't seem to enter into things. He can paint, and he's learning to play the piano, and he wants the

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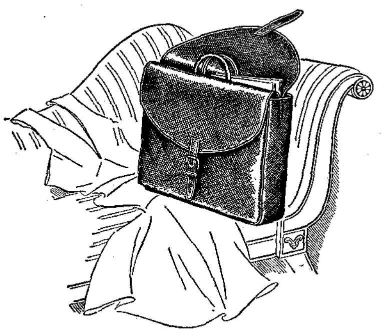

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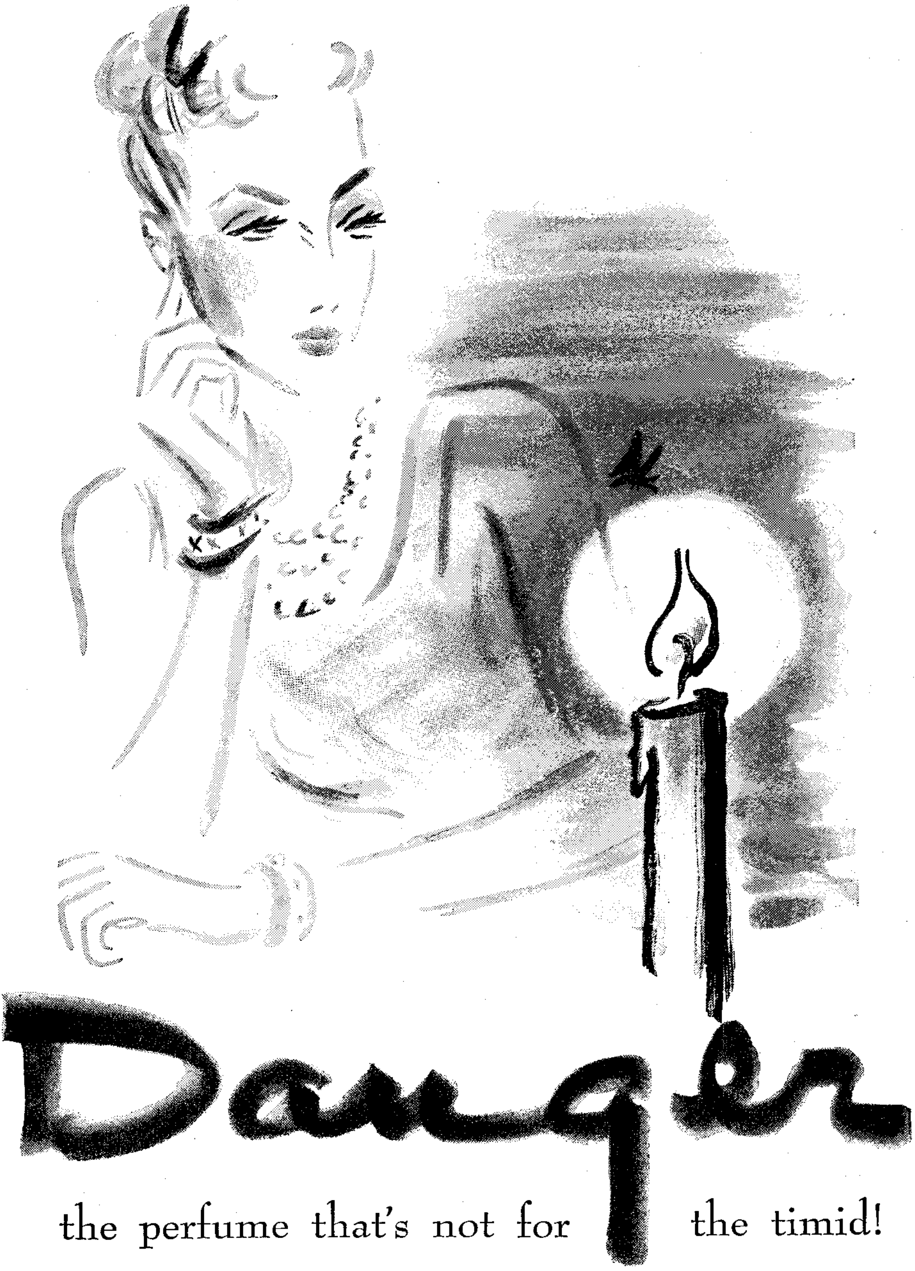
nurses to teach him to dance, but he'll scarcely talk to the other men." After lunch Mr. Tuxill called him in and left us together in the library. The boy, who was about nineteen, had curly black hair and wore thick-lensed, rimless glasses. He looked like any one of a half-dozen bright young Jewish boys I had known at college. I had never seen anyone who looked less like a sailor. "I'll talk to you about anything," he said abruptly, "but I won't tell you my name. I don't want my family to know about me. I been away from them since '38."

"All right," I said. "Suppose you tell me how you happened to go to sea."

"I wanted to go prospecting in Dutch Guiana. A crazy idea I had—maybe I read it in a book. Anyhow, I bummed my way from New York down to New Orleans and got my seaman's papers. I did that so I wouldn't need a passport to get out of the country. I hopped a boat that ended up in Nassau, and after I'd bummed around there for a while, I got a job on one of those one-masted sloops that coast from island to island in the Caribbean. But I didn't want to be a sailor, I wanted to get to Guiana. I lived on an island called Great Inagua for a month or two till the white men who owned it threw me off. They paid my way to Port-au-Prince, in Haiti, and from there I walked a hundred and fifty miles or so over the mountains to Santo Domingo. After I'd lived with the natives for a while, I shipped down to Aruba, which is an island off Venezuela. As soon as I landed, they threw me into jail. They didn't like to see a white man wandering around down there like a bum. Made the Standard Oil Company, which owns the place, look too crummy. When they let me out of jail, I got a job as a wiper on a freighter heading for Pernambuco. That was as close as I ever got to landing in Guiana. I worked on a couple of other freighters, then on the Excambion as a messboy for a few months, running between Lisbon and New York, and after that I went back to working on freighters. I didn't like waiting on people—you know what I mean? The war had started by then and the freighters I worked on took cargoes to West Africa, South America, the Red Sea. I saw Cairo, Alex, Cape Town—just about every place you ever heard of.

"We were sneaking back from Africa when the torpedo hit us. I'd say we were closer to Trinidad than anywhere else. It was about two in the afternoon, and I was asleep on deck. We were just coasting along when the ship suddenly jumped. We figured out what it was fast



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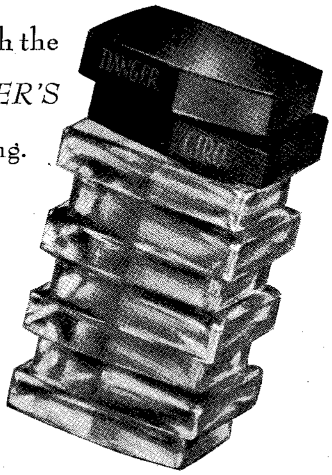

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enough. We got the boats down, and the rafts, and in about three minutes the ship started to sink. By that time the sub had surfaced, and the sub's skipper took pictures of our ship sinking and of us floating around on the rafts. Then he slipped up to us and called out, in English, 'Sorry, but war is war.' Ten or eleven members of our crew belowdecks had been hurt, and the sub's skipper took them aboard the sub and had their wounds dressed. He gave them some cigarettes and water, and one of the boys got a ham sandwich. Afterward the wounded men came back into our boats and the sub went off. In about three hours a Spanish tanker came up and towed us into Curaçao. When I finally reached Baltimore with the rest of the crew, the doc at the hospital there said I needed some sort of an operation on my nose. So I had that done, and then someone told me about this place. The idea was I had to get rested up. I'm sort of a crazy guy, you know. I never wanted to be a sailor."

"Well, do you like it, anyway?" I asked.

"I guess so. But I'm different than a lot of them." He stared hard at his knees. "I tell you," he said slowly, "it sounds crazy, but I got principles. My father, he's orthodox, and I was brought up that way. I don't even smoke or drink. And no women."

"How long will you stay here?"

"Two weeks is the usual time. I'll probably clear out the day after tomorrow. I'll hop a ship for Russia if I can. It looks like they could use some help."

"You don't mind going back to sea?"

"It don't do any good to mind. If a torpedo's got my number on it, why, that's just too bad for me."

As we were talking, a short, dapper Negro entered the room. The boy stared at him, then got up and walked away from me without saying goodbye. I heard the front door slam. The Negro smiled, shaking his head, and said, "That boy just won't have nothing to do with *nobody*."

"I've just been hearing about a German sub. Were you torpedoed, too?" I asked.

The Negro nodded sharply. "You bet I was," he said. "Forty-five miles off Haiti." I told him that I was a reporter, and he said, without any pretext of shyness, "My name's Edgar Dennis. I'm an A.B.—you know, able-bodied seaman. I was working on a freighter belonging to the Puerto Rico Line. It was four thirty-five in the morning, and

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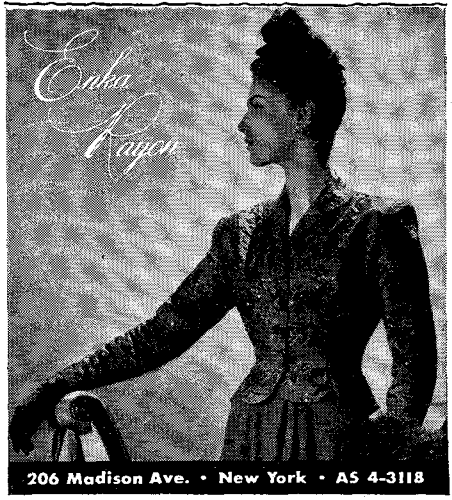

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I was standing watch, but, boy, I didn't see a thing. I just felt a torpedo come slugging in at us out of nowheres. It hit the coal bunkers amidships and blew what seemed like a couple of thousand tons of coal dust all over the ship. You never saw anything in your life as black as that ship, sinking there in the pitch of the night, every inch of her covered with coal dust. Well, after I'd helped to lower a couple of lifeboats, I saw our skipper, with a flashlight in his hand, trying to untie the bridle of one of our rafts. He wanted to lower the raft over the side. He didn't have a knife on him to cut the line where it had got jammed. He couldn't see much, anyhow, because he was just about blind without his glasses. When the torpedo hit, he must have hopped up on deck without them. Besides, there was this coal dust flying around, making all of us blind. I took the flashlight out of the captain's hand and I said, 'Stand clear, sir, and I'll let the raft go.' He said, 'No, don't cut it. Wait till I find out if everyone is off the ship.' I said, 'Why, they's all off the ship but us.' 'All right,' he said, 'cut the line.'

"By that time the stern was under water. I cut the line and the raft dropped into the water and drifted away. I threw a lifebelt overboard and jumped in after it, then swam to the raft. The captain didn't jump. He stayed on the deck and hollered at me out of all that blackness, 'Don't leave me, Dennis! I can't see!' I paddled the raft back to the ship. The captain wouldn't jump overboard, because he couldn't see the raft. He just stood there. I figured that if I hung around any longer the suction might carry me down along with the ship, or the sub might come up and take a shot at me. I didn't know what to do. One mind said, 'Leave 'im,' and the other said, 'No, you ought to wait on him.' Finally I cut off the line that was dragging from the raft and threw it up at the skipper. It coiled around his body, and I gave it a yank and pulled him down into the water. Just then the sub come up behind us and started shelling the ship to make sure she'd sink. That

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first shell went right over our heads. I hauled the captain up onto the raft and hung onto him. Seven shells went over our heads before they sank her.

"Then the sub dived. The rocking she made when she went down almost overturned the raft. At daybreak we sighted one of the other boats that had been lowered away, and they took us aboard. There were sixteen of us in one boat, and we rowed forty-five miles in sixteen hours, out in that peelin' sun. I don't care what you say, that's what we did. We beached on Haiti, right at the edge of some jungle, and we walked about ten miles through the jungle to a village. That night we had to sleep on the concrete deck of the little old village jail. Finally we got to Jérémie, and from Jérémie we took an open truck to Port-au-Prince. We like to blister to death by then. They shipped us to Tampa, and from Tampa up here to New York. I was blind in one eye from the coal dust and the sun on the water and infection, so they sent me to the Hudson and Jay Street Marine Hospital. When they let me out, I was broke, and I had to pawn my clothes to eat. I found out afterward where to pick up my pay. Then I heard about this place, so I come out here. I'm restin' up for an operation on my eye. The only medal I got is this one, and I bought it myself in a store here in town." He pointed to a pin fastened to his blue jersey. It bore the word "TORPEDOED" in shiny brass letters.

DENNIS got up, with apparent reluctance, when he saw another seaman standing in the doorway. The newcomer spoke with a mild English accent which I took to be West Indian. "My name's Arthur Freites. Mr. Tuxill told me you might like to talk to me," he said.

"Where do you come from?" I asked him after we had talked a while. "Jamaica?"

"Pretty close," he said. "A place called Turks Islands. I'm a British subject, but I been hoping to turn American. So far I haven't had much luck. I'm twenty-three, but I been at sea eight years. I'm an A.B. I was working on a Dutch freighter when we got torpedoed. That was about six hundred miles southeast of Bermuda. We had a gun crew on the ship, and when, after the torpedo hit us, the sub came up and started shelling us we shelled right back. We kept it up for about two hours, and then the ship started to go. It was pretty dark by then, and when I jumped into the water I hit a piece of wood with my left arm and broke the bone. I had a little regulation electric red light on my lifebelt, and one of our two lifeboats came by and picked me up. The captain was in the boat. Then the sub swung past, turning its searchlights on the ship and taking pictures of it. After they had finished taking their pictures, they turned the searchlights on our boats and started to machine-gun us. There were twenty-eight men in each of the two boats, and they killed twenty of us almost instantly. Another five were badly wounded. They died later. One fellow tried to save my life by getting on top of me, and they shot him. I lay in the bottom of the boat, where it was full of blood. I only got my broken left arm cut open some more.

"Finally, about four in the morning, the moon came up, and the sub stopped machine-gunning us. The sub's captain shouted, 'Much wounded? Much dead?' I sat up in the boat then, and the blood was all over me, thick and hard. The machine-gunning had smashed all our medicines in the boats, and the iodine and bandages were all soaked together. Our captain said, 'Would you be kind enough to give us some chemicals to cure our men?' The German captain shouted, 'What you asking for? You should be glad to be alive. What you mean, shelling us like that and sending out an SOS?' Our captain didn't say anything, and after a while the German captain said, 'If you want a tow for a little way, it is up to you.' Our captain said, 'We'll make out as well as we can, thank you.' Then the sub went away.

"Our boat had a motor in it. We put all the dead men in the second boat and towed it. We kept our motor going for about seventy-five hours. When the gas gave out, we started rowing. We were trying to fetch Puerto Rico or St. Thomas. Two of the fellows went crazy and kept jumping out of the boat. Finally we had to tie them down. We drank about three thimbles of water every day and ate some hard biscuit. At the end of the sixth day we sighted a big transport. We waved our yellow flag back and forth till the ship sighted us. We were taken aboard. I had been bleeding from the hole in my left arm, but I had pulled some cotton out of my lifebelt and stuffed it up into the hole. That had helped some. The transport carried us to England. I was sent to a hospital there, then back to the Marine Hospital on Staten Island. I can't use my arm much yet because the muscles have got sort of shrivelled up, but I practice hard every day. One of the nurses is teaching me to play the concertina. That will do my

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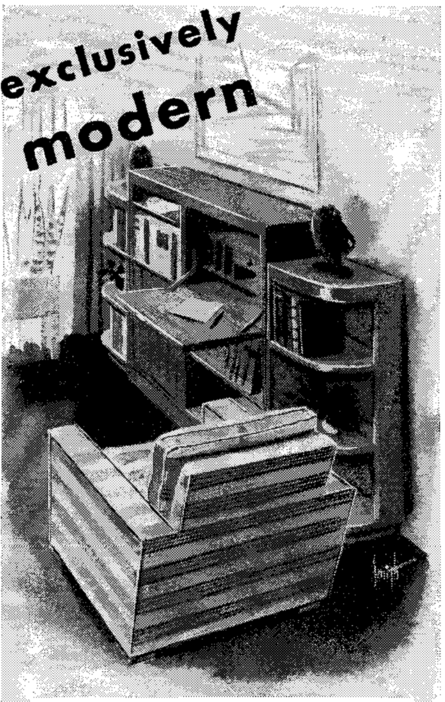

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muscles good. Pretty soon I'll be feeling fine again."

"Then are you going back to sea?" I asked.

"It's as good a job as any," he said. "Right now you got to expect it to be risky. Some of the men here, they wake me up at night yelling, and I have to throw a shoe at them. But I guess I wake them up, too, sometimes." He ducked his head toward the big trees beyond the window, and toward the wide sweep of the bay. "We never lived like this before," he said. "We get fat and lazy here. At first we feel like we never want to go back to sea. Then we begin to get restless. We tell the doctor, 'Say, I hear they're looking for a couple of oilers down at the Hall. Is it O.K. to go into town and find out about it?' And the doctor says, 'O.K., boy, sure. Good luck.' And there we are, going back to sea again. Only this time we go back with all this inside us—all this new stuff that's happened to us out here—inside our heads like a good dream." He grinned, apparently feeling that he had said too much. Then he stood up and rubbed his left arm. "I guess I better say goodbye. One of the nurses, she's not so good at badminton," he said. "I promised to show her how to serve."

—BRENDAN GILL

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[*From the News*]

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Aid or Comfort

IT seems as though there ought to be more pictures about wartime Washington, which is a town where nothing that goes on could fail to interest the third of the nation that is now and then ill-informed, ill-tempered, and ill-at-ease. Of course, the movie industry, as everyone knows, is a bear for timely topics, and presumably its scouts have been slipping into the national capital lately. As a matter of fact, there is a current film, one called "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," that does have a Washington background. There is nothing explosive about its punch, however. It may be in order not to give comfort to the enemy that we must take our national affairs only in such bland doses as this, and, if so, let's not press the matter any further.

Fay Bainter plays the part of Mrs. Hadley, a widow who would like her only son to remain a noncombatant. Richard Ney, the young blood who put on a uniform and worried his mother in "Mrs. Miniver," has the same sort of function in this one. When he starts off to war, Miss Bainter goes to see Edward Arnold, an old friend of the family, and asks him to use his high, if somewhat vague, position in the government to keep the boy in civvies. When he turns her down, she gets mad at him and everybody else in town. The main reason for Washington's being the locale for this scenario is apparently to allow this Mrs. Hadley to have disagreements with the greatest possible number of people and institutions, the capital being a notorious feuding ground. As the war progresses, of course, Mrs. Hadley comes to see the error of her ways and eventually goes so far as to take up first aid. The message is that we must not allow petty hostilities to interfere with the public weal. What the picture needs, though, is a glimpse of a Cabinet meeting, some inside dope on the F.B.I., or, at the very least, a shot of Archibald MacLeish at work.

JOE PASTERNAK, the producer who served for a while as Svengali to Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean, two

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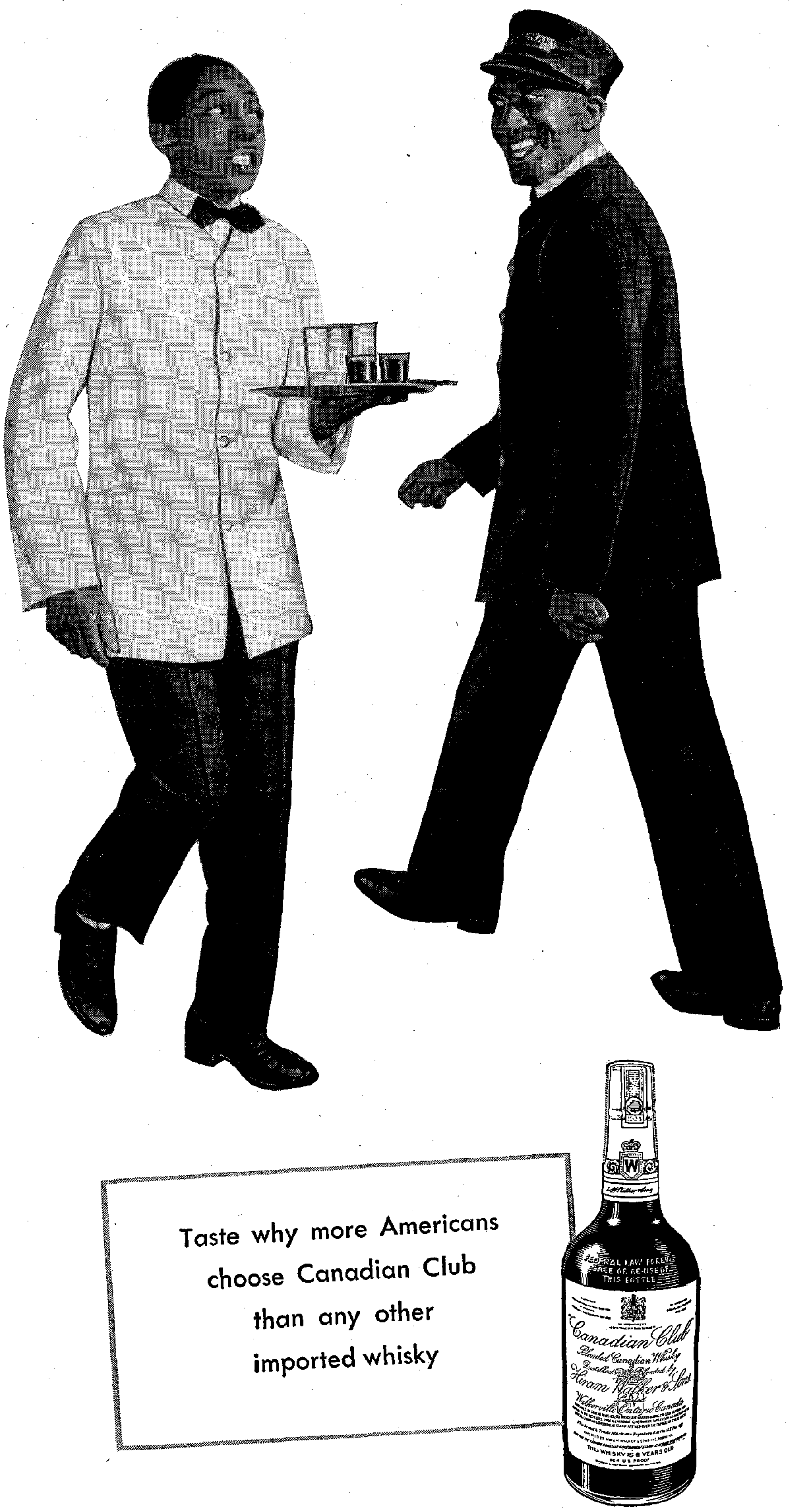

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young girls with better soprano voices than lots of women twice their age, or even men, has turned up another good one, named Kathryn Grayson. She can be found in "Seven Sweethearts," a film about a Dutch tulip-growing colony in Michigan which should be of interest to soprano- and tulip-fanciers and not many others. Van Heflin, recently of the stage, has the male lead and does what he can in this peculiar milieu. S. Z. Sackall, a specialist in dialect and character parts, plays an elderly Dutchman. He has had several jobs lately and may soon have to adopt a name that comes more readily to the tongue, such as Siegfried Rooney. . . . "Springtime in the Rockies" has some Technicolor views of Lake Louise and also of Betty Grable, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Harry James and his orchestra, and Carmen Miranda. Miss Miranda's singing of "Chattanooga Choo Choo" in Portuguese is the high spot of the show, which doesn't put it at any dizzy altitude. . . . "A Good Job," a short which William Saroyan has adapted from one of the works of William Saroyan, is about life in a grocery store. It is O.K. all by itself but perhaps more noteworthy as a hint of what to expect from Saroyan when he grows to feature length. —DAVID LARDNER

•

NOT THE TYPE

PRODUCTION OF TYPEWRITERS BANNED
—*Newspaper headline.*

The pen is mightier than the sword,
  Or was, to be more truthful,
Before the War Production Board,
  When you and I were youthful,

Back in the half-forgotten days
  When pens were used for writing,
When wars were waged in simple ways
  And swords sufficed for fighting.

But now the pen's supplanted by
  A piece of word machinery,
While, unemployed, the sword hangs high
  Amidst museum scenery,

Its place usurped by weapons wrought
  By eager hands and willing,
The means assiduously sought
  For expeditious killing.

And as between two instruments
  That words or bullets spatter,
We must admit our confidence
  Today is in the latter.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

THE RACE TRACK

Curtain

THERE couldn't have been a better race to close a season with than the Victory Handicap, which Alsab won at Belmont last week. Many races have pace and color, but at the end of any year most of us can recall only a few, except, of course, those which were slightly mixed up with winning or losing a bet. In addition to the Victory, some moments of this year's racing which no one should have trouble remembering were the fast mile of Count Fleet in the Champagne Stakes, Occupation's Futurity, the dash of Shut Out in the Kentucky Derby and his lucky winning of the Classic, and the finish of the Suburban, won by Market Wise. The performance of Whirlaway that aroused my enthusiasm most was not in any of the eleven stakes he won but in the New York Handicap, which he lost.

Whether or not you accept Alsab as the horse of the year, he is a superior colt. It seems to be his lot to have to do everything the hard way; but for this, I firmly believe, he wouldn't have been beaten in the past twelvemonth and horseplayers would be canonizing him along with Man o' War.

In many respects the Victory Handicap showed how good Alsab really is. He carried 126 pounds, unusually high weight for a three-year-old running against older first-class horses. For once, however, he had no jockey trouble; Woolf, who rode him this time, attended to that. Nevertheless, Alsab didn't get home free. Going around his field on the turn into the stretch, he stumbled and would probably have unseated his rider if Woolf had been any one of a number of boys I could name but won't. Some people say that Alsab stepped in a hole, which in the catalogue of race-track alibis is second only to the one about the ground breaking from under a horse. Whatever it was that happened, after Alsab beat Boysy and the others, he walked lame.

While Alsab was winning at Belmont, Whirlaway was having an easier time in the Governor Bowie Handicap at Pimlico, and picking up a bit more prize money than his rival, too. Alsab hasn't done badly, though; his earnings for the year stand at $227,715. He won't be in Florida this winter to pose eating a native grapefruit (fare on which he really dotes, incidentally), but will rest in Kentucky. He's earned it.

Victory Week went off well, although there's not a great deal to add to what I've already said about the racing. As popular as anything in the paddock at Belmont were the twenty Jones terriers which Captain Jock Whitney donated to be sold for the benefit of war-relief funds. The dogs, which were priced at $100 each, went so quickly that Mrs. Payne Whitney contributed two of her cairn terriers and Clyde Phillips sent two café-au-lait Angora kittens to supply late customers. The young lady who had charge of the improvised shop where the pets were sold said she was only sorry that she couldn't accept the offer of a man who wanted to swap a racer in training for two of the Jones terriers.

THE United Hunts never had a more successful meeting than the one last weekend, or colder days for one. On Saturday 11,337 patrons, and Ambrose Clark in a riding kit that looked like a zoot suit, wagered $995,474, both new highs for amateur racing. I wouldn't know how many cases of frostbite were reported, because Colonel Martingale, my frostbite reporter, watched ice forming on the lake in the infield for six races and then, old softie that he is, ran home. Call *this* cold? The afternoon something named Snowflake won the aptly named Endurance Handicap at Bowie back in '29 it was five above zero!

Footnote on the Improvement of the Breed of the Thoroughbred: Around $175,000,000 was wagered at the New York tracks this season.

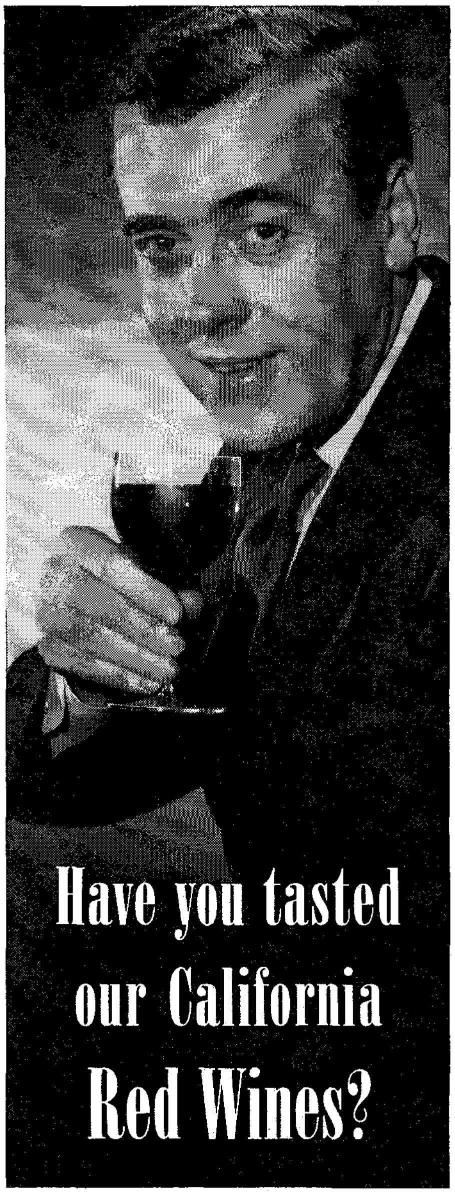
Last Laugh Item: Remember the skeptical to-do over Senator John J. Dunnigan's prediction that the pari-mutuel would return an annual revenue of $10,000,000 to the state treasury? The figure will be a bit above that for 1942.

—Audax Minor

•

These tactics are met by keeping the British announcements as clear and ambiguous as is possible.—*Hartford Courant.*

Sure, keep 'em lucid and cryptic.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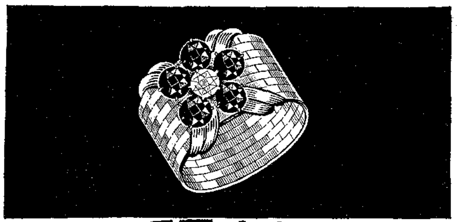

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SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY

Justinia had been expecting the F.B.I. to call ever since Joe got home. It had taken them more than a month to get round the last time he had deserted, but that had been before Pearl Harbor and Justinia realized the difference.

It was evening and Justinia had just come home from work when she heard the knock. She opened the door, thinking it might be the landlady, who often dropped in for gossip while she cooked her supper. But when she saw the large man in the gray hat, she was instantly on the alert, although he, too, was colored, and apparently friendly.

"Mrs. Lee?" he asked.

"Yes," said Justinia. "How come you didn't ring the bell downstairs?"

"The door was open. I jes' walked in," he said.

Justinia heard a noise in the hall below and stepped quickly to the banisters. A head—which she recognized as Lefty Robinson's—was ducking out as the heavy door swung shut. When she turned, the man had sauntered into her flat.

"Here!" she said. "Come out of there! You got no right to—"

"Take it easy," said the man. "Jes' lookin' round to see if my frien' Joe Lee's at home."

"You don't act like no friend of Joe's," said Justinia, angry at herself for being outmaneuvered when she should have kept a firm grip on the door. "A friend of Joe's'd know he was in the Army."

"Jes' thought he might've come home on a little visit," said the man, and opened her closet door. Justinia was thankful she'd had the foresight to hide Joe's uniform behind her dresses. For a moment she was afraid the man was going to make a thorough search of the closet, but after riffling her dresses with his hand, he shut the door again.

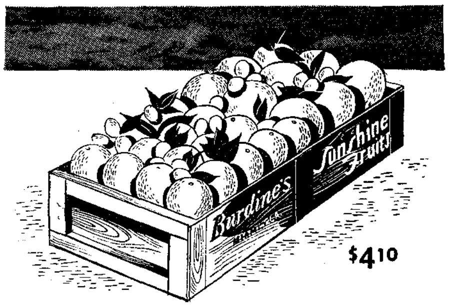
"Now," said Justinia indignantly, "now you've done pawin' everythin' I own, who you think you are anyhow?"

"Jes' a frien' of Joe's," he said. "When you expectin' Joe home?"

"What's that got to do with you?"

"Jes' that when he comes, tell him I was lookin' for him. Frien' of his—Harry. Tell him come round an' see me. He knows where I live. Tell him to come if he knows what's good for him. Well, Mrs. Lee, be seein' you."

The man nodded pleasantly and left. From her window Justinia could see that he was joined halfway down the



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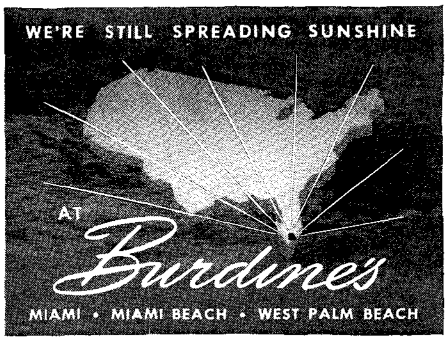
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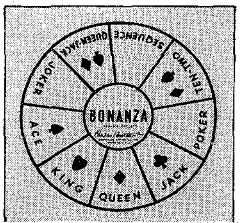

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block by Lefty Robinson. They walked out of sight together.

Joe came back home two days later. He'd quit his job in the Bronx, even though he'd been earning good money. (He claimed eighteen a week, but Justinia didn't believe it was that much.) He said his back had begun hurting him again and he'd come home for a rest.

Justinia told him about the visitor. "He was F.B.I. all right," she said.

"I don't care," he said. "My back's hurtin' real bad. I ain't gettin' out for nobody. If they come an' take me, I don't care."

Justinia cooked a nice chicken dinner to celebrate his return. Joe ate heartily, but he was pensive. After dinner he said, "I know what you're thinkin'. You want me to go give m'self up."

"I never said that."

"No, but that's what you're thinkin'. You nagged me an' pestered me the first time till I give m'self up, and look what happen. I get five months in the guardhouse when I'm sick. An' I don't get a medical diss-charge like they promise."

"I'm not sayin' nothin'," said Justinia. "It's your own responsibility. You do what you think right."

"Well, I'm not goin' back," he insisted. "Tomorrow we'll move and then I can get some rest for my sore back."

"Movin' won't do no good," said Justinia. "Lefty Robinson's watchin' us for the F.B.I."

"Lefty!" Joe was indignant. "It ain't so! Don't you say nothin' against Lefty, Justinia! Lefty wouldn't do nothin' like that! Lefty's my pal, the best frien'—"

"I'm jes' tellin' you what happened."

Joe got up from the table and lay on the bed. Justinia collected the dishes on a tray and took them out to the sink in the hall, where she washed them. When she came back, Joe was rolled over on his side with his eyes closed, but she knew he wasn't sleeping.

"Justie," he said at last. "I been thinkin'. Maybe I ought to give m'self up."

"I ain't tellin' you what to do," she said.

"But what do you think?" he said. "Maybe they'll let me off easy when they know how sick I am."

"I ain't tellin' you nothin'," she repeated. "It's your responsibility, Joe. You got to do what you think right. You're a growed-up man."

"Yeah." He thought it over. "Yeah, that's what I'll do. I'll give m'self

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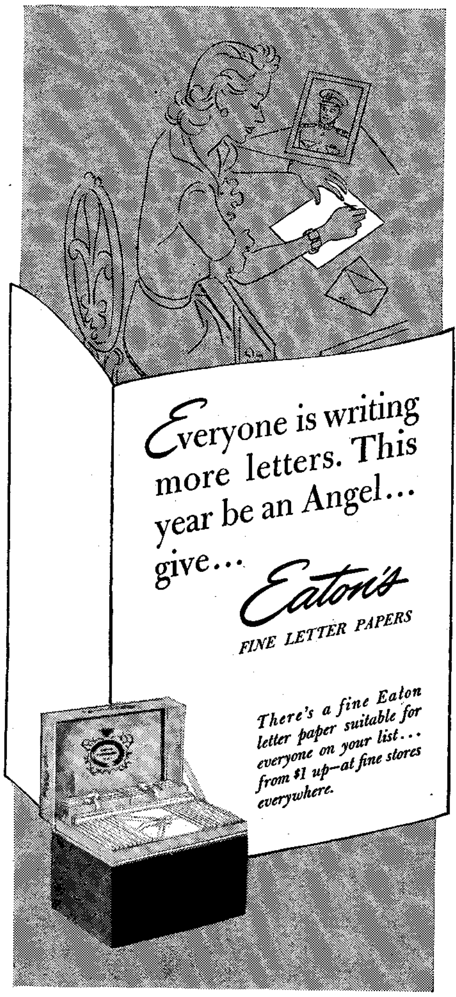

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up. When they know what my back is doin' to me, they'll give me a medical diss-charge for sure." He dropped his legs heavily over the side of the bed. "All right, Justie, I'm goin'."

"Like that? Ain't you goin' to put on your uniform?"

"No," said Joe. "I ain't a soldier no more. I'm sick. I need a medical diss-charge. I wouldn't ever have left camp if they'd give me one like they promised."

Together they went down to the police station. A bored sergeant told them to wait while he telephoned. Justinia and Joe sat together, saying nothing, till two plainclothesmen arrived.

"That him?" said one of the men, nodding at Joe.

"Yeah," said the sergeant.

"O.K.," said the man to Joe. "Come along."

Joe got up to go.

"I'll write you," he said.

"Behave yourself," said Justinia, and they took him off.

IT was a week before Justinia received a letter and then it wasn't in Joe's handwriting. It was a routine typewritten form from Governors Island saying that she had permission to visit her husband on Sunday and enclosing a permit.

When Sunday came, she took the boat over, presented the permit, and was ushered into an office, where a young white lieutenant greeted her.

"Sit down, Mrs. Lee," he said, waving her to a chair. "I was expecting you."

Distrustful of his affability, Justinia sat stiffly on the edge of the chair.

"Oh, now, now!" said the Lieutenant. "There's nothing to be nervous about. Sit back, relax."

"I am relaxed," said Justinia.

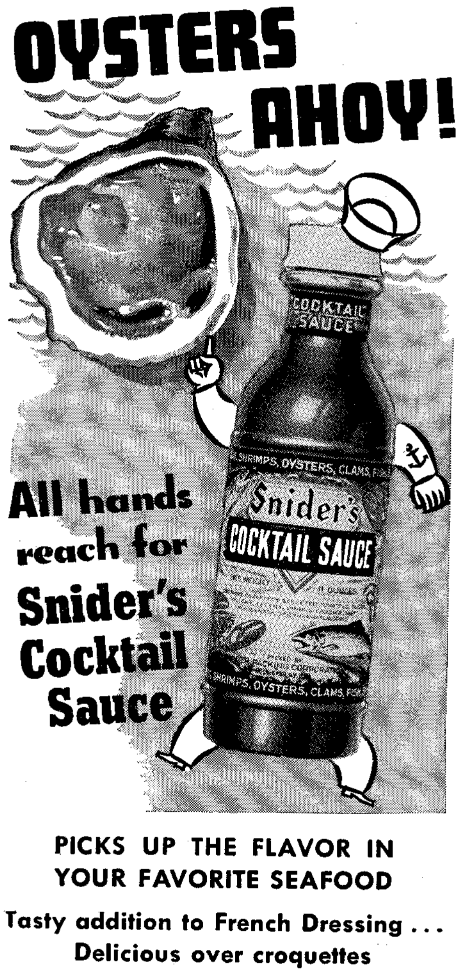
"Well, all right, if you say so." He smiled. "And now, Mrs. Lee, there are a few little questions I would like to ask you."

"I came to see my husband," Justinia said.

"Of course, and you *will* see him—in just a minute. But first, if you don't mind—" He caught the uneasy look on her face. "You see, Mrs. Lee, we're doing our best to help him. Naturally, desertion in time of war is a very serious charge. But if both you and he are absolutely honest in telling us all you know—"

"All we know about what?"

The Lieutenant smiled easily. "Well, perhaps we'd better come to that a little later. First, tell me, how long has



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your husband had this sore back he complains of?"

"Ever since I've known him. Why?"

"Well, perhaps you don't know it, Mrs. Lee, but that's a very remarkable ailment he's got. The fact is, it completely defies medical analysis."

"You mean you think he's pretendin', that he hasn't got a sore back at all?"

The Lieutenant spread his hands. "Oh, I'd hardly put it as bluntly as that."

"Well, he has," Justinia insisted stoutly. "Maybe it don't show in the medical books, but he's got a sore back just the same. He's had it ever since he was a kid down in the South, when some white boys pushed him off a truck."

"Ah, I see." The Lieutenant paused. "Tell me, Mrs. Lee, does your husband often exhibit this extraordinary imagination of his in other ways?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well now, for instance, does he ever fancy himself to be a king? Or a potentate of any kind? Or even a district leader?"

Justinia looked at the Lieutenant perplexed. He laughed apologetically. "Perhaps I'm confusing you a little," he said. "Let's put it this way—how long has he believed that the Japanese are coming to liberate the colored people of Harlem?"

"What?"

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Lee. Don't pretend you never heard him say that. He boasted of it to us freely enough."

Justinia took a deep breath. She was surer of her ground now. She knew that her suspicions of this affable young officer had been well founded, that he was trying to trap her into some damaging evidence to be used against Joe.

"Look, Mr. Officer," she said, "I don't know what you're tryin' to get at, but my Joe never said that."

"We have witnesses who heard him."

Justinia looked at him very steadily. "Well, if you've got to have witnesses, it don't sound as if Joe was boastin' about it—like you said."

The Lieutenant waved his hands defensively. "All right then, he didn't boast about it. But he was heard to say it just the same—that the colored people were waiting for the Japs to free them."

"No, Mr. Officer," said Justinia firmly. "I don't want to go against your word, but my Joe never said that!"

"You seem very sure. What makes you—"

"Because I know him. I know him all the way through. Oh, I know he ain't

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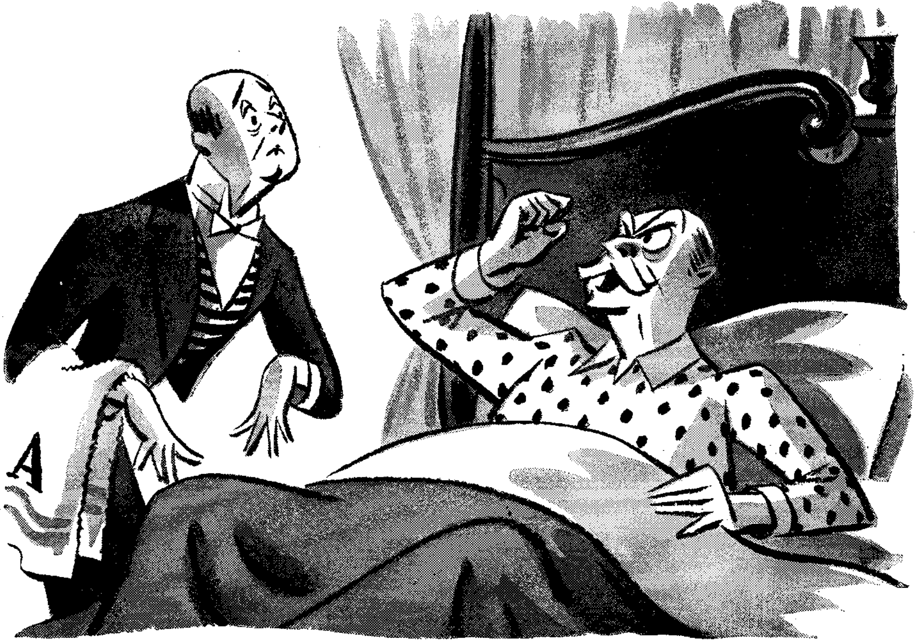

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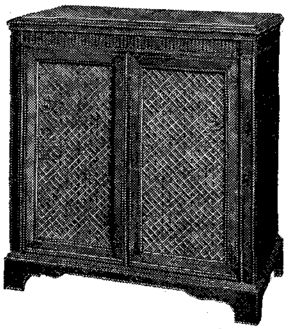

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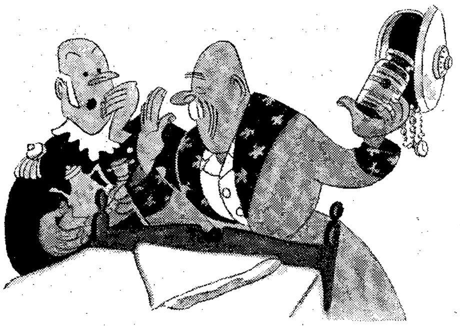

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perfect. Sometimes he acts more like a kid than a growed-up man. But he ain't a traitor, Mr. Officer. He's a loyal American, if they'd just give him a chance. And that other thing—what you said *he* said—it just don't sound like him."

The Lieutenant shrugged and put down a pencil he'd picked up. "All right, Mrs. Lee, that's all. You can go along and see your husband now if you like."

A SOLDIER escorted Justinia across to the disciplinary barracks. There, sitting across a table from him, she talked to Joe. His voice was agonized and pleading.

"Justie, I can't stand it! They're treating me awful! If I don't get a medical diss-charge, I'm goin' to lie right down an' let my sore back kill me."

"How are they treatin' you bad, Joe?"

"Every way. They got me locked in a cell all by m'self an' treat me worse'n a dog. Justie, you got to write to the President about me an' tell him everythin'. An' you write to the War Department, too."

"What'll I say?"

"Tell 'em that my back is killin' me an' I got to have a medical diss-charge. If they'd give me one like they promised, I never would've left camp."

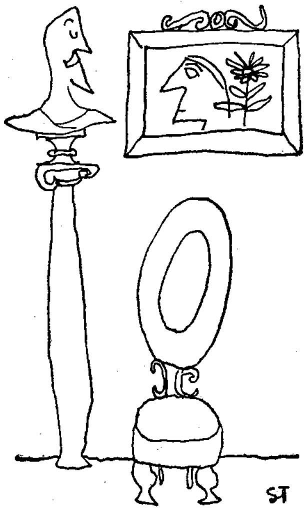
"All right, Joe, I'll write. But tell me one thing. Did you ever say anythin' about wishin' the Japs would—"

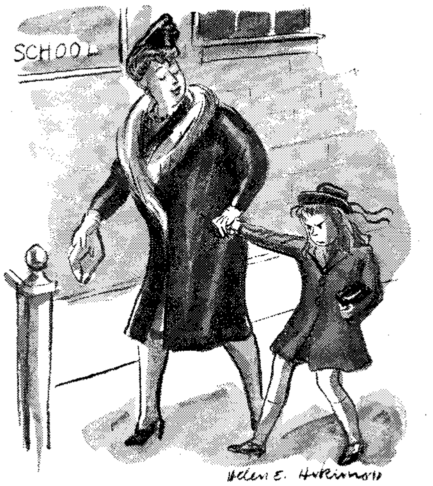
"Sh-h-h!" Joe's voice dropped and quavered a little. "It's all lies. I never said that. They're tryin' to make out that I—"

For the first time in as long as she could remember, Justinia felt on the verge of tears.

"Joe, tell me, honest . . ."

Joe clutched the edge of the table and whispered, "Justie, it weren't like they





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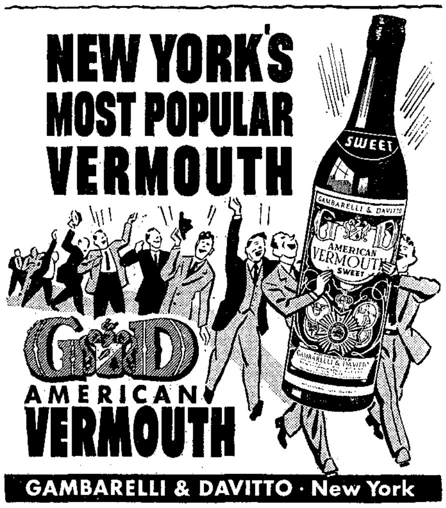

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made out at all. If I said anythin', it was kiddin', just kiddin'. I didn't mean—"

"Joe—Joe, why did you? Just when you was in trouble so bad!"

The tears would not stay back. Joe looked at her glumly. "I don't know, Justie. It jes' come over me. Maybe it's like you say—I got no responsibility."

The guard was tapping Justinia on the shoulder.

"Time's up," he said.

"You write, Justie," Joe was saying. "Write to the President *and* the War Department."

"I will," said Justinia.

She got off the subway at 135th Street. On her way back to her room she bought a copy of a Harlem newspaper. Justinia skipped to the page where they printed "Letters to the Editor." She wanted to get an inkling of how to set about writing a letter of such momentous importance as one addressed to the President of the United States.

—WILLIAM MORWOOD

•

DICTIONARY FAUNA

The calamary keeps his head
although he hasn't any,
but the night is dark for the old
  aardvark,
who sleeps in his mangy benny.

Oh, never look down upon the yak
lest he look down on you.
The oryx shrugs at the little bugs
that tickle the kangaroo,

but a puffin is a puffin still,
no matter how you view it,
and the rule of thumb that the gnu is
  dumb
may be all in the way you construe it.

Myself I find that a liberal mind
regarding the agouti
has more effect if I reflect
that he's only doing his duty.

—VINCENT MCHUGH

•

At eight in the evening of Friday, August 11, 1939, Desk Sergeant Albert Otto of the Damen Avenue police station in Chicago looked up from his desk to encounter the large, dark, fear-filled eyes of pretty Florence Riermaier. The trim, attractive brunette was on the verge of tears as she explained her presence—

"Ann is 25; she works at the office of a mail order house, but they tell me she didn't show up for work this morning."

"How long has she been missing? How old is she?" asked the officer sympathetically. —*Journal-American.*

She's 25. Keep your ears open!

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

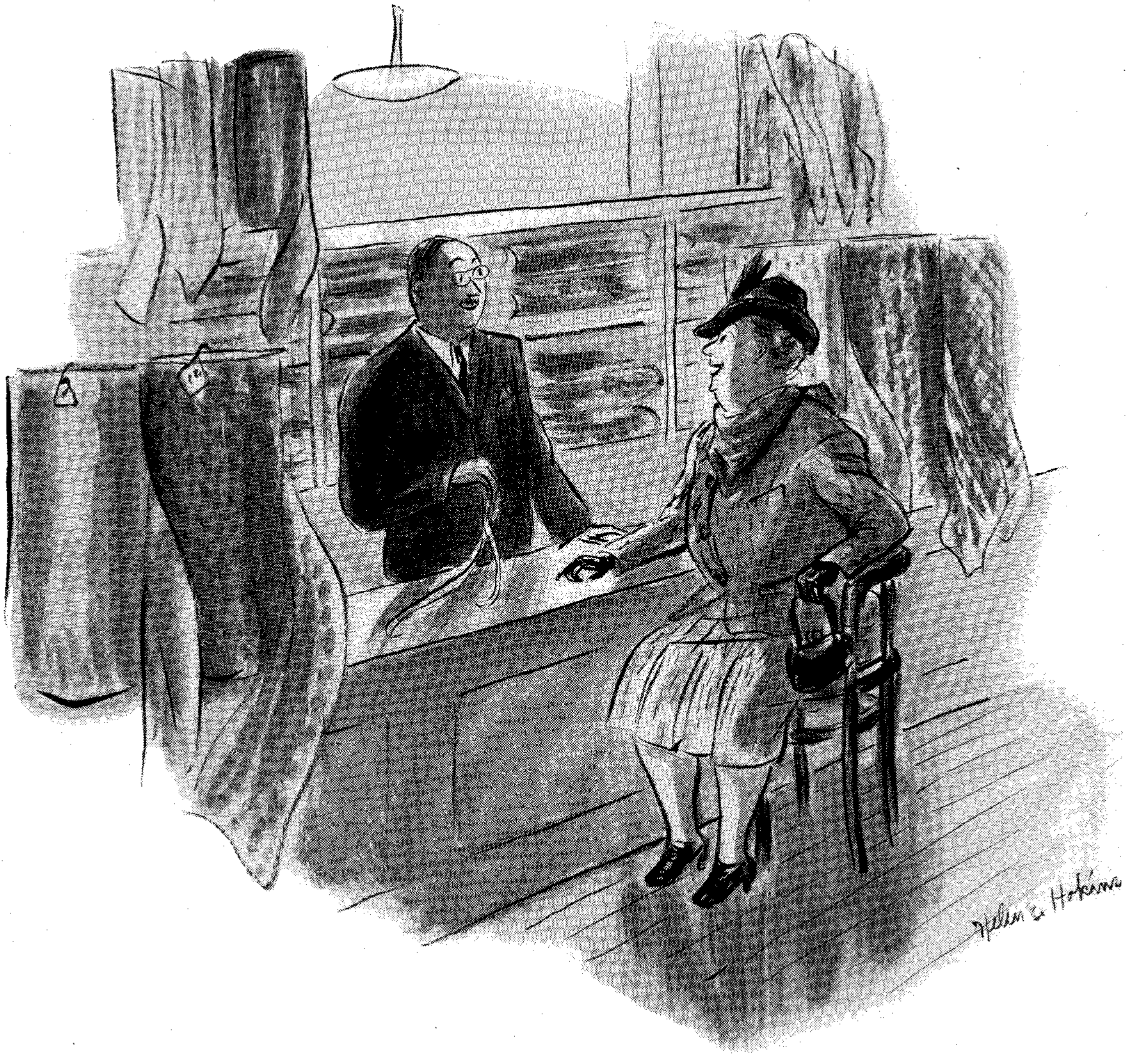
ALTHOUGH some of our giddier citizens are cultivating the spirit of thrift as if it were all just a lark, and more *fun*, there is no doubt that this homely, old-fashioned virtue is really back and here to stay, at least as long as the war lasts. As a matter of fact, the stitch-in-time idea is making plenty of work for people who have nothing more tangible than conservation to sell. There is, for instance, Mrs. Helen M. Klemm, whose repairing of rugs and carpets already has saved the life of many an Oriental treasure or costly expanse of broadloom, and who may do as much for yours. Mrs. Klemm can be seen by appointment at your home (her telephone is Plaza 8-1234), with no charge for the consultation, even if her expert knowledge of carpets compels her to advise you that your cherished floor covering is, perhaps, not worth what you would have to spend to put it back in shape.

Oriental rugs are the specialty of this one-woman organization. To repair large ones, Mrs. Klemm arrives with a satchel of yarns in several hundred colors and goes to work right on the premises. She takes the smaller rugs home with her to fix, as well as tapestries of totable weight and bits of needlepoint. Her work is far from inexpensive but it's worth every penny, especially in the case of really important items whose resale value might be affected by mere patching or less-than-perfect reweaving. What pleases Mrs. Klemm more than anything is to have people call her in at the first small sign of wear, when the repairs may cost no more than a few dollars, and to have them then arrange for her to make regular visits to check the condition of the rug or whatever, just as a dentist checks your teeth. There won't be a bill for the repeat trips, either, if there is nothing for her to do.

A SECOND local conservationist, Joseph A. McAnerney, 503 East 72nd Street, is finding his value to the community increased by the servant shortage. McAnerney directs a corps of visiting housemen, and having one of his clean-up experts come in regularly for an eight-hour day each week keeps a place in shining, Dutch-housewife condition—floors waxed, brass gleaming, Venetian blinds spotless, and the family plate looking like a Cartier window display. Whenever possible, you get the same houseman each trip (so your time, or your regular maid's, isn't wasted in showing a succession of new men the ropes), and he arrives fully equipped for the job to be done, even if it requires a heavy-duty vacuum cleaner or floor-waxer. There's no charge for ordinary cleaning materials and furniture polish, but you're expected to pay for floor wax and turpentine and to supply your own silver polish, which seems fair enough.

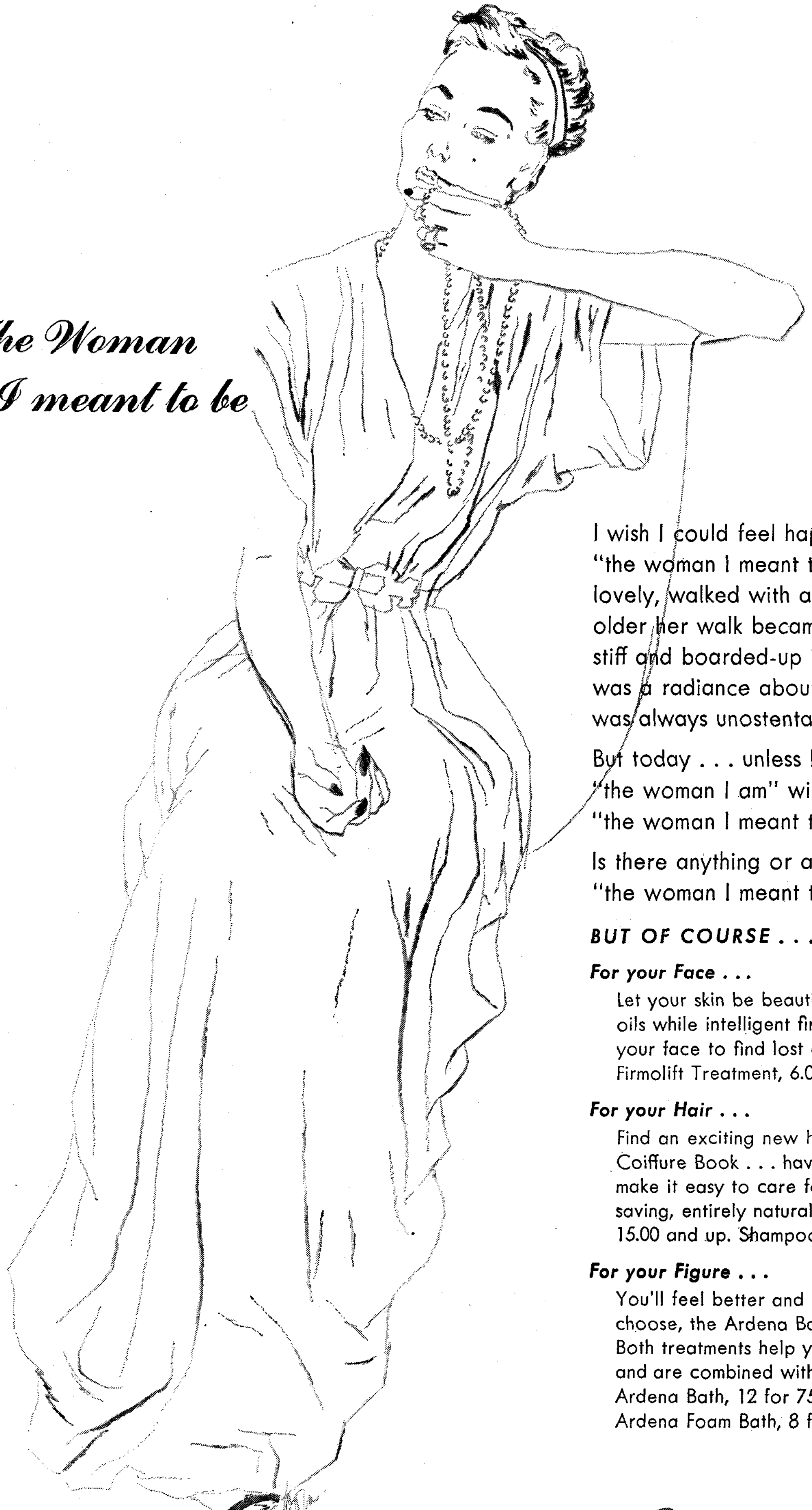
The charge for this service on a weekly basis is $9 a day. For the same service every other week, McAnerney's fee is $9.50 a day, and for just a one-day job, $11.50. Any way you take it, though, you get trained, conscientious, and, what's more, intelligent workers who have a way of leaving the rooms they've cleaned in such apple-pie order that you'll likely be spoiled for life.

YOU probably have the emergency to thank, too, for a new wrinkle at Macy. The seventh-floor fabric department there has worked out a whole range of styles, and good ones, in slip-



"*You were right about my tweeds. They're going through the war* ***beautifully***."

The Woman
I meant to be



I wish I could feel happy about her . . . "the woman I meant to be" . . . She was very lovely, walked with a lilt, and as she became older her walk became prouder . . . never stiff and boarded-up in appearance. There was a radiance about her hair and skin. She was always unostentatiously well groomed . . .

But today . . . unless I do something about it, "the woman I am" will be very different from "the woman I meant to be."

Is there anything or anyone that can bring "the woman I meant to be" into existence?

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Let your skin be beautifully cleansed with special oils while intelligent fingers coax the muscles of your face to find lost contours in a refreshing Firmolift Treatment, 6.00. Seven Treatments, 35.00

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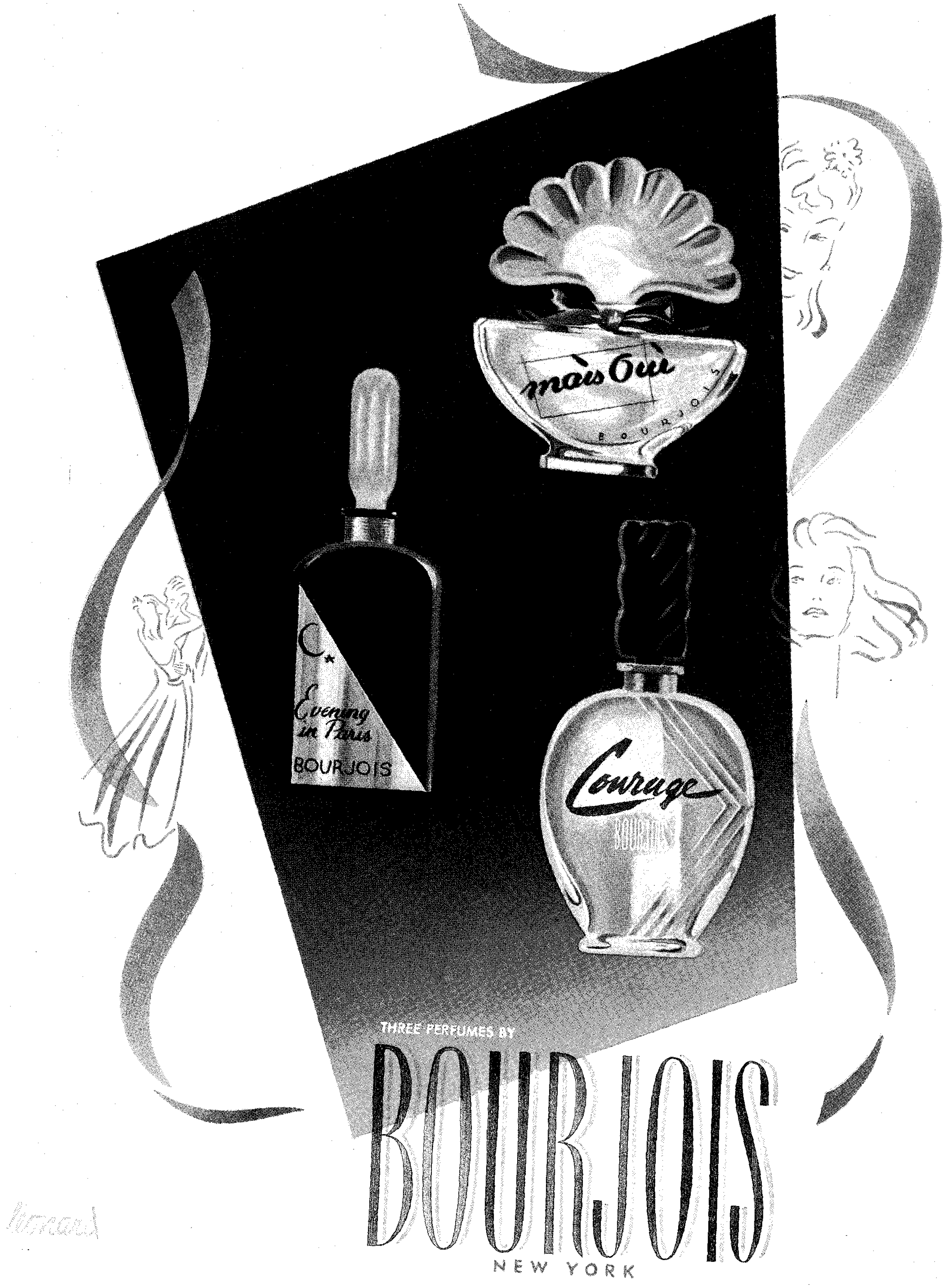
covers, curtains, valances, dressing-table petticoats, bedspreads, and even bed canopies, all at fixed charges for the work involved in making what you order, plus the cost of the materials you pick out. Macy's whole vast assortment of decorating fabrics is yours to choose from, among the materials being chintzes starting at thirty-nine cents a yard and some wonderful new rayon-and-cotton mixtures that are very reasonable facsimiles of the pure-silk satins and brocades of old. A flounced dressing-table skirt, made to measure, can be done for $1.98, in addition to the price of the fabric; the work on a handsomely draped swag valance will stand you all of ninety-eight cents. One of the curtain styles is an awfully pretty picture-frame arrangement for a cottage room. It's a wide, double frill, shirred upon curtain rods running across the top of the window and down both sides to the sill. This costs $2.98 to make, and if you used fabrics at about a dollar a yard, the total cost for an average-size window would come to $10 or so.

SOONER or later a home air-raid siren was bound to come along, and it looks as if Raid-O-Larm is it. The device, which costs $5 at Gimbels, is a small, boxlike attachment for radios that *any radio serviceman or the family* tinkerer can hook up in no time. Once it's installed, you have only to tune in on a twenty-four-hour station and switch the alarm-box knob to "Alert" to be assured of an instant signal (a piercing whistle that you couldn't possibly mistake for anything else) in the event of an alarm. The switch to "Alert" makes the station's regular broadcast inaudible, and don't ask me how it all works. Naturally, the thing is likely to be most appreciated in rural districts, where sirens often are either nonexistent or else can't be heard by half the far-flung population, but I suppose jittery city folk, as well, may find it comforting to know there's something in the house that will tip them off to an impending raid even before the municipal sirens get busy. —B. B.

AS TO MEN

Cold Facts

NO doubt about it, all New Yorkers are going to be somewhat colder than usual this winter, for whether or not fuel rationing works any real hardships, it's a safe bet that most buildings aren't going to be kept as warm as they once were. Moreover, some people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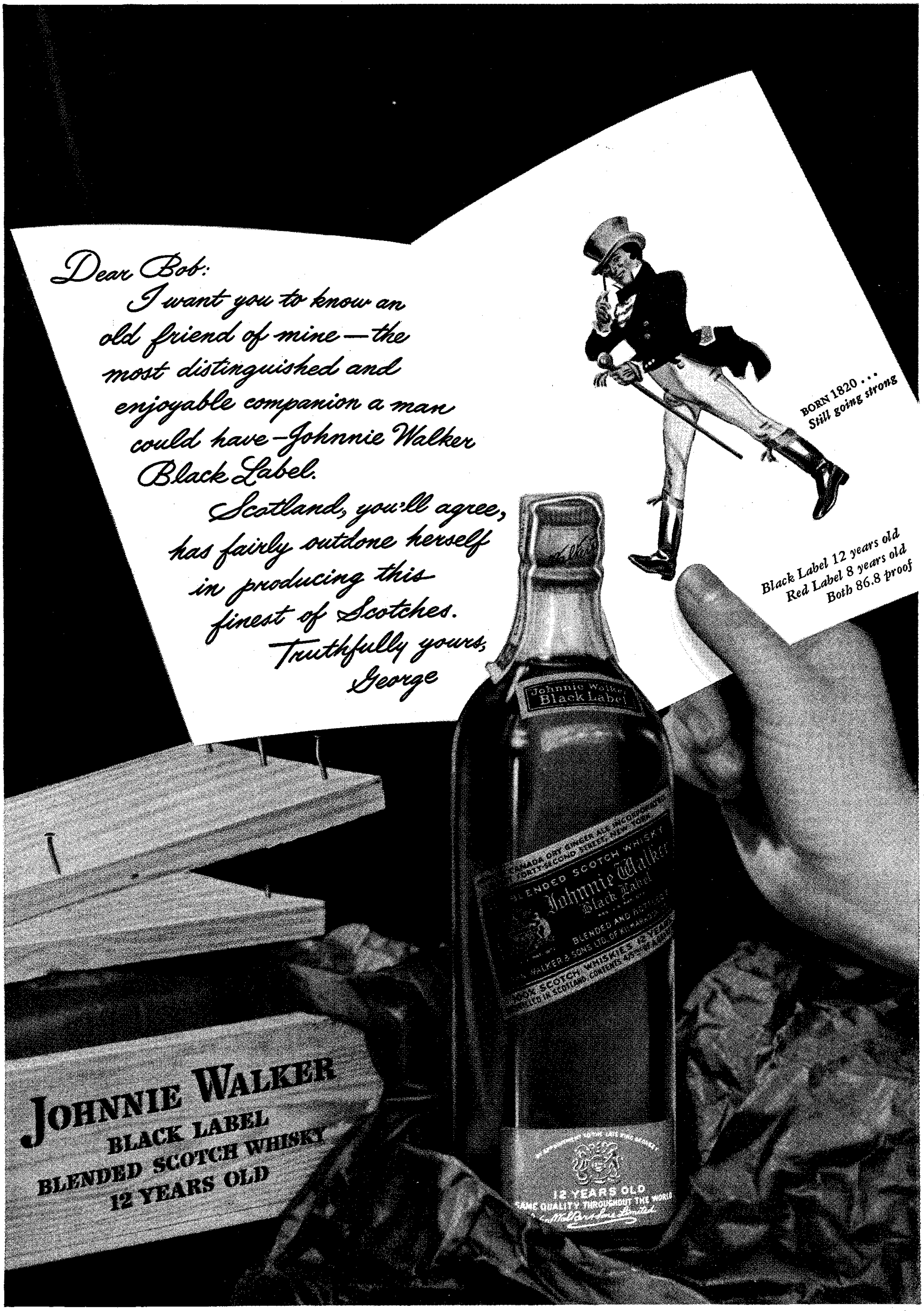

Dear Bob:
I want you to know an old friend of mine—the most distinguished and enjoyable companion a man could have—Johnnie Walker Black Label.
Scotland, you'll agree, has fairly outdone herself in producing this finest of Scotches.
Truthfully yours,
George

BORN 1820 . . .
Still going strong

Black Label 12 years old
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JOHNNIE WALKER
BLACK LABEL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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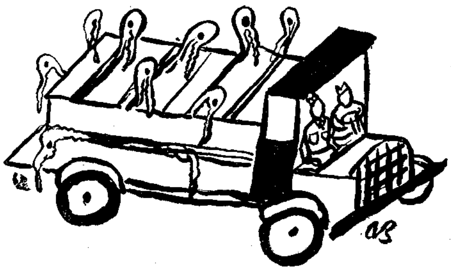
12 YEARS OLD
SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INCORPORATED, NEW YORK, N. Y. • *SOLE IMPORTER* hereabouts are going to be a whole lot colder, and I refer, of course, to those worthies who once led sheltered lives but now do outdoor civilian-defense chores at all hours. Inasmuch as we are plainly in for a season in which simple, heavy, durable clothing will be the best clothing, I've been checking up on what the shops have to offer in this field.

We might as well start off with sweaters, since they're equally useful indoors and out. De Pinna shows a soft, all-wool, V-necked pullover in tan or heather blue; $6.45. Tripler has a Scotch pullover of cashmere and lamb's wool, a mixture that is a little heavier and longer-wearing than pure cashmere; it comes in tan, gray, or blue, and costs $12. (Older men, in particular, may prefer the shop's oxford-gray cardigan of the same material.) A sleeveless sweater at Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), is made of ribbed Scotch alpaca and has a V neck, which goes well with a coat and tie. The sweater is reversible and has a different color on each side—tan and green, say, or yellow and gray; $22.50.

Heavyweight shirts, sufficiently like ordinary business shirts to be worn as such, should also come in handy. Lord & Taylor offer some at $6, made of a fabric that is twenty per cent wool and eighty per cent cotton, which have attached collars and, though a good deal snugger, are not much different in appearance from their broadcloth or madras equivalents; Abercrombie & Fitch have warmer ones, at $8.50, of a material that is fifty per cent wool. The shirts at both places come in the conventional white, blue, tan, gray, or light yellow.

OF course, a man who expects to be on night shifts as a plane-spotter or air-raid warden will want a couple of *really* heavy shirts, such as some husky blue- or brown-and-white checked flannel ones I saw at Brooks; $7.50. Not quite so rugged, but still good and warm, are a number of plaid shirts at Altman which are made of a heavy rayon-and-cotton material, imported



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If he's in military service, he prefers something handsome, leathery, and *practical.* We've an unlimited selection of gifts thoughtfully planned to meet his new specifications . . . good-looking, durable kits and cases for use in every branch of the Service . . . all typical of the quality and craftsmanship in leather identified with the Mark Cross name.

Our popular Army-Navy Game Set with regular and gin cards...and three kinds of dice (straight, poker, and put—'n—take). Army or Navy twill, leather bound, $8.50; pigskin, $11.50.

He'll conveniently 'chuck' his toilet articles into this 6" x 9" Utility Case in stout Havana hide. Lined with oil-silk...adjustable loops for his razor, toothbrush, comb, etc. $9.50.

Safety Cache . . . our billfold with sterling silver chain, to wear around his neck while asleep (he'll remove the chain by day). Pigskin, $9, plus 10% Federal excise tax.

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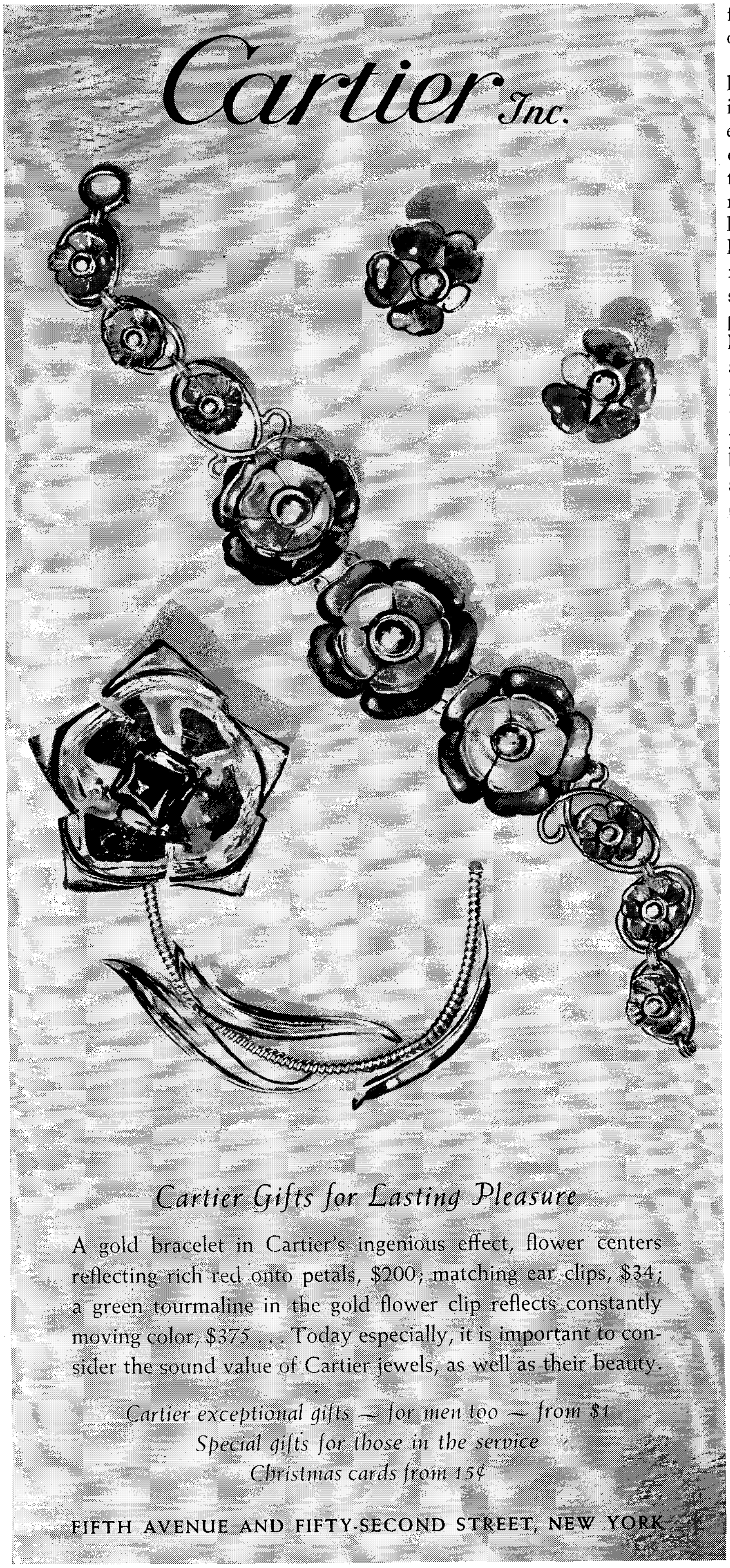

Cartier Inc.

Cartier Gifts for Lasting Pleasure

A gold bracelet in Cartier's ingenious effect, flower centers reflecting rich red onto petals, $200; matching ear clips, $34; a green tourmaline in the gold flower clip reflects constantly moving color, $375 . . . Today especially, it is important to consider the sound value of Cartier jewels, as well as their beauty.

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FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

from England and much stouter than ordinary shirting; $3.40.

However, a sturdy overcoat, short or long, is the mainstay of anyone facing long outdoor vigils. Macy offers an excellent heavy, three-quarter-length one of olive-drab gabardine that is practically impervious to cold, wind, and rain. It is a belted model with a fleece lining and wombat collar, and has wristlets sewed into its sleeves; $38.75. Altman shows a belted jacket made of showerproof gabardine with a wool-pile lining, zipper front, and detachable hood; $29. Lord & Taylor's jacket at about the same price is a poplin one with a button front and a sheepskin lining that can be zipped out. At Abercrombie, you'll find a three-button, double-breasted jacket of cotton gabardine with a quilted goose-down lining and plenty of room in the shoulders; $50.

A year ago long underwear was possibly something you thought of only in connection with camping trips and classical music, but now the prospect of a cold winter in town may give this homely subject more immediate interest. Lord & Taylor have some white, finely knitted two-piece suits that are forty per cent wool and cost $8, and Wanamaker has the old iron-gray longies of childhood memory (two-piece, though, for adults) that are half wool and priced at $2.75 a garment. Abercrombie, in a fairly fancy mood, offers extremely light and warm long underwear made of natural brown cashmere; $27.50.

In the way of cold-weather outdoor accessories, Brooks has a gabardine vest with a wool-pile lining, and Abercrombie a cotton-poplin one that is lined with goose down and has a zipper front. Altman shows knitted woollen helmets in olive drab or navy wool with double thickness over the ears. Brooks' "bib" is something new in these parts, so far as I know. Made of knitted olive-drab wool, it consists simply of a turtleneck collar and a flap that hangs down like a dress-shirt front over the chest.

A FEW notes on winter wear for everyday life around the city: De Pinna has a straight-hanging topcoat made of gray, blue, or brown West of England covert; $75. . . . Tripler's rugged trench coat of Egyptian-cotton gabardine with a button-in wool lining can practically take the place of a greatcoat; $70. . . . Brooks shows its highly conservative Salisbury coat of dark-blue Sardinian cloth; $90 with silk lining through the sleeves and shoulders. . . . Rogers Peet still have overcoats made of blue, black, or tobacco-brown Montagnac, that tough but fluffy French material; $125. . . . At Saks, you'll find double-breasted business suits made of an oxford-gray unfinished British worsted with a pin stripe; $100.

One Thing and Another: Saks has olive-drab felt slippers with wool linings, and Rogers Peet have some fleece-lined low boots with zippered fronts—both fine to have around the house in case the heat is shut off early. . . . Abercrombie shows warm and informal all-wool brown covert slacks; $22. . . . Lord & Taylor have plain heavy wool English dressing gowns ($28.50), and Sulka, at 661 Fifth Avenue (52nd), shows a one-button smoking jacket of maroon Scotch flannel, warm but light, in a herringbone weave ($72.50). . . . This is no time to throw away a good pair of shoes just because the soles and heels are worn—not, at least, if you know a repair shop like B. Nelson, at 10 East 39th Street, an establishment which has been active for over half a century. A pair of new leather soles and heels here costs $3.50, and resoling includes replacing the steel shanks which support the insteps. It takes ten days to do the job and your shoes come back looking pretty much as they did when you bought them.

—Plaid

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THERE were many people, way back a couple of careless years ago, who had come to dread Christmas as a chore, and had even been heard to murmur the word "racket" in connection with the festive season. Now, however, when so many ties between families and friends have been geographically severed, the warmth of such relationships and the significance of the thoughtful gesture have been intensified, making us feel that the exchange of gifts will be more spontaneous this year than it has been for some time. In the columns to follow, we will try to suggest gifts that are both charming and useful, and, as far as possible, we will try to avoid extravagant gadgetry in favor of the wholesome good cheer that has been too long forgotten as an essential of the Christmas season.

Let us briefly remind you that we have no shopping service and reiterate our annual plea that you hang onto this and subsequent installments of our gift suggestions until you have checked the last name off your list. We would also call attention to the fact that weeks and weeks ago—in our issue of October 10th, to be exact—we went extensively into the subject of gifts for men in the armed forces. The point, of course, was that we wanted to be well ahead of the November 1st deadline for presents going to anyone serving overseas. We hope you followed our advice and kept that issue to help you in your shopping for gifts for men stationed in this country, because, as we noted then, the recommendations in it were designed to ring the bell with servicemen the world around. Owing to the long voyages involved, we intentionally slighted food at that time and therefore discuss the matter more fully this week.

And so we get under way by considering these subjects:

Christmas cards, below
Stationery and playing cards, page 74
Handkerchiefs, page 76
Food for servicemen, page 77

Here goes:

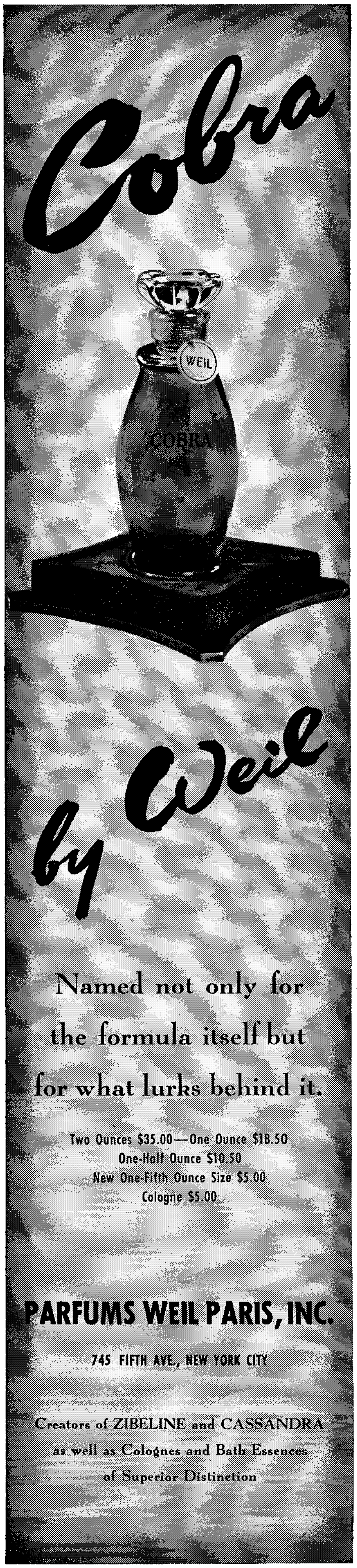
Christmas Cards

AFTER too many years of metal, cellophane, pastels, and other tricks that frantically tried to make something modern of Christmas, the Christmas cards this season show a great swing back to tradition that is very comforting. A big revival of holly and sleigh bells, snow men and Madonnas, coaching scenes and hearth fires seems to be under way, and it could not have come at a better time, for there are going to be too many lonely Christmases to make much downright gaga stuff seem right. Everywhere you'll see the beautiful cards of the American Artists Group, designed by such craftsmen as Rockwell Kent, Adolf Dehn, and Dale Nichols, and costing from a mere nickel to a quarter apiece. The Designers and Illustrators cards are everywhere, too, and are, by and large, saucier.

So much for the general picture. For detailed information on the specialties of some of the best card counters in town, read on:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Louis Gehring's original water colors of upland game birds and waterfowl are called Christmas cards, though obviously, at $5 each and ready for framing, they're a good deal more than that. Of course, there are also plenty of other beauties here, for sportsmen to send and receive, that don't run nearly so high.

Altman: Hand-painted cards by a newcomer called Bridget include gay themes,



Named not only for the formula itself but for what lurks behind it.

Two Ounces $35.00—One Ounce $18.50
One-Half Ounce $10.50
New One-Fifth Ounce Size $5.00
Cologne $5.00

PARFUMS WEIL PARIS, INC.
745 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Creators of ZIBELINE and CASSANDRA
as well as Colognes and Bath Essences
of Superior Distinction

The initial New York appearance of the sensational Latin American dancer

ALBERTO TORRES *and his 4 beautiful dancers*

THE PITCHMEN
Comedy stars of "Sons of Fun"

STANLEY MELBA
and his Orchestra

in the informal

Cotillion room

Continuous music, 2 shows nightly. Selective Dinner **$3.** Supper Cover: **$1** Weekdays; **$1.50** Fridays and Saturdays.

DANCING and ENTERTAINMENT SUNDAYS From 6 P.M.—No Cover

The popular Cafe Pierre with dance music during cocktails, dinner and supper

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

A Harvest of Talent
IN THE *Rainbow Room*
Informal for the duration

Leo Reisman
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

The distinguished dancer
HELEN *Tamiris*
assisted by
IDA SOYER and MILTON FEHER
and company in
American Themes

The comedy star
LEONARD *Elliott*
with **IRMA JURIST,** pianist

The talented singer
VICTORIA *Cordova*

Dacita
AND HER RHUMBA BAND

Reservations Circle 5-9000 *Rockefeller Center*

such as an appealing little boy with large yellow shoes and turned-in toes suspended from the branch of a Christmas tree; sixty cents. Non-Bridget but charming: a perky baby deer, with a holly wreath around its neck, standing under the mistletoe; five cents.

BEACON BOOK SHOP, 46 East 46th: Polish artists contribute brilliantly colored religious cards, generously splashed with gold, showing angels hovering over cathedrals and trumpeters bravely proclaiming peace on earth; ten cents. Hand-colored Mexican cards of native scenes, too; fifteen cents.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: Single blue sheets with red-and-white scrolls down the centre forming a Christmas-tree design on which to write your own message; $12 a hundred, and beautiful. Exclusive Agnes Schleicher card: an angel with silver-metal-foil wings resting against a mammoth gold-metal star; $8.50 a dozen, including name.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM: Among classic religious cards in lovely colors are reproductions of the Sistine Madonna and Correggio's "Virgin and Child;" twenty-five for $6.50, including name. Copies of water colors of Manhattan scenes, for those many far away New Yorkers on your list this year, include views of Trinity Church and Radio City; fifty cents. Very much in the old British tradition: a horse's head surrounded by small hunting scenes. Very much in the new one: a convoy of ships, quite obviously going somewhere and spiritedly flying the Union Jack. Either kind, twenty-five for $9.25, including name.

BLOOMINGDALE: Well—there are about sixty books of samples with dozens of cards in each, so take your pick. Asking to see the full layout of the American Artists Group's cards is a good way to start off. Also, don't overlook the reproductions of old Chinese paintings being sold for China Relief; twelve for ninety-eight cents.

BRENTANO: Special sections of cards for Christian Scientists and cards in Braille have been thoughtfully provided here, but that doesn't mean the general populace has been slighted. Strong on British cards—box of twelve English countryside and cathedral scenes; $1. Twelve American scenes, from coast to coast, on a calendar; also $1.

CARTIER: The good old Christmas tree trimmed with good old colored balls and cornucopias makes one of eight cards you won't find anywhere else, another being a view of the good old Triborough and Hellgate Bridges; twenty-five cents. Cards for a colonel, maybe, or a commander: "Merry Christmas," semaphored by soldiers or conveyed by Navy signal flags; $35 a hundred, including name.

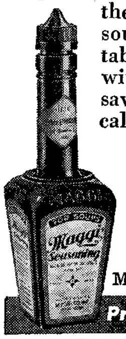
DUTTON, 270 Park Avenue (48th): More English cards, this time reproductions of works that are, or were once, sheltered in the British Museum; thirty and forty cents. Livelier numbers, the work of a Russian, though you'd never guess it: three blithe angels traipsing through a snowy forest, ringing bells and tootling horns; ten cents.

GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Six black-and-white winter scenes of Bucks County, done by six of the gifted

"I'm having my husband for dinner, tonight..."

"Jim's always *company*—at my table. When he compliments my cooking, I fairly burst with pride. Naturally, the place of honor in my kitchen is reserved for Maggi's Seasoning."

Take a tip from this smart wife. Turn your simplest meal into a tasteful treat—bring out the true, natural flavors of your soups, sauces, salad dressings, vegetables, meat and fish dishes, etc. with Maggi's Seasoning. Budget saving, too! Gives those economical leftovers 'first serve' taste appeal



MAGGI'S SEASONING
MAGGI CO., Inc., 76 Varick St., N.Y.C.
Promotes Natural Food Flavors

DESPARD & CO.
BROKERS & ADJUSTERS
for over 60 years
ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE
ONE CEDAR STREET • NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: HANOVER 2-6363
CABLES: DESPARD, NEW YORK

Praise the Lord and Pass the Nutrition

You really have something to be thankful for when you dine at the Alexandra. All of our meals have the sort of nutrition you need these days.

Luncheon 12 to 3 P.M.
Dinner with champagne cocktail $1.25
Served weekdays 5-8:30 P.M.
Sundays noon to 8:30 P.M.

alexandra
8 East 49th St., N. Y. C. Pl. 3-1542

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
Champs-Elysées
Famous for the Special Dinner
25 E. 40 ST. N.Y. • MU 4-8833

squires down that way; fifteen cents. Agnes Schleicher turns up again, this time with designs that include one of the most charming snow men in a town full of them; twenty-five for $7.50, including name. Loads of sprightly cards at a nickel and a dime.

Lord & Taylor: Seventeen exclusive designs by the masterly Dorothy Simmons, and a real Christmas-tree-and-wreath atmosphere in which to make your choice. Simmons takes everything, from polar bears and pussycats to crèches and Madonnas, in her stride; $5.50 and up for twenty-five, including name.

Macy: Copies of the first Christmas card ever printed (seems it was somebody's bright idea back in 1842) are $6.34 for twenty-five, including name. The granddaddy of all the thousands of cards Macy shows today has just about everything on it, too—Yule diners, dancers, singers, etc., etc.

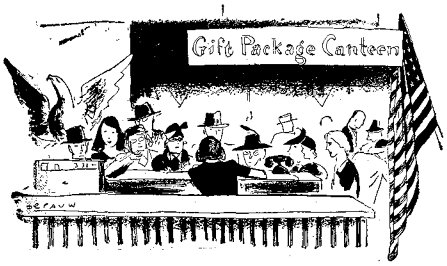
Metropolitan Museum of Art: Much the same old story, and a good one—reproductions of the Museum's masterpieces on cards and bookmarks; from five cents to a quarter. News: reproductions of Spanish Colonial paintings from New Mexico that somehow look modernistic, and a number of wonderful Chinese wood-block prints.

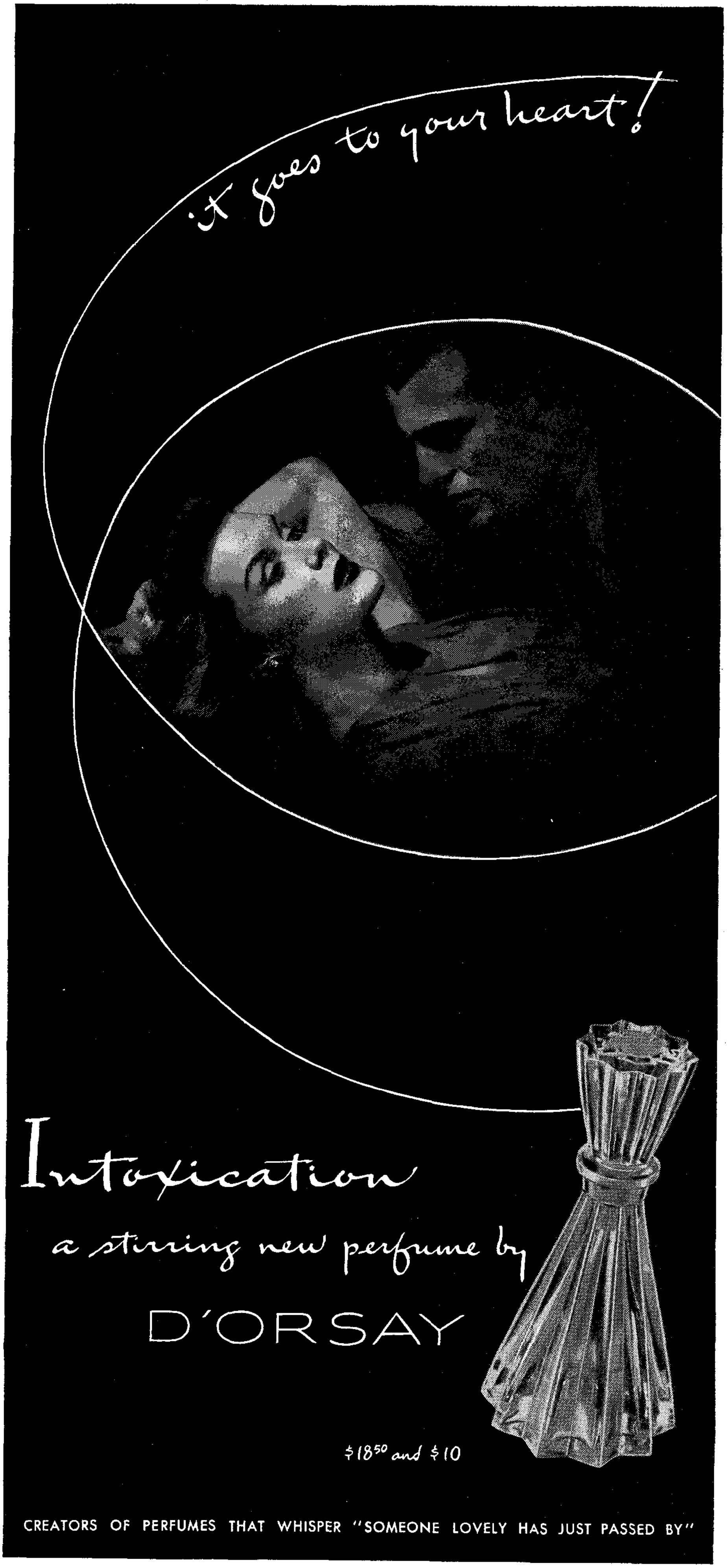
National Alliance of Art and Industry, 119 East 19th: The Alliance's big studio, with armchairs and an open fireplace, acts like novocain on shopping nerves. One of several original watercolored cards by a Polish-American artist shows three little girls waiting outside a store while Ma (seen through the window) shops for gifts within; $1, and unusual. In another batch there's a sweet angel with white lambs—some nestling in her star-sprinkled robe and one resting in her arms; twenty-five for $6, including name.

Putnam, 2 West 45th: Given two weeks, they'll make up a hundred cards from your favorite negative for $12. Hand-painted cards show silvery snowflakes in the shape of angels against a leaden sky; ten cents. Touching things from Switzerland, such as a Christ child welcoming a little black sheep into a fold of white ones; five cents.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Brunette angels, for a change, and all very gay. One peers into a mirror as she places a sprig of holly in her halo; a group of them prance about a Maypole, their dark locks either topped by straw hats or held back by red ribbons; twenty-five for $6.20, including name.

Scribner, 597 Fifth Avenue (48th): Folded cards with nice, plain flowers like clovers or pansies (or with birds, if you prefer) on their covers and plenty of plain space inside for writing a good, long personal message; five and ten

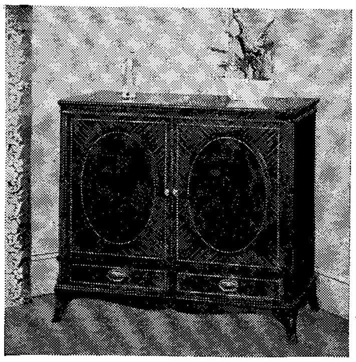




it goes to your heart!
Intoxication
a stirring new perfume by
D'ORSAY
$18⁵⁰ and $10
CREATORS OF PERFUMES THAT WHISPER "SOMEONE LOVELY HAS JUST PASSED BY"

The **NEW** *Brunswick has* **"IT"**

- exquisitely styled in the graceful Hepplewhite tradition.
- superb true-tone clarity at concert or "whisper" volume.
- a de luxe Panatrope record changer plays 12 ten inch or 10 twelve inch records. Stops automatically when last record has been played.
- permanent jewelled sapphire plays over 5,000 records without bothersome changing of needles.



The Kensington
MODEL 600DR
DE LUXE PANATROPE
RADIO COMBINATION

Compare it with any radio-phonograph instrument in the $400 range . . . a fortunate factory purchase enables us to offer this marvelous instrument now for immediate delivery at **$350.**

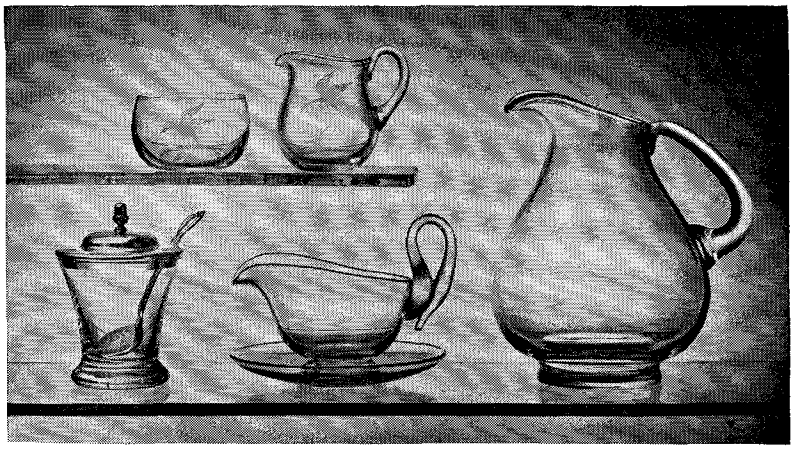
[*Limited Number . . . No More for the Duration*]

Come In — Hear It at Knabe's Brunswick Salon

Knabe

Don't Wait for Christmas
Reserve Yours Now

584 Fifth Ave. at 47th St., N. Y. C.



GIFTS OF MERIT

on our second floor

A splendid choice . . . excellent values . . . in Christmas gifts

Orrefors crystal sugar and creamer. Engraved bird decoration. Pr.	**$15**
Crystal jam jar, pewter cover and spoon . . . . 3 pcs.	**$5**
Crystal sauce boat and tray . . . . 2 pcs.	**$8.50**
Kensington crystal pitcher, 1¾ *qts.*	**$8.50**

Shown above are a few examples. Quantities of individual items are limited, but we have many comparable styles and prices.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET
ALSO AT OUR WHITE PLAINS AND EAST ORANGE STORES

cents. And don't forget the shop's charming copies of Currier & Ives prints at a nickel and up.

TIFFANY: Magnificent religious cards from England, all very mystical and delicately colored; $40 and $45 a hundred, including name. A subdued skating scene in Central Park at dusk, with the statue of a Pilgrim Father in the background; $35 a hundred, including name. Airier subjects: a blue Christmas tree decorated with red-and-white tinsel and quotations from well-known Christmas jingles; $22 a hundred, including name.

WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOKSHOP, 27 West 8th: Lots of scenes for those who have a soft spot in their hearts for the Village. There's the Arch at night, for instance, with a crowd of neighbors gathered around a lighted outdoor tree in the pre-dimout days; ten cents. Plain red-and-blue cards with nothing printed on them except "Merry Christmas," leaving the rest up to you; ten cents.

YOUNG BOOKS, 714 Madison Avenue (64th): English copies of old prints. You know—squires with their dogs and high-hatted gentry fly-casting in the correct way; from twenty-five cents. Whimsical bits, too, such as an anxious little green bird watering a row of holly leaves, one of which just won't grow; five cents.

Stationery and Playing Cards

AS you might expect, there is a terrific demand for airmail papers this year, and everywhere you'll find big white single sheets of it accompanied by envelopes on whose tissue linings are printed blue or Dubonnet airplanes. Saks-Fifth Avenue have some lightweight white sheets with red and blue horizontal shirting stripes ($2.25 for a hundred sheets and half as many envelopes), and Macy has some in solid colors, like oxford blue, terra cotta, and chartreuse, with small white envelopes lined in the color of the paper ($2.34 for fifty sheets and envelopes). Cartier likes its lightweight paper to be sufficiently opaque for writing on both sides and favors single or double blue sheets with unlined envelopes that may or may not bear the inscription "Air Mail" in color; $1.75 for fifty sheets and thirty envelopes. Georg Jensen also has opaque sheets in pale shades of gray with darker horizontal stripes and borders of the same color; $5 for two hundred sheets and one hundred envelopes.

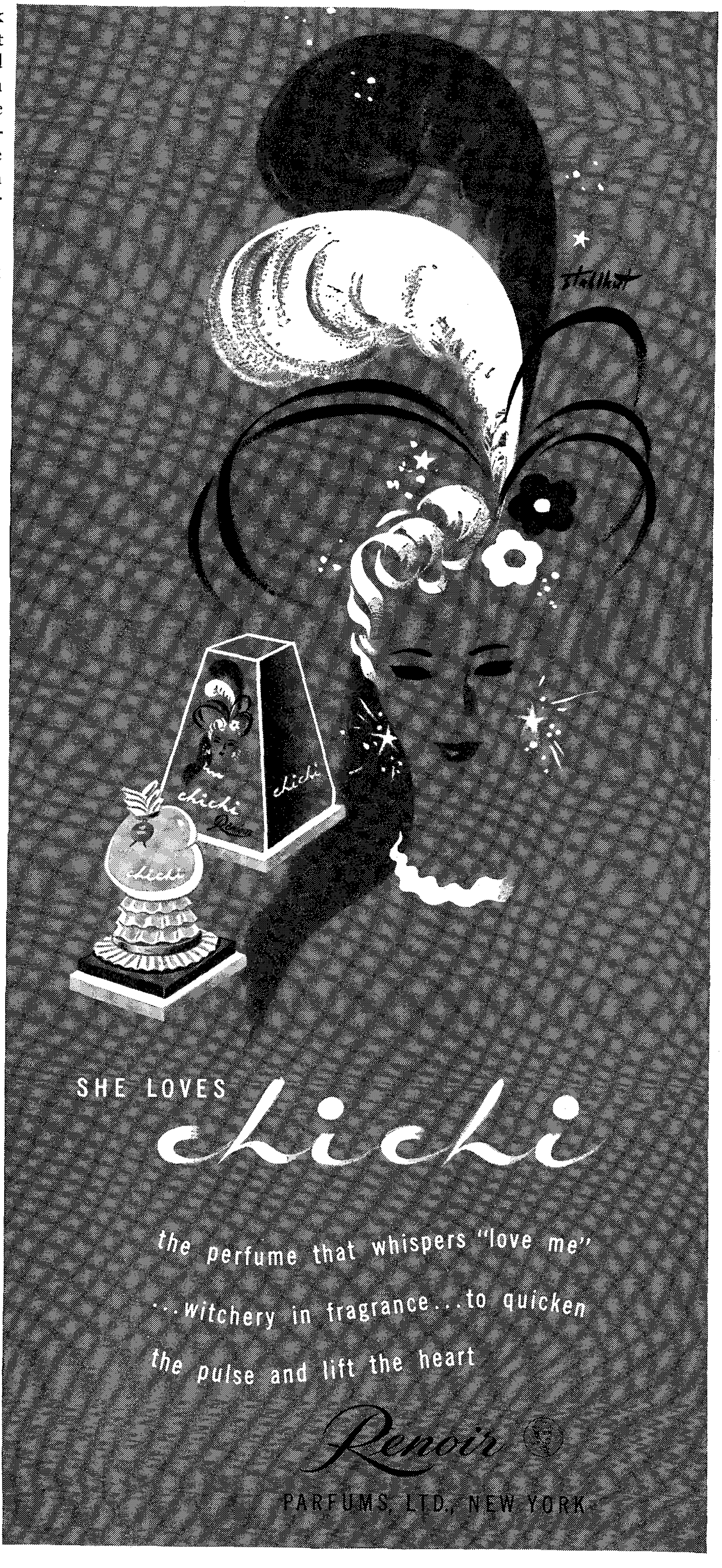
As for heavier papers, Bergdorf Goodman's superb stationery department offers squares (seven inches) that fold over once and come in heavenly colors—soft blue with a cerise border, gray with a turquoise one, and so on; $5 for seventy-two sheets and fifty envelopes. There are even larger sheets here (ten inches square) in white with delft blue or the shop's favorite gray with yellow, and both are elegant as all getout.

The newest engraved-monogram trick at Bergdorf consists in spelling the first name in delicate, tall, thin letters and superimposing the last name over it in chunky ones. Black, Starr & Gorham are partial to short, wide, folded sheets—light tan, say, with a brown-and-white border—that have a monogram high in the upper right-hand corner ($5.50 for fifty sheets and envelopes, unmarked), and Saks' newest offerings are white sheets, as long and narrow as a bank blotter, with a double border in blue and red and a monogram in the upper *left*-hand corner ($3.50 for fifty sheets and envelopes, unmarked). Tiffany dotes on gray music-stripe paper, with bands of fine darker gray lines across it and a green border and monogram; $1.55 a quire, unmarked.

There is nothing more useful than a penny postcard for things like scrawled warnings to friends to expect you in town on the sixth. The Post Office ones being on the dreary side, Lord & Taylor show some in blue, with a border in darker blue, that are handsome indeed; sixty-five cents for a box of fifty.

You'll find gay things in children's stationery everywhere, some of the gayest being Lord & Taylor's Chitter Chatter sheets bordered with jive phrases incomprehensible to parents, like "What's Stewin' Bruin?" and "What's Steamin' Demon?;" fifty-nine cents for twenty-four sheets and envelopes. Small boys will love the khaki or navy sailcloth duffelbags in which Macy does up twenty sheets of notepaper and envelopes, printed with pictures of animals and children; ninety-four cents.

THE newest playing cards are called Airplane Spotters and are sure to infuriate serious bridge players. Each card, in addition to the usual markings on its face, portrays one of fifty-two planes belonging to four belligerents—England, the United States, Japan, and Germany. Decks of these doubtless instructive cards cost fifty cents and are to be found everywhere. The Kem washable cards ($6.50 for two decks, and you know all about their being washable) are still a treasured gift. Bergdorf, chummy as anything, marks the backs of some of its cards with the names of any host and hostess—thus "Gin with Sally and Joe" or "Bridge with Marge and Pete;" $3 for two decks. Scribner, among others, harbors cards with Army, Navy, or Marine insignia on the backs; $1.50 for two decks. Abercrombie remains true to its pet stunt for game-playing families—putting the photographs of your friend's country


Stahlhut
chichi
chichi
chichi
SHE LOVES
chichi
the perfume that whispers "love me"
...witchery in fragrance...to quicken
the pulse and lift the heart
Renoir
PARFUMS, LTD., NEW YORK

For new adventures in superlative food ask

Lucius Beebe

WHERE TO DINE

If you pine for rare delicacies or merely for cooking and service which makes a new adventure of eating the lowly potato, take a tip from the famed columnist, Lucius Beebe. The results of his wide study of foods and dining places are now yours for the asking. Address Lucius Beebe, Room 2473, 120 Broadway, New York City.

A Brandy with Distinctive Subtlety of Flavor

LEJON
BRANDY
84 Proof

Brandies by the costly pot-still method blended with rich conventional types

Now comes a brandy produced by a new development bringing subtlety of flavor reminiscent of France's finest cognacs—Lejon Brandy.

We make two distinctive brandies by the slow, costly pot-still method, and blend them with the fuller-bodied brandy produced the conventional way. This retains the subtle dryness of pot-still types and the rich flavor traditional with California Brandy—producing a flavor and character closely rivaling long-famous imports.

Order Lejon Brandy at finer hotels, clubs and restaurants. Get bottles for home use at better wine merchants. Distributed by National Distillers Products Corporation, New York City.

LEJON

HARTLEY—
a dry sherry with rare "nutty" flavor

Long study of the subtle shadings which make for fine flavor has produced a unique American dry sherry—HARTLEY, by Lejon. Its rare "nutty" flavor is pronounced superior to some of the costly imports.

house, dog, baby, or whatever on the backs of playing cards; $30 for a dozen decks, and you'd better place your order well before the last-minute jam.

Handkerchiefs

AMERICAN women have long been hypnotized (and justifiably so, in the past) by the idea that a handkerchief, to be a really flattering gift, had to be made on the other side of an ocean. The offerings this season, therefore, come as a pleasant surprise, for they have crossed no large body of water to reach us and yet show great ingenuity and finesse. If anything, handkerchiefs seem more decorative and romantic than usual, for the disposable-tissue influence has tended to do away with the need for banal, realistic squares to accommodate a cold in the head or hay fever.

In the matter of prints, the former urge to be tropically exotic in the use of color has given way to a feeling for more subtle displays. Not that you can't still find vivid colors, of course. Saks-Fifth Avenue, for example, show a large square of brilliant-red Egyptian cotton that is as soft as batiste and has snail shells printed on it; $1.50. Bergdorf Goodman suggest making up sets consisting of a sheer cotton handkerchief and a matching silk scarf which can be twisted into a turban or folded like an ascot, and the patterns on these are often copies of old French screen prints of Oriental persuasion, with deep Persian blues, clear reds, and greens predominating; from sixty-five cents for the handkerchief and $5 for the scarf. Mosse, at 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd), also has beautiful handkerchief-and-scarf combinations made of sheer fabrics with cord borders and hand-rolled edges, in colors like sulphur, cherry red, and smoky gray. These are $3.75 a set, which includes the bold monogram you should ask for if you want utter perfection. (No monogramming here after December 1st.) For girls who never get enough of black and white, look at Macy's linen handkerchiefs with veritable zebra stripes; sixty-one cents.

Less obvious are the quantities of handkerchiefs with single-color flower designs outlined sketchily in black on white backgrounds. Sheer linen and cotton affairs with tape borders often have delicately embroidered garlands at their corners and posies scattered along their edges; they cost between $1 and $2.50 at such places as Bonwit Teller, Saks, and Grande Maison de Blanc, 746 Fifth Avenue (57th). At Best, you'll find lovely designs, among them black Spencerian pen flourishes

FINE GLOVES

*finger free
seamless palm

THE Merry Hull DEFENDER
$4.00
of fine washable South African capeskin

DANIEL HAYS
DANIEL HAYS
GLOVES SINCE 1854

* U. S. PATS. 2,125,673—2,194,934—2,226,604

Let's Talk Turkey
...ABOUT CATSUP!

What better time than Thanksgiving to change to this unique Catsup that makes food so much more appetizing! No other Catsup can give you flavor like it, because it's the only one in the world flavored with Tabasco*. Marvelous on Turkey!

RITTER
Tabasco* Flavored
CATSUP
P. J. RITTER COMPANY • Bridgeton, N. J.
*Our use of this product and its registered trademark is licensed by the McIlhenny Co.

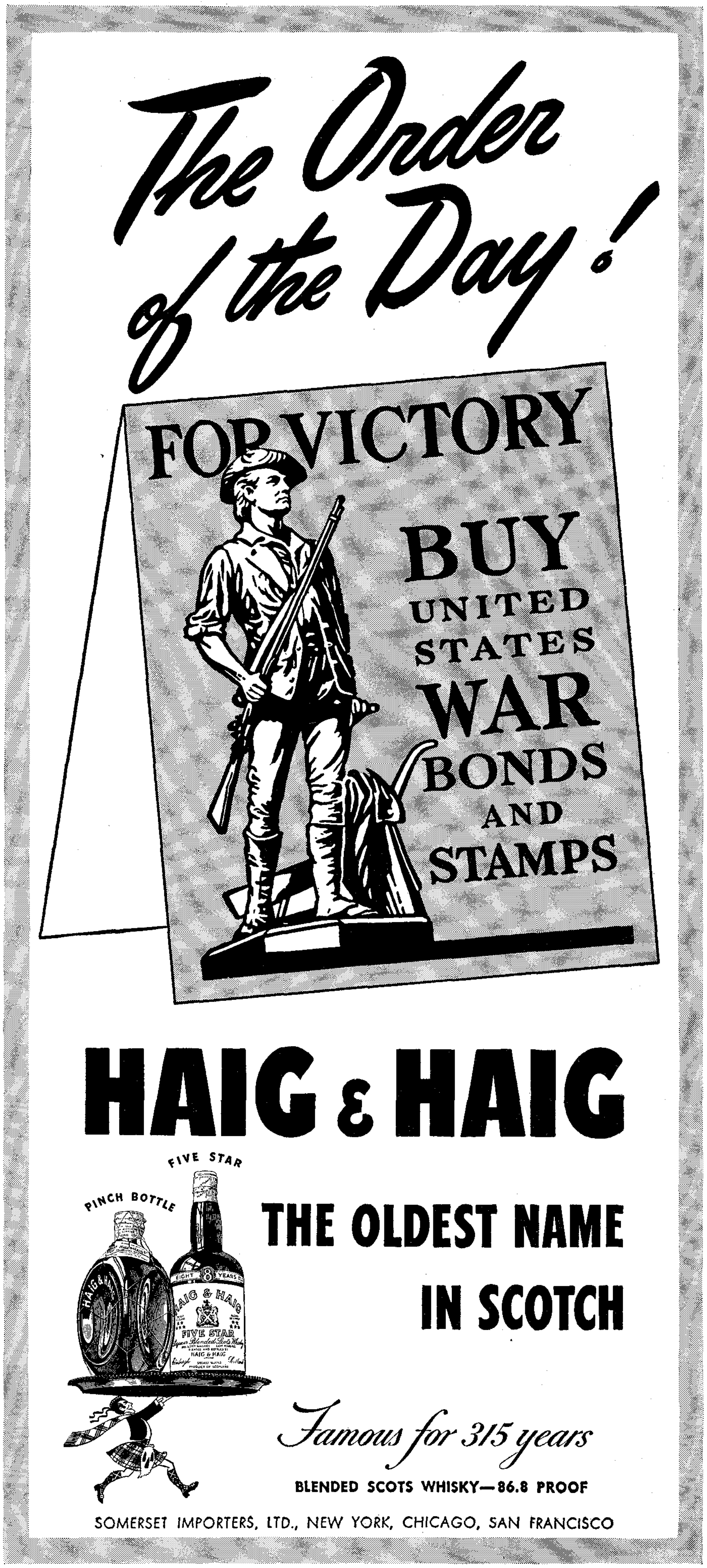
on clear-colored linen backgrounds; $1. Kargère, 714 Fifth Avenue (56th), likes cotton prints of maple, ailanthus, or elm leaves in surprising colors ($1) and is also fond of its little washable sheer silk-chiffon handkerchiefs printed in kaleidoscopic hues; fifty-five cents.

The quaint garden-flower type of print still has its staunch admirers. Customers invade McCutcheon daily to ask for the shop's flowery English hedgerow and garden prints made of Egyptian cotton and having rolled edges; twenty-five cents. A newer note is to be found in some flowery prints on a synthetic wonder fabric that is supposedly sneezeless for most allergic people, takes colors beautifully, and washes like linen. These are three for $1.10 at Best. Good old-rose patterns, brought up to date, in name at least, by a reference to Mrs. Miniver, are to be found all over, particularly at Lord & Taylor, where they appear on linen for sixty-five cents. Altman shows flower prints on sheer cottons that have clip-cord borders and are printed with floral designs—tulips, zinnias, and other bright numbers; seventy-five cents. For practical handkerchiefs, women like one-color things, such as some linen ones at Lord & Taylor that come in forty or more pastel or bright shades. These have hand-rolled edges, are priced at three for a dollar, and may be initialled (December 7th is the deadline) at a cost of eight cents a letter.

Fine laces are still available, although in diminishing quantities. Altman, Saks, Maison de Blanc, and McCutcheon have real duchesse, rose-point, and other laces on cobweb linen that your friend will want to put under glass at her bedside table; $15 and up and up. A practical note, where real laces are concerned, is a bit of fine linen edged with Val which Collart, 581 Madison Avenue (57th), sells for $3.95. Hand-spun linens, rare as chinchilla, are to be found, at prices we don't dare mention, at Mosse, Saks, and other de-luxe shops.

Food for Servicemen

FOR quite a while now we have suspected that there might be two sides to the problem of selecting eatables for men in training camps. With the dark suspicion that maybe some of those handsomely got-up boxes in the food shops represent not so much the fighting man's taste as the shopkeeper's, we have written dozens of letters to servicemen of our acquaintance and our friends' acquaintance asking what the boys really want to receive in the way of holiday fare. We now present suggestions gleaned from this correspondence. There is



The Order of the Day!

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

HAIG & HAIG

FIVE STAR
PINCH BOTTLE

THE OLDEST NAME IN SCOTCH

Famous for 315 years

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY—86.8 PROOF

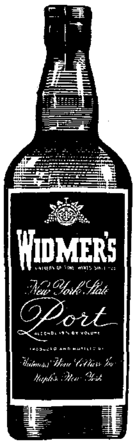
SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

THE WEDGWOOD ROOM
GRACIE FIELDS
SUPPER ONLY
GEORGES AND JALNA
DINNER & SUPPER
EMIL COLEMAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
DINNER & SUPPER
SUNDAY: Dinner-Dancing with Mischa Borr & his orchestra (No Cover)
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

The man who knows fine wines . . . *knows* Widmer's

SINCE 1888 the Widmer's—first the father and then the sons—have devoted their daily lives to the making of fine wines. Their cellars are a model of cleanliness; their vineyards—on the sun-drenched hillsides of Naples—are among the most highly prized in America. The result is that Widmer's Wines long since have won a high place in the esteem of those who take pride in the vintages they serve.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths
Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

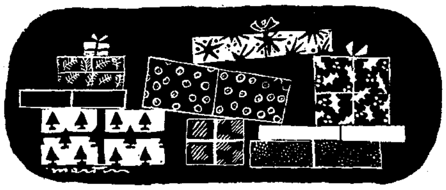


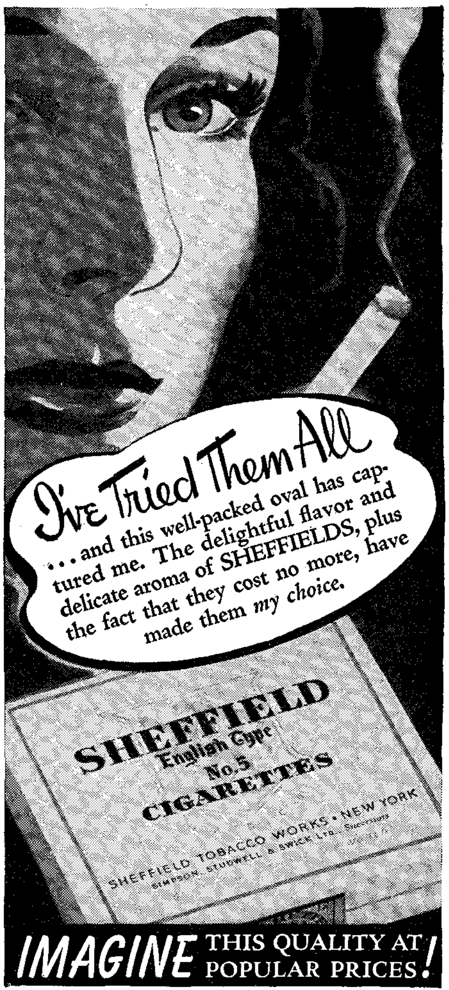
nothing the least new in our summary, and loving friends and relatives may feel, quite understandably, that there is nothing here halfway good enough for their particular hero. For that matter, we make no claim of merit for the suggestions which follow, except the modest one that they have been compiled from the point of view of the men in uniform. If we are wrong, then we shall never believe another Gallup poll as long as we live.

We assume that you have already done whatever you could about food for the men you know in service overseas, for it is now, of course, too late to get things to them in time for Christmas. The advice we are offering at this time applies only to food for men in camps here at home. Although it seems a rather negative way to begin, we shall start off by recording certain dislikes expressed so unanimously that we think they are worth passing on at once. Things disapproved of are, in order of emphasis: (1) patriotic emblems on boxes or wrappings or paper napkins or anything at all—with, as you might expect, an especially fierce growl at candy-filled soldier and sailor dolls; (2) carelessly packed boxes of squashy foods; (3) ready-put-up boxes obviously chosen by number or size without regard to the preferences of the man at the receiving end.

That about finishes the positive vetoes in regard to food gifts. In a class that gets a fairly low rating come jams and jellies and other messy foods which involve a lot of policing of barracks and cleaning of mess kits. Jams and jellies, with the exception of the guavas, are served regularly at camp meals and are consequently rather a drug on the market anyway. You'd better sound out your man before sending gifts which are greasy and not easily disposed of, such as a whole ham or a smoked turkey, as the necessary cleaning-up after such a feast might be considered too high a price to pay.

Before going on to more constructive advice, we should like to dispose of an apparently fairly general misapprehension concerning what happens to food gifts once they arrive at camp. There are plenty of things to worry about in this war, but one of them is not whether a man in training has any place to keep the eatables you send him or whether




I've Tried Them All . . . and this well-packed oval has captured me. The delightful flavor and delicate aroma of SHEFFIELDS, plus the fact that they cost no more, have made them *my* choice.

IMAGINE THIS QUALITY AT POPULAR PRICES!
SHEFFIELD
English Type
No. 5
CIGARETTES
SHEFFIELD TOBACCO WORKS • NEW YORK
SIMPSON, STUDWELL & SWICK LTD.

FOR YOUR MORALE...
Informal... no cover charge
Maisonette
AT THE ST. REGIS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET

LEROUX
Liqueurs
THE WORLD'S FINEST
LEROUX & CO., Inc. • Philadelphia • New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

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they will get stale or moldy or whatever. Nearly everything in those coveted boxes marked "Perishable" is eaten immediately upon arrival by just as many men as it can be divided among. There are rarely any leftovers except small packages of such things as hard candies or chewing gum or nuts, which are looked upon as a man's private property, to be kept in his pocket for his personal refreshment. No matter how enormous a mince pie or a chocolate cake you may send, the chances are that your darling will get no more than one slice of it and that the whole thing will be polished off within a few minutes after the box has been opened.

CANDY heads the list of favorites, and everything goes, from expensive chocolates to peanut brittle. There is a great demand for all kinds of hard fruit drops, for those strong glacier mints, for hopjes (or almost any coffee-flavored candies), for all crunchy confections containing nuts, and for toffee. The fruit drops can be bought at any dependable confectionery, and the glacier mints are to be found at, among other places, Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th); Hicks & Son, 660 Fifth Avenue (52nd); and Gina & Selma, 1038 Lexington Avenue (74th). Alice Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, has a fine assortment of delicious hard candies of a kind not easy to find—very sour and very good English lemon drops, molasses mints, homemade butterscotch drops, and lots of other similarly manageable candies. The Marks shop has three sizes of sturdy mailing bags which, filled with tins or boxes of these hard confections, make very welcome presents. Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, has a great variety of superior fruit drops, hopjes, toffee, and such things, all packed in glass or tin.

One of the refugees who supply Trade Winds, 56 East 55th Street, makes delicious hard coffee caramels, like the hopjes of other days, only rather better. Vendôme, 415 Madison (48th), has the usual hard candies, as well as some extremely popular homemade rum-frosted pecans and walnuts packed in glass jars, and those long bars of Spanish-style nougat—very hard and cram-full of nuts. Ugobono, at 406 Sixth Avenue (8th), makes a specialty of the same fine kind of nougat. Robert Day-Dean's, 4 East 57th, has good old-fashioned peanut brittle, which is very well thought of in the camps. Peanut brittle can be found, too, at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison (55th), where you can

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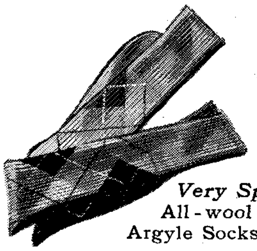

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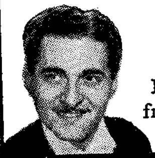

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also find crunchy homemade nut squares, coffee drops, and the like done up in small ten-cent bags, to be tucked into the cracks and corners of gift boxes.

CAKES get an almost equally unfailing welcome at camps. There seems to be literally no end to the demand for cookies and small hard cakes of the *Lebkuchen* variety. Exceptional delicately iced spice cakes of this sort are sold at Trade Winds, where you can also purchase a *Dobos Torte* which we might have thought too delicate for camp provender if dozens of delighted warriors hadn't written to the shop to tell of the importance of this confection in their particular contribution to the war effort. Nata Lee, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th), does delicious almond slices that are something like *Lebkuchen*, as well as good, rich cookies, brownies, and fruit cakes baked in individual molds. At Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street, you'll find Danish butter cookies done into curlicues and stars and things, and at the Woman's Exchange you can order the generous-sized, not-so-thin, variously flavored sort of cookie which seems to be exactly what most of the men want. The Exchange also has brownies and will take orders for fruit cakes big and little, and for an all-chocolate roll that travels well.

A perfectly magnificent present can be ordered from Mrs. John Claiborne, 109 North Union Street, Petersburg, Virginia, who turns out a fruit cake which probably will make your man feel as if he had just been given an extra furlough. Mrs. Claiborne does both white and black fruit cakes, and they're equally delicious; both contain a prodigal quantity of almonds and other hard-to-come-by ingredients and the white cake is moist and luscious with fresh coconut. Mailed direct to any camp, these cakes (in three- and five-pound sizes) cost $2.50 a pound. Other delicious fruit cakes can be ordered from Mrs. Jerome Ziegler, 145 East 92nd Street. Antoinette, 227 East 57th Street, makes fruit and pound cakes, and cookies too. Still other places where very good fruit cakes are to be found are Altman's Delicacy Shop, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, 12 Vanderbilt Avenue (43rd), which sells the same kind of fruit cake that used to be popular with customers of the old Charles.

A MINORITY vote, but a strong one all the same, is cast in favor of smoked sausages of the slicing variety. Their high seasoning, the men say,

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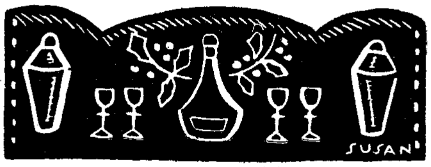
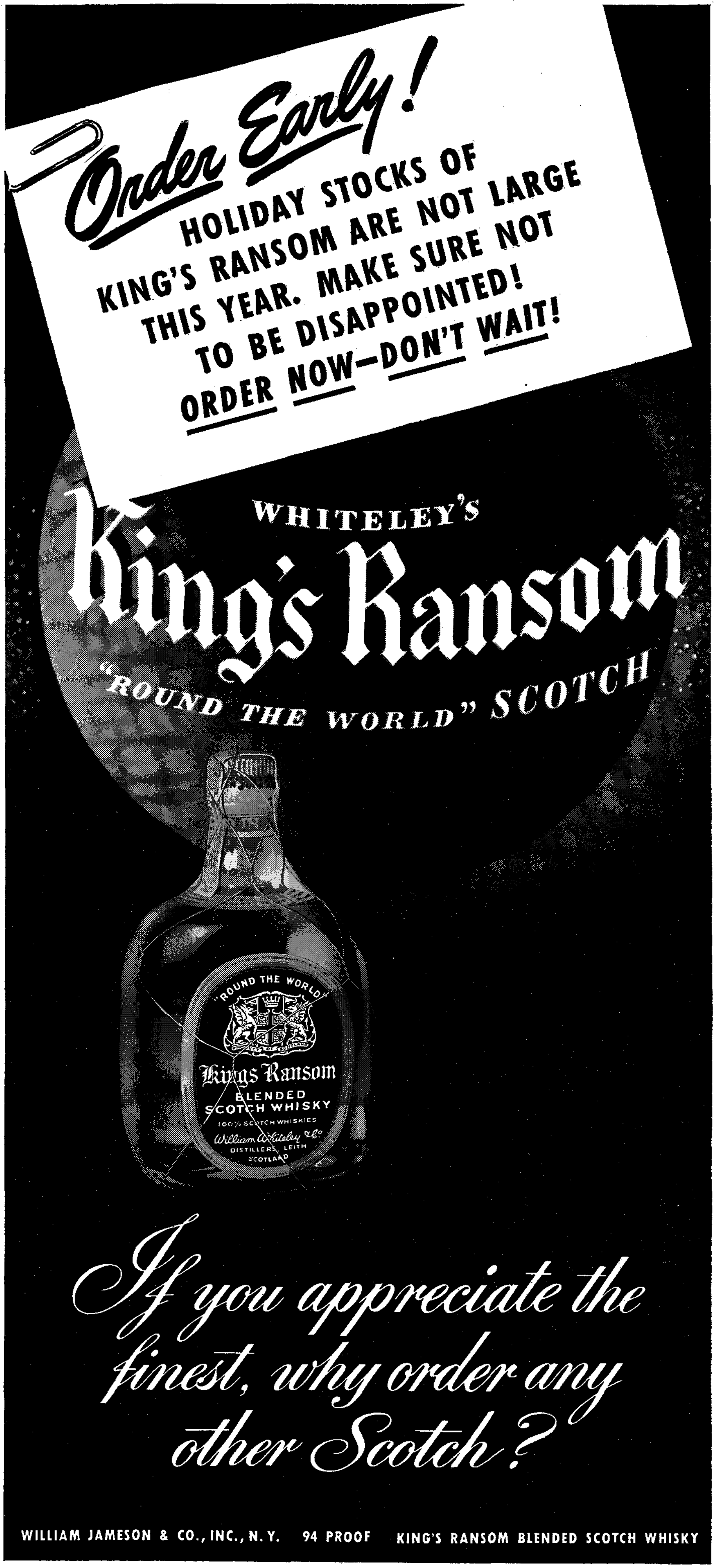
offers a pleasant change from Army cooking, and there is no muss involved in eating them. Morvay's Cheese Shop, 13 East 59th Street, has as fine an assortment of this sort of sausage as you will get anywhere. Maison Glass, Vendôme, and the Service Delicatessen, 1007 Lexington Avenue (72nd), also have the better kinds of smoked sausage, and so, for that matter, does Macy. A well-smoked homemade summer sausage of which we think very highly indeed can be ordered from the Farm Home, Watertown, Wisconsin. The price is $1, postpaid.

Crackers—or biscuits, if you prefer to call them that—are always in great demand. Many of the food shops will let you sample your way around among their crackers, which is a help in choosing some of which you believe your man is likely to approve. Any of the Ivins or the Frank Burns crackers are good, as are the well-known Educator ones and a thin, crisp wafer made by the Venus Baking Company. All these are sold by most reputable shops. Bloomingdale offers a particularly large assortment of both domestic and English crackers, and Macy and Morvay also have some of the English ones left.

If your pet serviceman has expressed a wish for cheese to go with his crackers, the most practical kinds for camp consumption are the Edam-type cannon balls or whole mild cheeses, such as Oka. These can be bought pretty nearly anywhere. Garrettson, down at 150 Front Street, has recently received a shipment of Swiss Gruyère packed in boxes of individual portions, which is another way of taking care of your man's cheese problem, if he has one. Even such relatively quiet cheeses, though, should not be packed with anything less congenial than crackers.

Men in camps seem to have an insatiable appetite for nuts. (Better bear in mind, however, that you'll be doing a man stationed in Georgia or Mississippi no favor by sending him pecans, as the chances are that where he is he can buy fresher ones than you can.) Vendôme; Maison Glass; Maillard, 408 West 15th; Louis Sherry, 300 Park (49th); Henri, 15 East 52nd Street; and Robert Day-Dean can all be depended upon for roasted nuts of the finest quality. Mrs. Jerome Ziegler takes orders for extremely good toasted Brazil nut slices,





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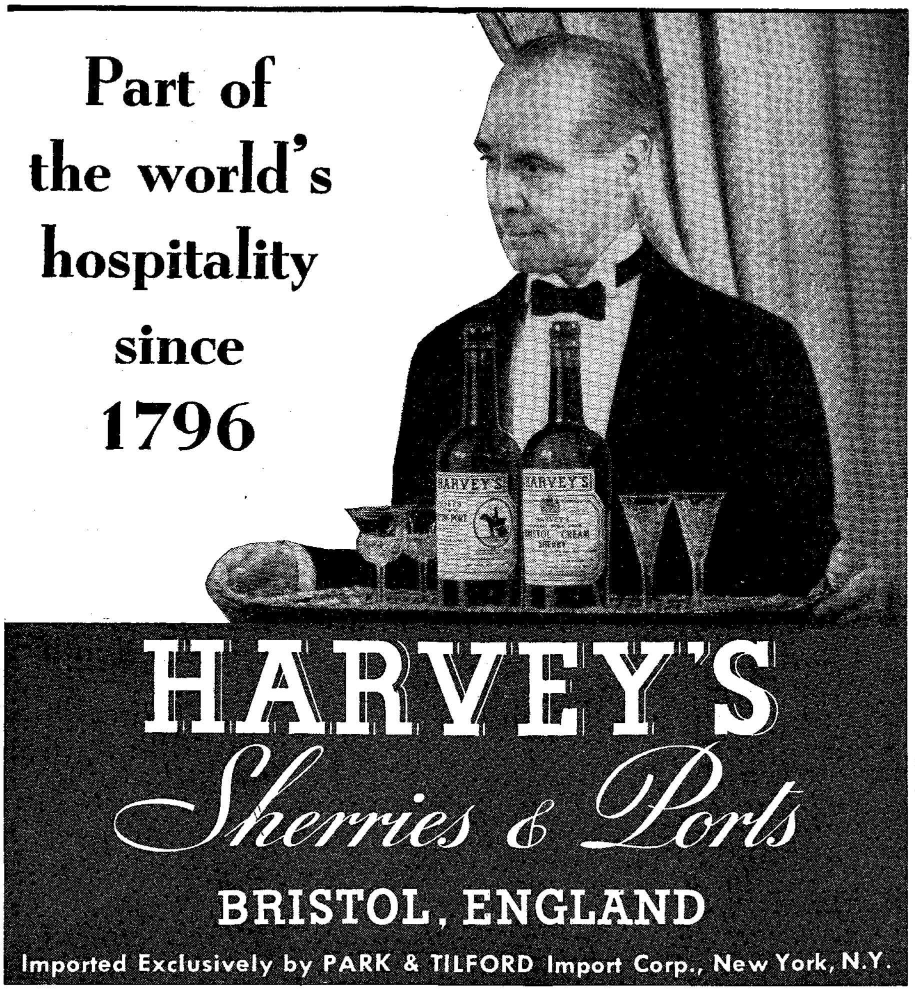
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and Vendôme sells some delicious things known as Mexican papeetas, which are Mexican pumpkin seeds cleverly salted and roasted without any fat—no one, in uniform or out, has ever been known to get enough of these. Unusual sugared pecans, very large and delicately flavored with orange peel, can be ordered from Ann Dees, Lake Charles, Louisiana, for $1.35 a pound, delivered.

TINNED fish is not universally approved of by soldiers because of the way the oil it is packed in can raise Cain with a clean uniform or a G.I. blanket. If, however, you mean to send things like sardines or herring fillets, for heaven's sake don't forget to include a can-opener. The so-called keys that are sold with such tins do not work any better in the Army than they do in civilian life.

Pickles naturally get a great welcome among pickle-lovers, but these constitute a minority among our correspondents. Altman, Macy, Bloomingdale, Alice Marks, and Wanamaker's Pantry Shelf all have superior pickles. The cucumbers packed with dill in cans by Greenbaum and sold by Bloomingdale, Altman, Macy, and others are very good indeed and extremely popular with those soldiers who have any use for pickles at all.

Before sending fresh fruit, you had better consult the man in question. In most camps plenty of fruit—usually oranges and apples—is served at meals and more can be had at the post exchange or in shops in nearby towns. If, however, you get the go-ahead signal, you might order a package containing a dozen of those super-perfect Comice pears from the Pinnacle Orchards, Box 925 F, Medford, Oregon. The price is $2.25, express prepaid. On the other hand, dried fruit of every description is enthusiastically welcomed by almost everybody.

One more warning before we allow you to go about your shopping in peace. Do not try to send gifts of food to a man during the few days he spends at a reception centre after induction. The chances are he will not be there long enough to keep tryst with a chocolate cake, and the postal authorities will have a devil of a time forwarding it all over the place.

•

The Brian Ahearn-Loretta Young story, "The Frightened Stiff," at Columbia, will undergo its fourth title change and emerge as "A Night to Temember."—*The Times.*

Better undergo a tifth.

THE ARMY LIFE

XXI—WAITING

AMONG the letters I've received from home since arriving in Australia as a member of the A.E.F. assigned to this area were two from my mother, each of which was accompanied by a newspaper photograph showing American troops crowding the decks of an Army transport as it docked at some distant Pacific port. Both pictures were garnished with arrows pointing to a tiny, blurred figure which my mother had judged, evidently purely by maternal instinct, to be me. It happened that each time she had the wrong ship, but the care with which she must have scrutinized the pictures gave me some idea of how excited the families of the men in my outfit are at our presence over here, and how diligently they filter the news for any shreds of information that, by vigorous exercise of the imagination, may be held to apply to us. It is comforting to know that their attitude justifies the observations of the popular-song writers—that, though gone, we are not forgotten—but we are somewhat surprised that our families still regard with wonder the circumstance that we are stationed in this particular sector. We have grown used to being here, and no longer consider it odd that we are separated from our homes by such outlandish barriers as the Fiji Islands, which, in our new concept of geography, are merely a small fraction of a vast part of the world that the war has transferred from our West into our East.

Further evidence of the effect our being here has had at home was afforded recently by the republication in an Australian periodical of a poem Eugene Kinkead, the poet, wrote for an American magazine—an appeal to the laughing kingfisher, a regional bird reputedly given to harassing sleeping soldiers by fits of avian mirth. We much appreciated, from a literary point of view, Mr. Kinkead's thoughtful plea that any kingfishers near our camps should refrain from hilarity during our slumbers. It would take more than a bird of even the most flagrant risibility, however, to disturb our sleep. It takes, in fact, a laughing sergeant with an astonishingly large pair of hands, who gets up a half-hour or so ahead of the rest of us and, at reveille, roams relentlessly from cot to cot, chuckling to himself and tugging at the limbs of soldiers less heroically proportioned.

Like troops everywhere, we indulge in a good deal of horseplay, beginning with the arrival of our sergeant in the

?

are **you** the young woman
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to do?

Leased for duration

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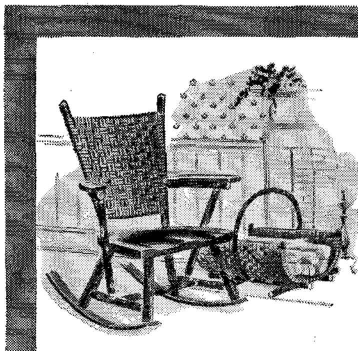
morning and going right on until we're once more cradled under the Southern Cross, a leading local constellation. Any soldier moving into the barracks, though regarded for the first couple of hours as coldly and impersonally as if he were a novitiate at the Harvard Club, settles into the swing of things in no time at all, and even before he knows the nicknames of his new buddies, he addresses them with the contempt we invariably use to denote familiarity. The married men among us have become reconciled to the constant slandering of their languishing wives at home, and pay practically no attention to remarks that in more peaceful days would have evoked husbandly wrath. Since we arrived in Australia, a few soldiers have acquired either wives or sweethearts, and, along with them, a share of the heckling. International marriages have been frowned upon by the Army so far; a man must obtain consent not only from the girl's family but from his commanding officer as well. Many of us have become well acquainted with Australians of both sexes and all ages, and for the most part the people here have been so generous to us that one private, for example, reading in the paper of the death of an Australian businessman who had often entertained him at his home, applied to his company commander for a pass in order to attend the funeral. "I felt that I was one of the family," he said. "I called him Pop."

WHEN we are not at work or visiting our new friends, we hang around our quarters, playing cards, writing letters, cleaning and repairing our equipment, and arguing interminably about the relative merits of our home states, counties, cities, and side streets. One soldier, most of whose pay is allotted to his wife, devotes many of these off hours to regaining solvency by sewing on chevrons for men who have been promoted since coming overseas. He has been doing such a thriving business that he has even tried to buy a portable sewing machine, an item which, he found, is no longer obtainable. Buying anything in Australia today is, of course, difficult, even with coupon books. Rationing of petrol and tea has been in effect for some time, and restrictions on the purchase of clothing were established recently. My buddies and I were surprised, and touched, at being given booklets which contain twenty-five clothing coupons and entitle us to make such private purchases as we feel are necessary to supplement our G.I. wardrobes. We weren't quite sure how much the



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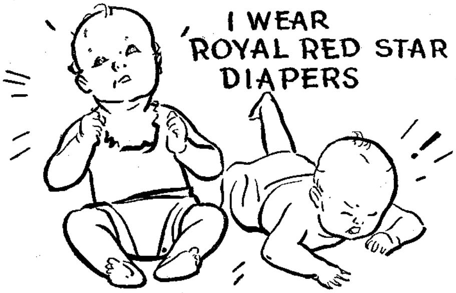

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coupons allowed us until one adventurous fellow went off on a buying spree the other day and returned with four pairs of plain white cotton underdrawers, each of which, he reported, represented six of his coupons. He is planning to save the one remaining coupon as a souvenir of the war, along with an Australian brooch in the shape of a little boomerang and a letter he received from his family two months after he arrived, saying that they were under the impression he was in England.

The soldiers here who will presently be called upon to help propel the Japs back where they came from are on the whole rather proud to be in a theatre of operations, though they never admit it to one another and rarely to themselves. We are so far away from home that the minor inconveniences of Army life, like wondering when the next furlough is coming, no longer bother us. Nowadays our idea of a lucky soldier is one from New York who is stationed no farther away than Portland, Oregon, and thus has a reasonably good chance of getting back home in a comparatively short time. Knowing that we won't get back to what we hope is our ultimate destination for a long time and that there is a good deal to be done before that eventful day arrives, many of us are eager to get into action as soon as possible. We have read in the papers here the opinions of editorial writers at home who seem to feel that our sector is relatively insignificant and that our priority rating on essential goods of war should be lowered. The bombings of Australian ports have made it clear to us, however, that the Japs have not noticeably forgotten this continent, and the sortie of our brothers-in-arms into the Solomon Islands has made us happily aware that our strategists haven't forgotten the Japs. We don't know where or when our outfits will be called upon to move into action, but we have perhaps more reason than most readers of public statements to remember that General MacArthur has firmly and repeatedly expressed his resolve to start a large-scale offensive, and we won't be sorry if, whenever he calls for one, we're it.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

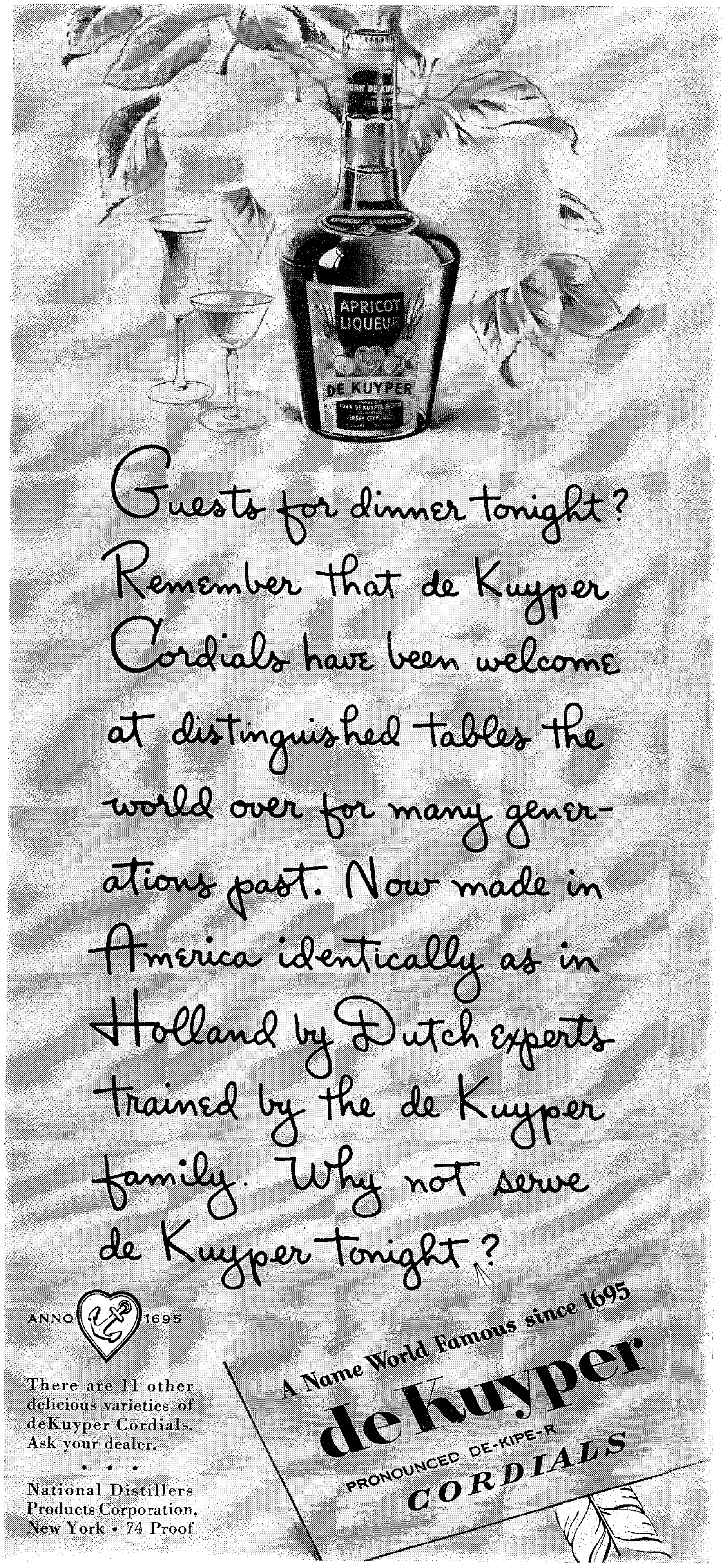
•

RAINBOW'S END

[*From the Waterbury* (*Conn.*) *Republican*]

POTOFF—GOLD

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Gold of West Hartford announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Harriet Gold, to William Potoff, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Potoff of Division Street.



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100 PROOF
SOUTHERN COMFORT
The Grand Old Drink of the South
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SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION
Four Fifths Quart
Liqueur

Extra Conviviality IN EVERY GLASS

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NOTES ON SPORTS

Slight Setback

SINCE it was predicted here a few weeks ago that Princeton would beat both Harvard and Yale for the Big Three championship, Princeton has had the irksome misfortune to lose to Harvard and Yale, in the order named, thereby lagging somewhat behind. However, the team has an excellent chance of finishing the season only two games in back of the winner, which is a very slim losing margin in comparison with that of the Philadelphia Phils, for example, who lost the National League baseball pennant by about sixty.

The Tiger's failure to beat Yale last Saturday can, of course, be laid to a number of circumstances—the fact that the game was played on Columbia's Baker Field, where the grim climate is a hazard to languorous New Jersey boys; the lack of psychological advantage, owing to the team's not having been an underdog; and the fact that Princeton is, after all, smaller than Yale, having no medical school. Certain more commonplace factors, such as the superiority of the Yale running backs, might also be said to have played a part. Yale gained seventy-three more yards by rushing than Princeton did and over twice the yardage in running back punts, and it didn't seem to be as much on account of superior blocking as of the Yale ball-carriers' failure to fall down right away when clutched at by tacklers. Tim Hoopes, who scored Yale's first touchdown on a fifty-three-yard dash in the third period, was hit a couple of times before getting any blocking at all.

This week Yale faces Harvard and the haunting old folklore about the miracles Harvard teams work in November. These are supposed to spring from the trickery of Coach Richard Harlow's offense, which his pupils have some difficulty in mastering in the first few weeks of the curriculum. Harvard has won one out of two November games so far this year, and that one was the second, which would seem to be in line with the old legendary trend. The first one, which it lost to Michigan, 35–7, only made the trend more obvious.

THE professional scene was pretty well cleared up on Sunday, when the Chicago Bears beat the Green Bay Packers for the second time and established themselves as the champions not only of the West but to all intents and purposes of the entire country and all its possessions. There will presumably be a sectional playoff between the Bears and the Washington Redskins, the probable Eastern champs, but if the game approximates the one the same two teams played two years ago, and it could, the East will have to look around for another section to grapple with. The Bears won that last one, 73–0.

BEAU JACK (born Sidney Walker), the lightweight shoeshine boy from Atlanta, rose from remote contender to champion apparent of his boxing division in the space of a few hours last Friday. The first step was achieved through the retirement of the incumbent, Sammy Angott, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The second step was negotiated by B. Jack himself when he beat Allie Stolz in the evening. Stolz until then had been ranked as the leading contender. Jack beat him by opening a cut, or, as Harry Balogh, Madison Square Garden's master of ceremonies called it, a laceration, over Stolz's left eye and by seeing that it stayed open until the end of the seventh round, when the fight was stopped.

Balogh, incidentally, was less brusque last Friday with the boxing celebrities he introduced from the ring than he has been for some time. In the old days former champions and other heroes who were in the audience used to be asked, one by one, to come up and do everybody the honor of showing themselves before the main bout went on. Then Balogh came along and revised the custom somewhat. He would say, in effect, "Will the guys whose names I call please get up here in a hurry, so we can get this business over with?" The boys would come up, wave apologetically at the crowd, and duck back to their seats with a blush of shame. On Friday, however, Balogh was so forbearing as to have them up without any preliminary scolding. He kept them moving right along, though. —D. L.

•

The survivors of the two ships were taken to Malta and Gibraltar and later to Manhattan, where the American members of the group obtained transportation to the United States.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Weehawken ferry?

OF ALL THINGS

AT this writing, Marshal Rommel's army has not found a good place to make a stand. It may yet establish a new world's record for the nonstop plight.

•

Berlin propagandists are trying pathetically to belittle the Allied success in North Africa. The German people know, however, that this is one of the worst defeats they have suffered since they were taken over by Adolf Hitler.

•

Our railroads are now running at close to capacity. Yet it was only a few years ago that one never saw a train except at grade crossings.

•

Admiral Darlan has been rebuked by Pétain and the Germans call him a traitor. With a little practice, we may learn to like that man.

•

The Nazis seem to be making a desperate eleventh-hour attempt to take Stalingrad before it is too late. The next thing they know, it will be twelve o'clock, Eastern Front Time.

•

The manpower situation is becoming increasingly serious. It has been found necessary to arrest several senators in order to put them to work.

•

Congress quickly passed the teen-age draft bill without any embarrassing amendments. The Army arguments seemed sound, and, besides, the election was over.

•

Willkie is leading a fight to prevent anybody of the McCormick or Schroeder school of thought from becoming chairman of the Republican National Committee. He feels that this is no time for the G.O.P. to join the Axis.

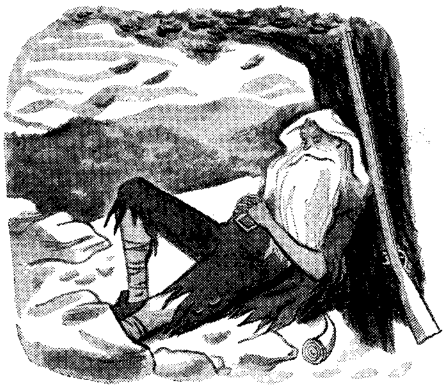
•

Great importance is placed by the Allies upon the conquest of Tunis. From that city it is only a stone's throw to Mussolini.

•

The Mayor's plea for rebrewing coffee grounds has been condemned by all parties concerned. The most important of these parties was Mrs. LaGuardia.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



1. When Rip Van Winkle lived up the Hudson, there was trouble and uncertainty; a war was brewing, and times were tough. One day Rip went to sleep and slept for 20 years . . . right smack through the Revolutionary War.

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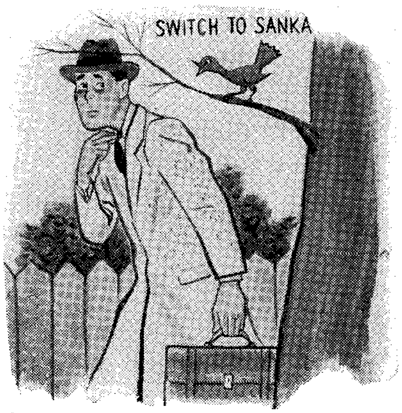
3. But you can't. In fact, you don't really want to. Of course, you *do* want to get a good night's sleep. But maybe you are one of those who are kept awake by the caffein in coffee.



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5. Maybe you've been planning to try Sanka Coffee . . . so why wait any longer? Today is just the time to start enjoying its superb aroma and delicious flavor. Remember . . . Sanka is *all* coffee, nothing *but* coffee!

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6. And so skillfully is 97% of its caffein taken out that not one smidgen of its tantalizing aroma or delightful flavor is removed. Get Sanka Coffee *today!* (For Sanka at its best, follow directions carefully.)

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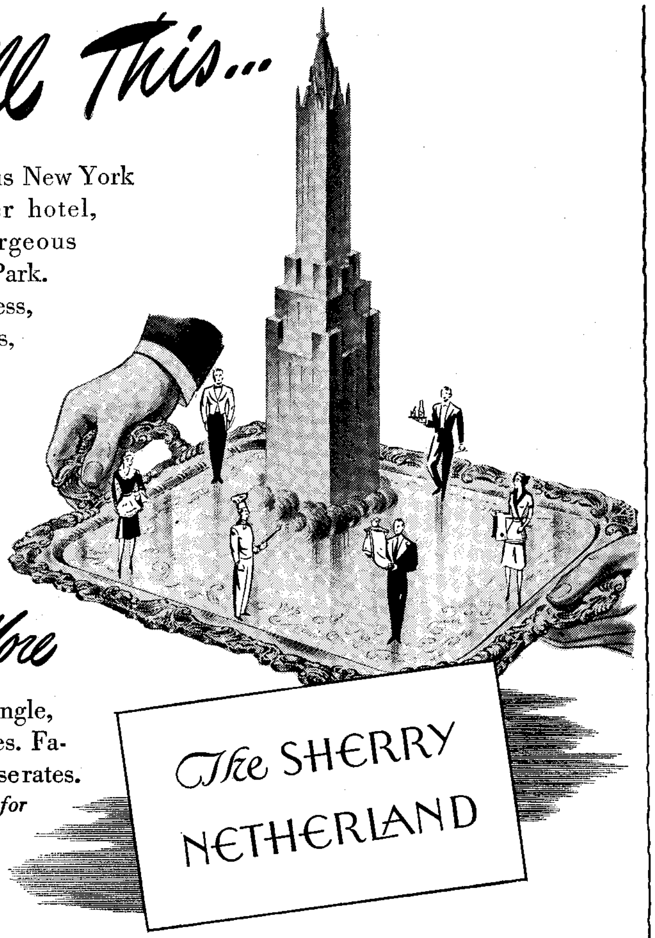
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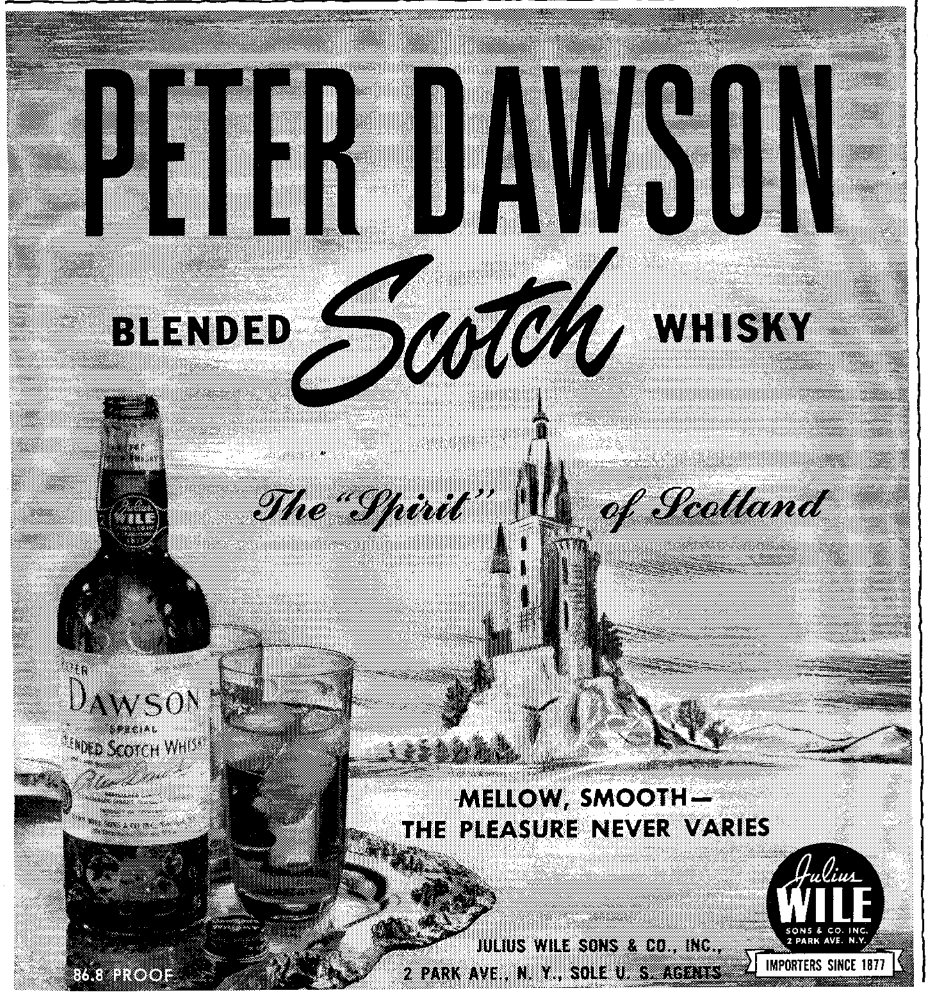
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INFORMATION for those who care for Significant Matters: Of the three American composers who bowed their acknowledgments to Philharmonic-Symphony audiences last week, Bernard Herrmann appeared in tails, Deems Taylor in a dinner jacket, and Morton Gould in a sack suit.

But to get on. Mr. Herrmann's contribution to the concert programs was a full-length symphony; Mr. Taylor offered "Marco Takes a Walk," a set of variations for orchestra; and Mr. Gould's work was his second "Symphonette," which has jazz elements in it.

The Herrmann symphony, the able young composer's first essay in this form, was solid and uncompromising. These laudable attributes, however, are not always guarantees of satisfaction, and the extreme and sustained seriousness of the symphony needed something to relieve it. I don't suppose this will be the last Herrmann symphony, however, and the next one may easily contain the elements that this one lacked. A different balancing of moods might do it. Mr. Herrmann's orchestral writing, as such, was admirable, as it always is.

The latest Deems Taylor composition proved to be an ingratiating and skillful translation into music of verses by Dr. Seuss. If you didn't want to bother to follow the story, you could enjoy the music simply as a design for orchestra. The audience was delighted to discover Mr. Taylor in a lower-tier box, and some occupants of the upper loges immediately above Mr. Taylor almost fell out in their anxiety to get a good look at him.

Probably you've heard the Gould second "Symphonette," or at least its well-known second movement, the pavane. The entire composition has a genially disrespectful overtone, a musical device of which Mr. Gould is a master. (Ever hear his "Caricatones"?) The symphonette was fun for everybody except, perhaps, a few of the instrumentalists, who went about it as if it were real solemn stuff.

All of these works were conducted knowingly by Howard Barlow, who, in his two weeks with the Philharmonic-

Symphony, presented six American compositions. Mr. Barlow demonstrated his musicianship further by his fine collaboration with piano soloists. Last week he went right along (from memory, as usual) with Robert Casadesus in rousing performances of the Liszt A-major concerto and the Franck symphonic variations. That Liszt concerto needs a lot of rousing, too.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra, led by Eugene Ormandy, arrived last week for a Wagner concert, with Helen Traubel as soloist. Miss Traubel is to sing Isolde over at the Met this season, and this event served as an advance showing of how her voice will sound in some of the important moments of the score. (The program referred to them as "arias," a bit of nomenclature about which the Philadelphia management will undoubtedly hear from the devout Wagnerites.) Miss Traubel poured out the music magnificently, and it all made sense. If that was a sample of her Isolde, everything ought to be something, so to say, when she takes over in the complete music drama.

Mr. Ormandy had the orchestra playing handsomely, with the superb tone that is a part of the Philadelphia story in music.

THE New Opera Company now has "La Vie Parisienne" on view at the Broadway Theatre, with a revised book which is at least shorter than the chatty libretto that was being bandied about on the stage last year. The cast is almost entirely new and is as effective as its predecessors, but the orchestral playing, when I was in the theatre, didn't sound as well as it did a year ago. The eagerness of the young company, the Offenbach tunes, the settings, and the dancing help to make an entertainment of it. I suspect, though, that the wowing won't start until the story and the music of this operetta are treated simply as good basic materials to be whipped up into a first-rate musical show. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

—*and Books About Them*

QUITE a few old friends are turning up in new recordings. For instance, Rimski-Korsakov's "Schéhérazade," whose latest appearance is under the auspices of the San Francisco Symphony, conducted by Pierre Monteux (Victor M-920). It's a good-sounding, well-balanced performance—not necessarily a replacement for some other ver-

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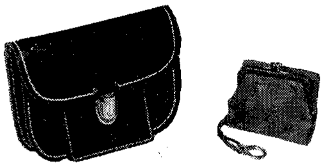

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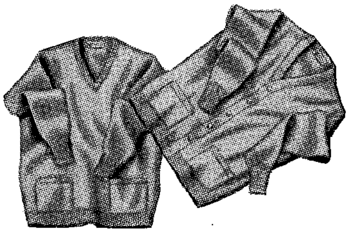

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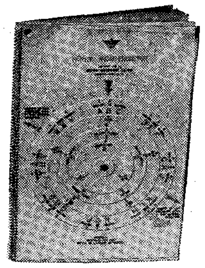

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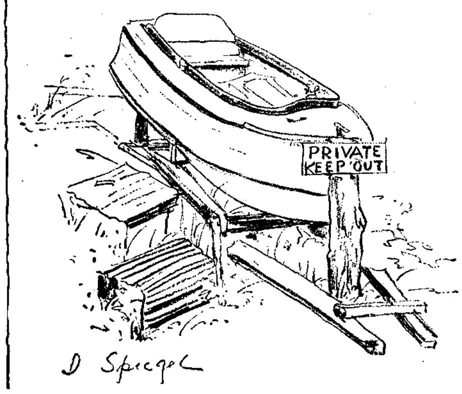
sion that you may already own but worth consideration if you're shopping around for a "Schéhérazade."

Leopold Stokowski and the All-American Orchestra stir up de Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance" (Columbia 11879-D). The arrangement is by Mr. Stokowski, and it certainly sounds! For further virtuoso activity, there's the conductor's setting of the Novaček "Perpetual Motion" on the other side. Most pieces called "Perpetual Motion" are perpetual, all right, but they don't move anywhere. The Stokowski transformation doesn't suffer from treadmilling.

Considerably less familiar is Glazunov's first Overture on Greek Themes (Columbia X-228), which is pleasant listening and interesting as a sample of the craftsmanship of a young composer. You may not think of Glazunov as a young composer, but when he wrote this overture he was something of a boy wonder. Anton Rubinstein conducted its first performance. The present one is led—and excellently—by Dimitri Mitropoulos, with the Minneapolis Symphony coöperating sturdily.

JEROME KERN's recent orchestral composition, "Mark Twain," hasn't yet been heard in a concert hall hereabouts, although it has had radio presentation. You may hear it by way of Columbia X-227, and you'll enjoy its attractive tunes, its curiously effective evocation of other eras, and its humor. It is warm and winning music, and it receives a devoted and brilliant showing by André Kostelanetz and his orchestra.

IN the vocal department, you'll find a great many songs you know freshly packaged. In an album called "John Carter in Sentimental Song" (Columbia M-522), Mr. Carter, now in the Navy, sings unaffectedly "Roses of Picardy," "The Old Refrain," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and five others, and his voice registers perfectly. For familiar opera, there's Gladys Swarthout's album, "French Opera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Arias" (Victor M-925), in which items from "Roméo et Juliette," "Faust," and "Mignon" are done tellingly to expert accompaniments directed by Wilfred Pelletier. This album is the best recording so far of Miss Swarthout's singing.

A SUPERB addition to chamber-music lists is the recording of the Schubert trio in B flat, Op. 99, by Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz, and Emanuel Feuermann (Victor M-923). Perhaps you'd care to consider it a memorial to the great 'cellist, who died before the album was released. The performance is superlative from all angles, and you might place this album on your Christmas shopping list now as a gift for chamber-music fanciers.

WANT something to read? There's the new edition of "The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music," with thousands of listings. It's a copious and practical reference work, with a lot of critical notes on composers. I'd have preferred notes on the recordings, if notes are needed at all in this kind of compilation. Notes or no notes, it's a standard and necessary op. for collectors. Incidentally, if you have the earlier edition (1936), compiled by R. D. Darrell, keep that on hand, too, to round out the historical picture.

For professional talk about recordings, look at "The Music Goes Round," by F. W. Gaisberg, for many years chief recorder of the British Gramophone Company. It's a somewhat sprawly memoir, which could have been edited more tightly, but it's full of information and anecdote that will delight many a person who collects discs and likes to hear about the recording game. Mr. Gaisberg knows the game and he has plenty of stories you'll want to use when you get out among old-line record fans.

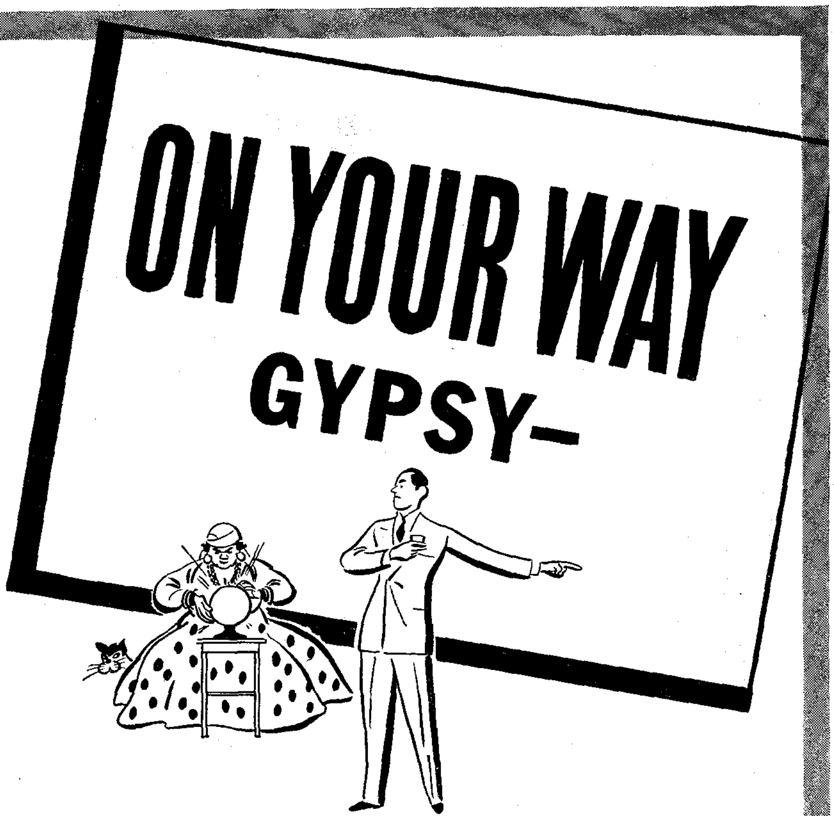
—R. A. S.

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Clarksburg (W. Va.) Telegram*]

Private Paul Gordon, stationed at Fort Devens, Mass., secured a five-day furlough and got married the first day. Members of his company, seeing him at reveille the fourth day of his time-off, asked how-come and Private Gordon discovered he'd returned to camp a day early. He jumped out of line, company, seeing him at reveille the bungalow where he'd left his bride hailed a cab and was off to the becoming acute in California and by fall, they fear it'll be creeping up on the middle west.



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BOOKS

Maritta Wolff Again—Various Thoroughfares

Maritta (“Whistle Stop”) Wolff’s new book, “Night Shift,” might have been called “People in Trouble,” for that’s what it’s about. Miss Wolff is expert at contriving disaster and arranging for it to occur under extremely dismal conditions. For example, “Night Shift” starts with a worker being burned alive in a vat of boiling water. Among its more cheerful scenes are two that take place in a mental hospital. In the main, the action shuttles back and forth between a night club run by one Nicky Toresca, a no-good, and the home of the Braun sisters, teeming with children, boarders (one of them a full-fledged loony), unfaithful wives, and general misery. The prose from time to time swings right into the spirit of the thing: “Virginia knelt down and scraped garbage out of a dish into the can under the sink.”

And yet “Night Shift,” though it occasionally teeters on the edge of absurdity, never quite stumbles into it. Despite prolix writing (Miss Wolff’s characters are definitely gabby) and some childish sexual melodrama, the book gives an uneven but distinct impression of truth and power. While not quite measuring up to “Whistle Stop,” whose patterns it disconcertingly echoes at times, it does manage to paint a picture of people trying to keep their grip on life, dangerously close to descent into hopeless poverty or crime or psychosis.

The only vital and cheerful character in the book is Petey Braun (feminine), a night-club singer who plays the rôle of Lady Bountiful until she herself falls spang into a mess of trouble. The night-club scenes have aggressive, recognizable atmosphere.

If Miss Wolff can rein in her tendency to melodrama, if she can cut down both on the number and the garrulity of her characters, and if she can learn to slice her books in half, she will rank among the most promising of the younger American novelists. She has invention, imagination, and a suffusing human sympathy. What she needs is a brutal editor.

Christopher Morley’s new novel, “Thorofare,” is as surprising as “Kitty Foyle” was, for it is not in the least like its predecessor. Indeed, it is not much like anything, unless it be “Stalky & Co.”—and that’s a comparison which, if pushed too far, would blow up in my face. I don’t suppose I make things any clearer by saying that I like “Thorofare” much better than I do “Stalky & Co.” (which I have always thought a most unpleasant book) and somewhat less than I do “Kitty Foyle.”

“Thorofare” starts in the year 1897 in the quiet East Anglian village of Wilford, described by Mr. Morley as if he had lived there all his life. We are introduced to Geoffrey Barton, a boy of about ten, entirely surrounded by aunts and provincial English atmosphere, all quite charming. Geoffrey voyages to the fabulous country of America under the guardianship of his Uncle Dan, a visiting professor of English literature in a town called Chesapeake, in Maryland. The account of the Atlantic crossing is by far the most fetching thing in the book. It is a carefully contrived miracle of humor, small-boy *Weltanschauung*, and period detail. It is original, funny, wistful, and makes 1897 seem both near and strange, as if it were a photograph in an old-fashioned stereoscope.

Once established in Chesapeake, Uncle Dan settles down to gentle literary musings, mellow observations on the quality of American life, and a mild romance with a lady professor of mathematics. Young Geoffrey devotes himself to the puzzling business of Americanization, making friends with the gang, and growing up. This last is worked out to the accompaniment of considerable Southern charm, turn-of-the-century slang, and local color in copious quantities. The small-boy stuff has certainly been done with loving care, and many people are going to hail Mr. Morley as a new Stephen Crane or Thomas Bailey Aldrich or even Mark Twain. I can say only that the kids on my block were never like this, never so witty, so elaborate and allusive in their humor, so—I may as well come out with it—literary. They were nearer to Mr. Steig than to Mr. Morley.

The subtle purpose of “Thorofare,” one gathers, is to indicate the fragile bonds that unite England and our own country—bonds of language, of character, and of similar political intuitions. Mr. Morley is so restrained in his argument that one tends to forget the hands-

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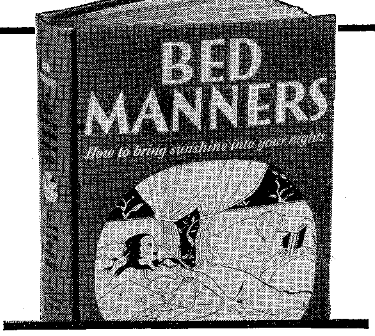
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across-the-sea implication. You settle down, if you care for the book at all, to read it for delightful bits and patches here and there, for its neat epigrams ("Woman, he thought, is a deponent verb: passive in form but active in function"), for its odd characters, and for those multitudinous and diverting literary references on which Mr. Morley holds a special patent.

Speaking of references, is it really true, Mr. Morley, that "Hot dog!" was a fashionable exclamation in 1903?

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The charm of this loosely composed, informal record is unimposing but genuine. It springs out of the circumstance that the author is describing a complete, broadly based life, not an escape from some other kind of life. Even Thoreau, Mrs. Rich's spiritual granddaddy, has his irksome moments when he writes about Walden Pond as if it were propaganda. There is a great deal of independence in Thoreau, but also a great deal of declaration of independence. Mrs. Rich has no tincture of this in her attitude toward her chosen life. (I hasten to add that "Walden" is literature and "We Took to the Woods" is merely pleasant reading.)

Mrs. Rich, who is a professional writer as well as a latter-day frontierswoman, answers cheerfully and lucidly all the questions innocent urban readers would be apt to ask her. How do you make a living? What do you do about the children? (Mrs. Rich bore her first child without benefit of professional obstetrics.) What do you do with your spare time? Don't you get bored? Frightened? Out of touch? (This is known in Mrs. Rich's country as going "woods-queer.") These wide-eyed

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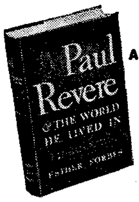
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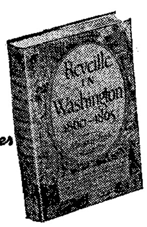
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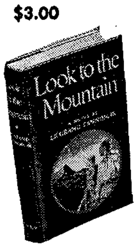
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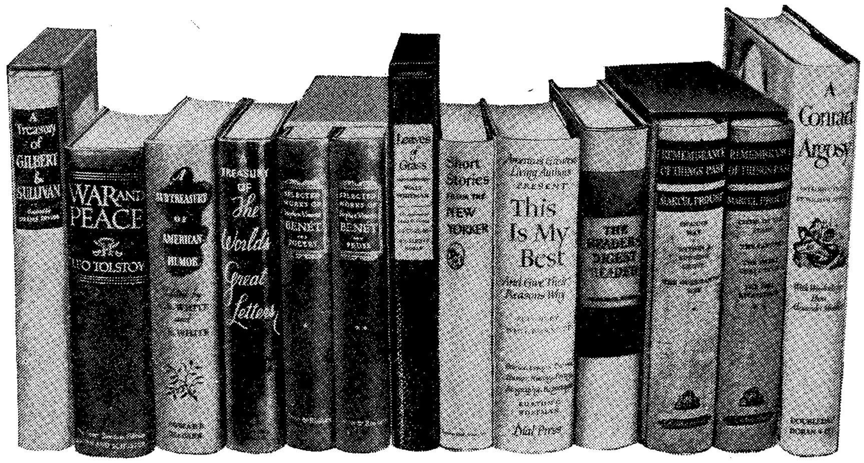
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With special fervor I commend the story of the encounter with H. G. Wells, who seems to come out of it a rather silly fellow; the equally remarkable encounter with the Paris variety of *Cimex lectularius*; and Mother Skinner's explanation to the pair of bemused misses of the facts of sexual inversion.

The authors get great fun out of their remembrance of their own naïveté, and perhaps pile it on a little for effect. The Alajálov drawings that accompany the text are in the vein of the period.

The title, by the way, is ill chosen. Nothing could be more inapposite than its use of the past tense. The book could have been written only by a couple of ladies whose cardiac youth and gaiety are as unimpaired as ever.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

REPRISAL, by Ethel Vance. What happens in a Breton village when a German sergeant in the Army of Occupation is murdered and twenty Frenchmen are held as hostages. Although the story is tense, it is at the same time a lucid psychological study of six people, each isolated by his own reactions to the violent episode of the reprisal and by his own concept of human freedom. Using the pattern of the thriller, Miss Vance manages to make, in admirable prose, a valuable statement about the French mind and character.

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REPRISAL has not been serialized before publication

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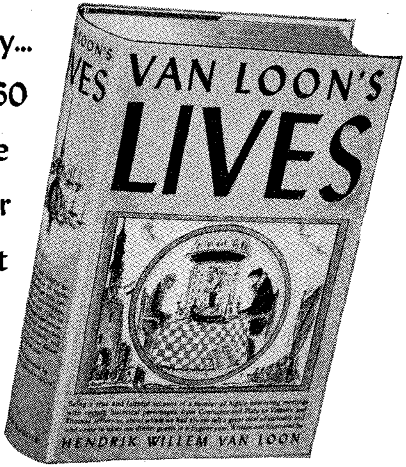

TONIGHT I dine with Rabelais and Leonardo da Vinci. Tonight, without leaving the comfort of my armchair, I will journey through space and time into the minds of more than forty of the great men and women in history... For tonight I am reading "Van Loon's Lives". . . through its 860 glowing pages, I will hob-nob with Erasmus and with William the Silent, with Voltaire and Plato, and Confucius. I will drink beer with Elizabeth the Great and share a roast duck with Thomas Jefferson. For me, this is no attempt to escape today's realities, because "Van Loon's Lives" is a timely book, one that tells in terms of human lives the story of the aspirations of man, of his never-ending struggle for liberty of mind and action, of his age-long pursuit of beauty. With Hendrik Willem van Loon I will entertain the foremost people of world history. I will meet The Greatest Inventor of All Time, whose identity no one will ever know. I will attend the wonderful picnic in the market place for the whole clan of Bachs and Breughels. Dante will come to dine with me, accompanied by an imp or two. I will hear Chopin's playing and see how it lures Emily Dickinson to forsake her passion for privacy. I will stand awe-struck before the power and the glory and the good conversation of the illustrious dead. Only Hendrik Willem van Loon could thus combine history, biography, philosophy and fantasy . . . the shop-talk of the lords of creation. What he has achieved in this new book is partly a modern Plutarch, partly a one-volume library, partly an art gallery—a corner stone book that is a Christmas gift that will be treasured for a lifetime. It has taken Hendrik Van Loon thirty years to learn enough to write "Van Loon's Lives" and five years to write it. It will take me but one moment in my bookstore to make its countless hours of enjoyment mine. So, tonight I shall walk side by side with poets and warriors, with scientists and statesmen...for tonight I am reading

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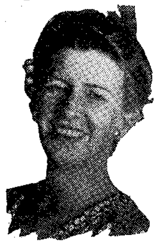

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Stories of 1942, edited by Herschell Brickell. Mr. Brickell and his board of judges hand first prize—as well they might—to a fanciful tale by Eudora Welty. Wallace Stegner receives second prize for an exquisite story of childhood, and Wilbur L. Schramm and Jeanne E. Wylie get other awards. The prize-winning stories, along with seventeen others, form this year's roundup. A better-than-average collection, to which a number of newcomers have contributed. Among the old hands represented are Kay Boyle, William Faulkner, and John Steinbeck.

In Time of Peace, by Ben Ames Williams. Written with one eye on our news and editorial columns in the decade preceding Pearl Harbor, and the other on the developing relationship between a father and son. A lot of people have their part in the story, largely as sounding boards for the variations of American opinion about the impending war. The publisher's statement that Mr. Williams tells his story "with a wealth of warm, small incident" is not exaggerated. He also tells it with a wealth of warm, small people, sparing you nothing, leaving nothing to the imagination.

Thankless Child, by Frank Swinnerton. An ironically titled novel, mostly concerned with the possessive love of an unpleasant old man for his daughter. Done as a short story, this might have made a moderately interesting study, but spun out as a full-length book, it is dullish and a bit flat.

GENERAL

War in Our Time, by Harry B. Henderson and Herman C. Morris, with photographs edited by Sam Shaw. Eight hundred pictures and more than seventy thousand words of text make up this "analytical history" of aggression and war from the Manchurian invasion in September, 1931, to the Roosevelt-Churchill conversations in June of this year. An impressive job, though a little disproportionate in the early sections.

Free Men Are Fighting, by Oliver Gramling. The author of "AP: The Story of News" stitches together a 454-page running account of the war from August, 1939, to July, 1942, made up of the reports of newspaper and press association correspondents all over the world. Mr. Gramling includes human oddities as well as battles, and manages to dove-

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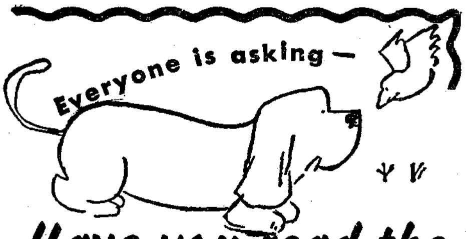
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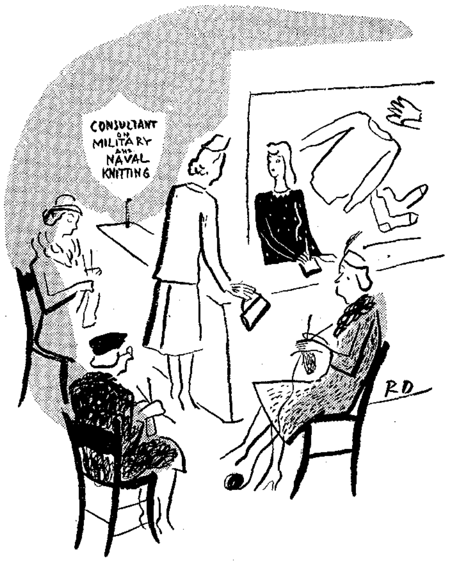
INSIDES OUT, by John Mason Brown. A drama critic who attended "his own opening" at St. Vitus's Hospital writes a book-length review of the performance in the operating theatre and the attendant circumstances. Just a shade coy, perhaps, but the author's post-operative wit and critical detachment are as sound as before. Discerning drawings by Hirschfeld.

GREENLAND, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. The fabulous Stefansson writes a companion volume to his famous book on Iceland. Fascinating esoteric stuff about early voyages, the discovery of America, the establishment of a Christian republic, and so on, right down to present-day strategic considerations. For good measure, the author throws in fresh translations of two sagas about Greenland. Photographs and line cuts.

POPULAR MATHEMATICS, by Denning Miller. The latest try, and a quite effective one, at making your high-school and college math pleasanter, more diverting, clearer, and more useful than you remember its having been.

THE ARMY LIFE, by Private E. J. Kahn, Jr. A detailed and literate account of one man's experiences in the Army from the time he was inducted until his transport sailed for a foreign front. Private Kahn was formerly a member of the staff of this magazine and most of the chapters in his book made their first appearance here.

CONVERSATION PIECES, by Constantin Alajálov, with a foreword and explanatory text by Janet Flanner. A collection of drawings, many in color, or, by a Russian artist who certainly knows more about America than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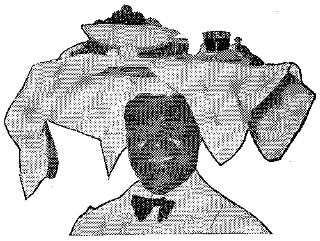

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a great many Americans. Nearly two-thirds of Mr. Alajálov's pictures were published in *The New Yorker*, principally as cover designs.

VERSE

GOOD INTENTIONS, by Ogden Nash. Animals, frustrations, love, husbands, the ocean, osteopaths, hoarders, The Game, assorted chocolates, and other matters are submitted to the acid test of Mr. Nash's wit and rhyme schemes. Many of these first appeared in the pages of this grateful magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE FOURTH MYSTERY BOOK. A collection of short novels by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Mignon G. Eberhart, Philip Wylie, Hugh Pentecost, Dana Lyon, and Q. Patrick, none of which have been published before in book form. Nice present for the boys at camp.

SPORTING BLOOD, edited by Ellery Queen, with a brief introduction by Grantland Rice. Another collection, this time of short stories for mystery and sports fans. Excellent and not in any way run-of-the-mill.

•

When the great tupelo tree, Nyssa multiflora, or sour gum, standing in the center of the swamp with its beech-tree like sprays of twigs and its horizontal branches; obovate or ovate club-like leaves smooth and entire, puts on the deep oxblood red of autumn the herb-gatherers whisper that Nysa, the Greek nymph who was foster mother and nurse of the little god of wine, Bacchus, is sitting in the treetop robed in her wine-red dress of the bacchante.

She is waiting for Bacchus, or Dionysus, to come through the boglands, leading his satyrs, maenads and sileni to report that the wayside thickets are laden with wine-bearing wild grapes, berries, fruits for the migrating fall birds and the incoming winter visitors and permanent dwellers. . . .

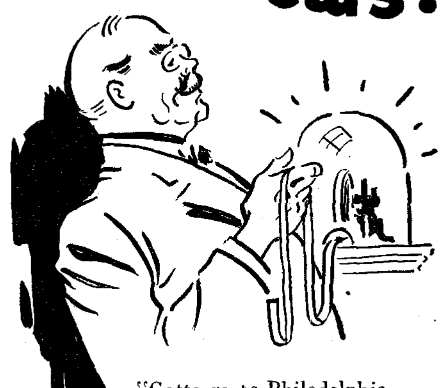
In northern rich woodlands lace doilies of partridgeberry vine glisten with edible red berries. In peat bogs the creeping snowberry, smelling of wintergreen, still has a few waxy white fruit hidden.

. . . Robins, blackbirds, starlings, grackles have stripped the dogwoods and the hackberry tree's fruits are hidden by the witch's brooms.

In abandoned orchards growing to bushes old fashioned apples lie rotting, waiting for squirrels, pheasants, partridge—and the cider mill. In the dusk, down the woodroad from the cider mill comes Silenus, oldest of the satyrs, son of Pan, a little tipsy, carrying a jug, and singing a forgotten song of the bacchante. It is autumn. —*J. Otis Swift in the World-Telegram.*

An autumn we won't forget in a hurry, either.

Good News!



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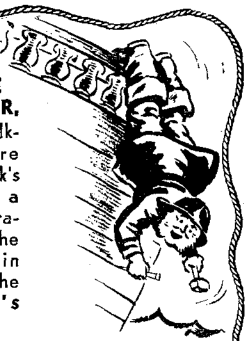
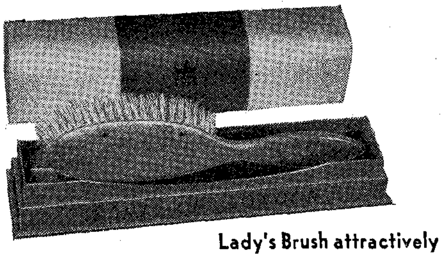
Arthur T. Murray
Managing Dir.



SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER, "Swinging a caulking mallet sure raises a shellback's thirst. I'll make a Tom Sawyer's traverse towards the captain's cabin for a tot of the **Wanderer's** spirits."

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

KENT
Best British Brushes

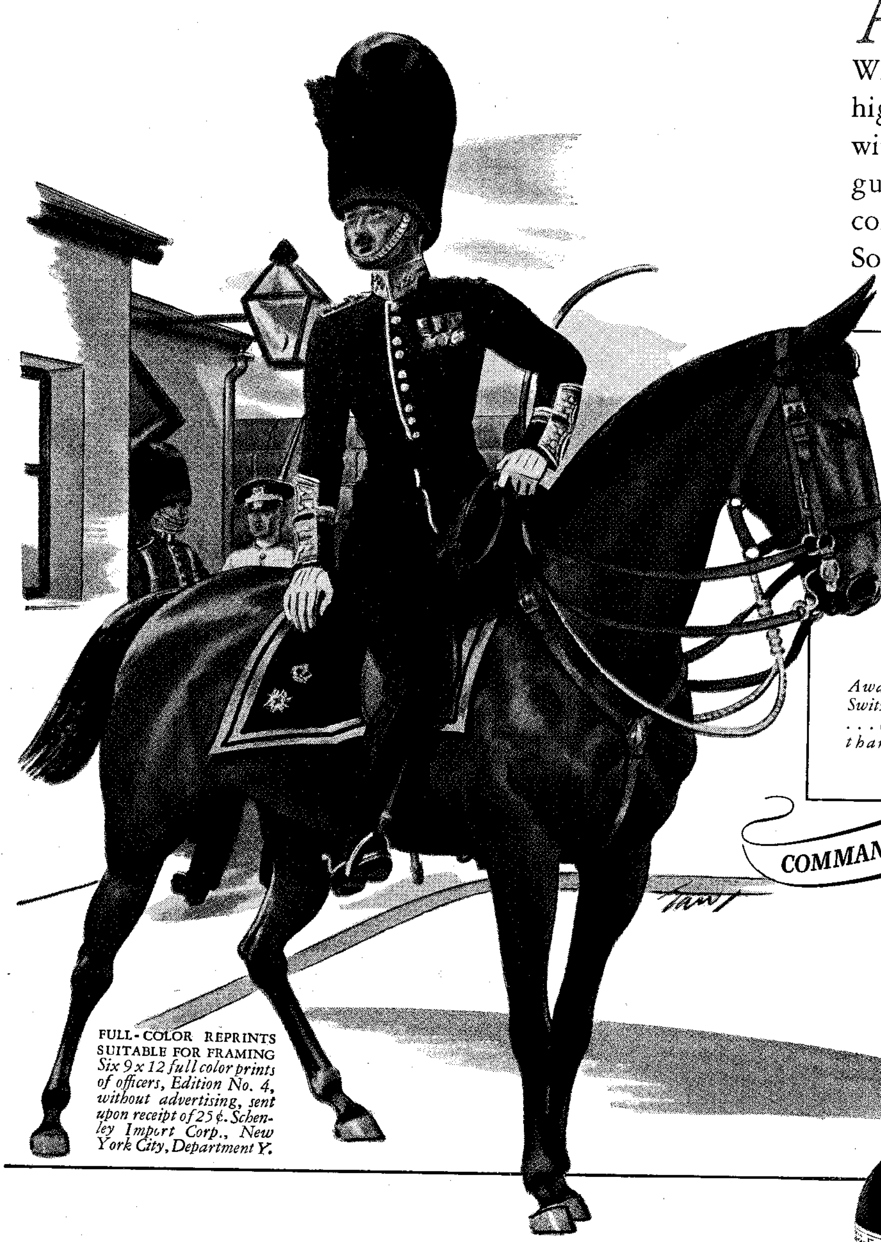


Lady's Brush attractively boxed for the holidays. $10

KENT of LONDON 630 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

For Distinguished Service

AFTER a day of war-time activity, guests salute the host who serves Dewar's White Label and Soda, highball of the highlands. This veteran campaigner—with more than 60 citations for distinguished service—brings a victorious conclusion to any social manoeuvres. So command Dewar's...and be "at ease!"



HONOURS OF
Coldstream Guards

Tangier, 1680 — Namur, 1695 — Gibraltar, 1704-5 Waterloo — Sevastopol — Egypt, 1882 — Marne, 1914 —Ypres, 1914, '17—Hindenburg Line

HONOURS OF
Dewar's "White Label"

Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 ...one of more than 60 medals

honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE "AT EASE"

White Label 8 *years old*

Victoria Vat 12 *years old*

also known as Ne Plus Ultra

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING *Six 9 x 12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 4, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Department Y.*

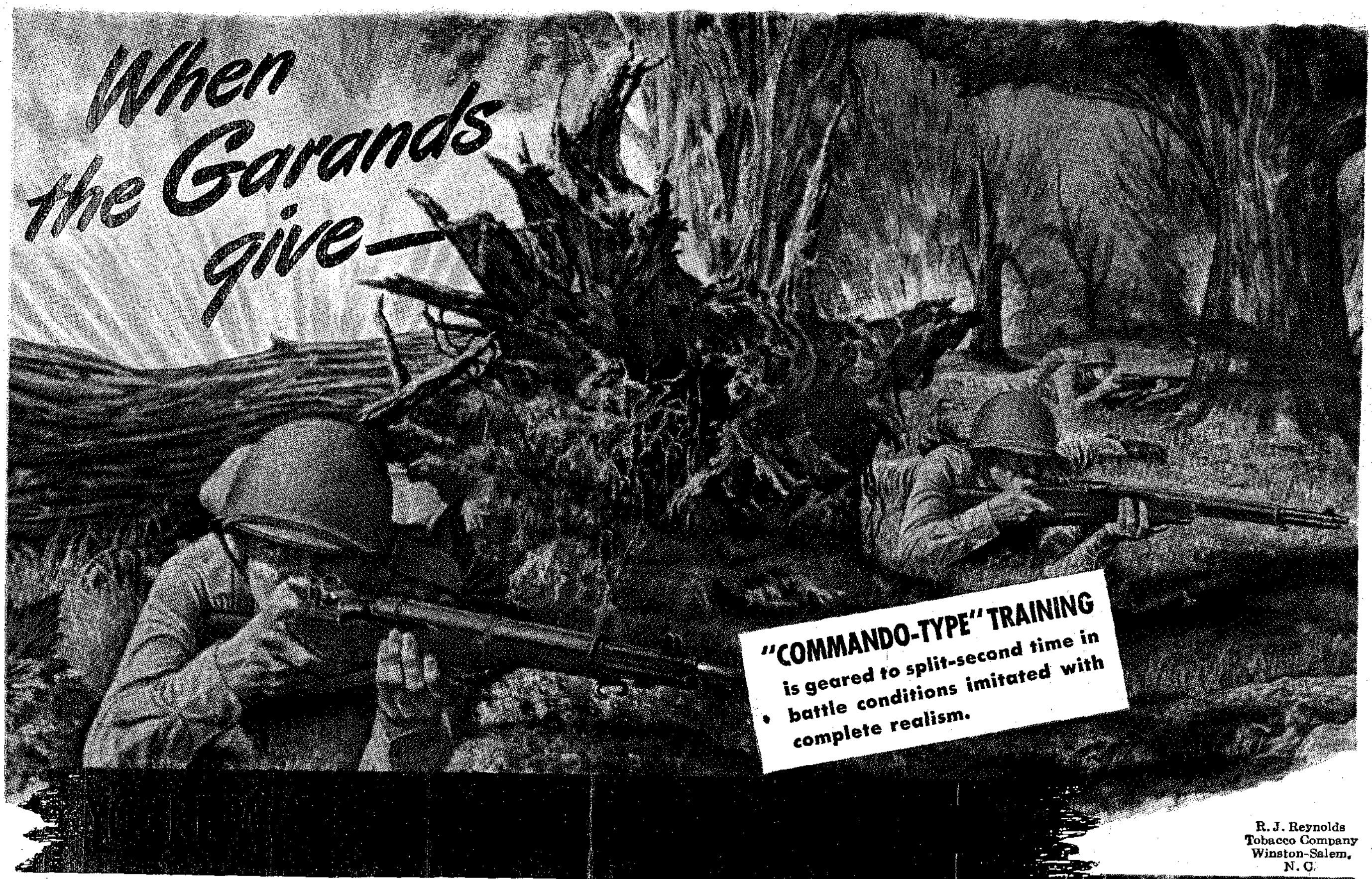
AWARDED 60 MEDALS
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
EIGHT YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
86.8° PROOF
12 YEARS OLD
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
TWELVE YEARS OLD
Specially Selected and Blended BY
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH, SCOTLAND.
4/5 QUART
86.8° PROOF

Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. Copyright 1942, Schenley Import Corporation, New York

Schenley IMPORT


When the Garands give—

"COMMANDO-TYPE" TRAINING is geared to split-second time in battle conditions imitated with complete realism.

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem,
N. C.

You're working in split-second time in a job like this, too.

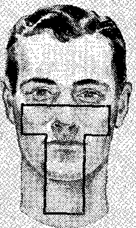
WOMAN AT WAR—Like the men in the services...in the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard...her favorite cigarette is Camel. Arms worker Margaret Smith doesn't smoke behind her machine *(above)*, but when there's time, it's time for a Camel as you see below.

YES, whatever your job, make every second count—even those leisure moments—those moments you smoke.

That's when those men on the front line can tell you there's nothing like their favorite—Camel. That goes for "soldiers in overalls"—like Margaret Smith *(left)*. She agrees—Camels are easy on her throat—swell to taste.

But in *your* smoking—it's *your* taste, *your* throat that matter to you. Even more, if you're smoking more. Put Camel to the "T-Zone" test described below. Let *your* taste, *your* throat decide.

FOR STEADY PLEASURE, GIVE ME CAMELS. THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'



THE "T ZONE"
where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

CAMELS SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY'RE EASY ON MY THROAT— AND ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD

CAMEL

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)